THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEL MONTE

Choose the Size of Can to Fit Your Need

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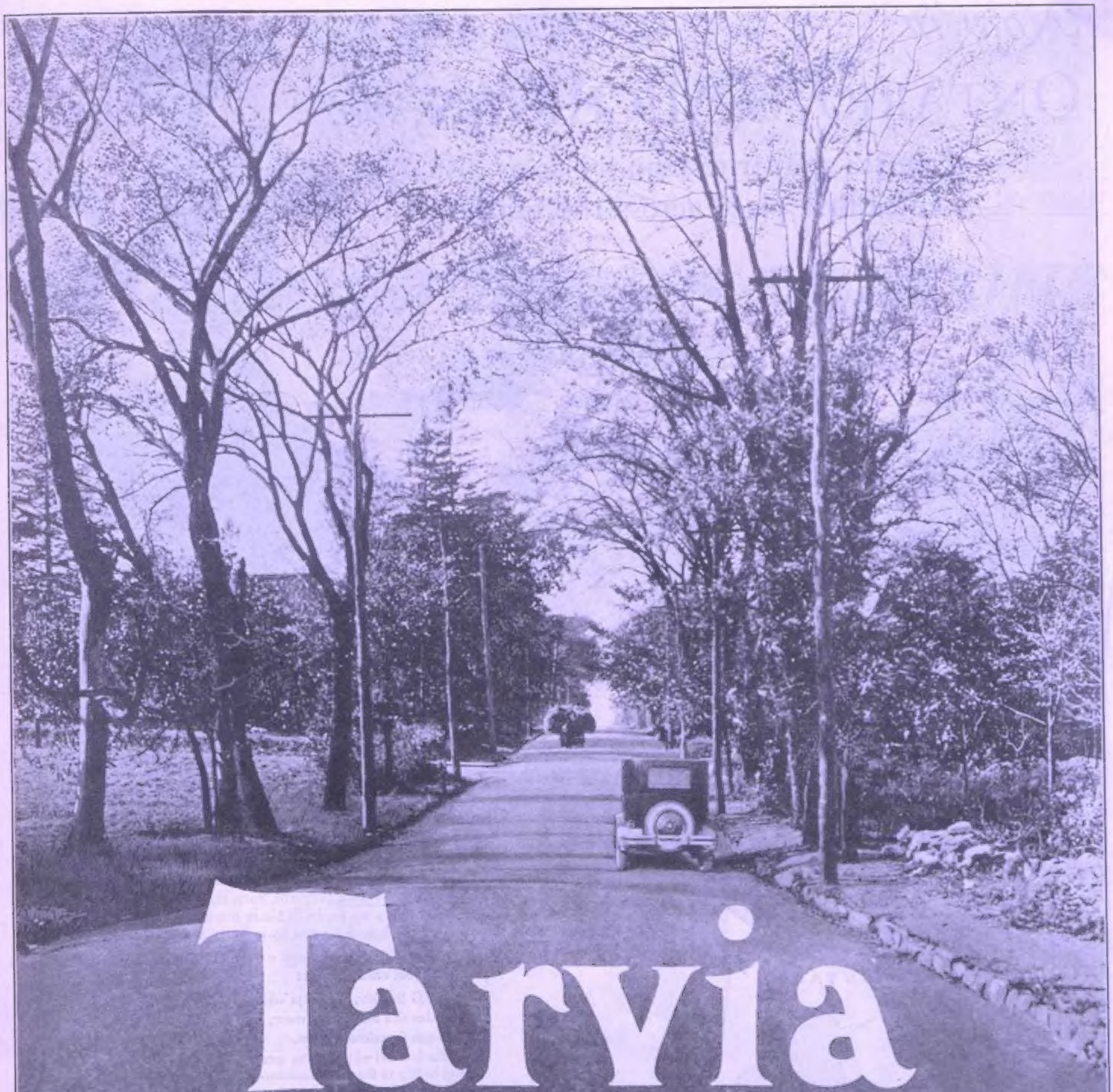

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TELLING EUROPE'S FORTUNE

By GARET GARRETT

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

WALL STREET
I AM SOLVENT, PROSPEROUS! I CAN AND WILL PAY YOU - HOW ABOUT ANOTHER LOAN?
I AM BANKRUPT - WRETCHED — I CAN NEVER PAY! SURELY YOU WILL NOT INSIST!
WASHINGTON
EUROPE'S UNFUNDED DEBT
Herbert Johnson

BESIDES the mandates of record handed around at Paris among the victorious nations, there was one unofficially received by the Americans. They handed it to themselves. That was a mandate to save Europe. The view was both romantic and pragmatic, as an American view is supposed to be; and it failed in a characteristic manner to entertain the light in which the subject may regard the object. Mandated people very often have ideas about themselves. That was true in this case. But what made disappointment inevitable was their idea of America. It comes straight down to them from a wish myth of the Middle Ages. It has not changed since Columbus happened here in his search for Cathay, a land of ruby goblets and golden cooking pots, according to Marco Polo. When that glamorous expectation was ruined by a stupid geographical fact the myth provided another. The other was that somewhere in this mysterious New World people would be found living in houses with gold cornices and amethyst columns.

Even more naive than these exciting inventions of the European imagination was the notion of Europe's right to collect treasure from far-away people in exchange for the needle's eye. What need had these others for gold? Certainly much of it was bad for them. For their own sake they should be parted from it. Moreover, they did not know how properly to use it.

For the latest phase of this surviving European mentality turn to any current financial or economic publication. You will read there how the bankers, the finance ministers and the solemn economists of Europe regard the fact that the United States has about one-half of all the gold money in the world. They think the possession of this gold is a menace to our morals, our happiness and our economic welfare. They tell us in their speeches and writings—twice, at least, the governor of the Bank of England has come in person to tell us—that we must think of some way to put immense quantities of that gold back into Europe, else we shall have an inflation in prices that will ruin us, or worse; the world, having so little of it, may cease to care for gold as money; and then what will our hoard be worth? We have more than we need. It is an evil among us. For our own good we must get rid of it.

The Spaniards told that to the Incas 400 years ago. It is great nonsense. What country of Europe would hesitate for its own good to relieve us of this menace? What one would not embrace it whole, change places with us and assume all the dread economic consequences—which, of course, are fictitious?

They tell us we should be even richer than we are and that our trade would increase if Europe's money were restored to a gold basis so that gold might be again, as before the war, the universal standard of value, and that this cannot be brought to pass so long as we have so much gold in the United States. But gold now is the universal standard of value in the world, only it happens, to Europe's chagrin, that the American dollar is the one accepted symbol of it. Everything else on earth, even the debased currencies of Europe, are priced in American dollars. The dollar, you see, has usurped the prestige formerly enjoyed by the pound sterling. And as for our trade, it is flourishing.

We are not hoarding gold. It comes to us in the way of trade. We work for it. We make no point of keeping it. We have the only free market for gold in the world. Anybody may buy or borrow it. We sell it and we lend it. But nobody can take it merely for the wanting of it. Not, of course, that anybody would. And yet it is some comfort to know that Europe is spared the temptation of thinking she could, for her own good and ours, take it if she would.

No delusion was ever more deeply fixed than the idea in Europe that Americans are rich without effort, in a fabulous manner. It determines the attitude in every case, from questions of international finance down to a petty transaction in a shop. The merchant in Rome who deftly suppresses the price tag you saw in his window and then offers you the same thing over the counter at twice the price is not cheating. He is only trying to equalize the disparities. You are an American. It is not fair that you should pay only what others pay. You should pay a great deal more. He has the same outlook as the finance minister who begins and ends an economic discussion by saying wearily, "But you cannot understand a poor country. You are too rich."

The Consul's Perfect Answer

IF YOU tell them there is squalor also in the United States to match their own, and that every county has a poorhouse, they will not believe it. And if you tell them that in ways of idle, wasteful, luxurious living we have yet to overtake the rich European, they are suddenly chilled with civility. You are lying. Isn't it bad enough to be richer than anybody else? Why pretend you are not, or begrudge others a little spending? Do you wish the whole world to do nothing but work for you?

In France, the expectation of American prodigality is not to be disappointed. It is personal, particular and political. It begins with the porter who takes your luggage and ends with the government. An American who gives a tip that would be welcome from anyone else is subtly reminded that he is rich and ought to be ashamed of himself. And one who suggests in official atmosphere that the obligation of the French people to the American Treasury is a matter subject to the law of debt, that one is not a friend of France. Between a friend of France and an enemy of France there is nothing but empty space.

In Belgium, at dinner, it is a lady who asks, "Why does your great rich country expect a poor little country like Belgium to pay back what it borrowed from you during the war? It was your war, too, was it not? Why shouldn't war debts be canceled?"

If it was the first time, you might feel a little bit embarrassed, perhaps angry. But it isn't. You are only sore, and you have the luck to remember the perfect answer invented by the American consul general at Antwerp, who was once a school-teacher in Delaware: "Madam, on account of the war, the Belgian Government borrowed money from its own people, did it not?"

"Indeed it did! A great deal."

"It gave the people bonds for that money. As a patriotic Belgian woman, you no doubt loaned money to your government. That is to say, you yourself bought some of those bonds."

"Yes, I did."

"You expect the Belgian Government to pay those bonds?"

"Why, of course! Why not?"

"But why should the Belgian Government pay them? Why shouldn't it cancel them? It was your war, was it not?"

"You can't be serious, or perhaps I misunderstand you. How could it cancel them? Not pay them! How can it not pay them? It owes me the money. It has promised to pay me back."

"Naturally. And it will pay you back. During the war the Belgian Government borrowed money from the American Government. Have you any idea where the American Government got the money it loaned to the Belgian Government?"

"Where it got it? I don't know. I never thought of it."

"The American Government got it in exactly the same way that the Belgian Government got money from you. That is, it borrowed it from the American people and gave them bonds for it. And now you ask why we should not cancel those bonds? You cannot imagine forgiving the Belgian Government what it owes to you. But you expect the Americans to forgive their Government what it owes to them. You are asking Americans to do more for Belgium than you as a Belgian are willing to do for it."

She looks bothered, the pain muscles in her forehead contract and she turns away. Half an hour later you hear her saying to another American present, "Why does a great rich country like yours expect poor little Belgium to pay back what it borrowed to win the war? It was your war, too, was it not?"

Belgium is not a poor little country. She is rich. She has an empire in the Congo and large sums of money loaned in foreign countries at interest. She owns the tramways of The Hague and of Rotterdam, and one in Paris. She has much capital in South America and the Near East. Since the war her industrial equipment not only has been restored, it has been greatly improved. Her industrial power is greater than ever before. Since the war she has been building new canals and railways and port facilities. In 1923 Antwerp became the fourth port of the world, exceeded in importance only by New York, London and Liverpool. Before the war there were no motortrucks in Belgium; now they are everywhere, and tractors are superseding horses on the quays. The increase in the number of passenger automobiles is amazing. Along the quays at Antwerp American motor cars in packing cases lie out of doors under tarpaulins because the warehouses are swamped. The standard of living has risen. People are better fed, better clothed and better housed than before the war. There is a housing problem, called a house shortage; but this is owing, as everyone knows, to the fact that a family that was housed in two or three rooms before the war now requires a house to itself.

Borrowing to Pay War Bonds

AND the Belgian Government, although it has never offered to settle its debt to the American Treasury, now is borrowing money from private American investors to pay off its own war bonds at home. In December last a Belgian Government loan of $50,000,000 was floated in Wall Street, with the understanding that a second for the same amount would follow. The proceeds of the loan, according to the prospectus, were to be used as follows: One-half to consolidate the internal debt, one-quarter to stabilize exchange, one-quarter for development in the Congo.

That phrase, "to consolidate the internal debt," has an important financial sound. It sounds much better than to say the money will be used to pay off an internal debt. Yet that is exactly what it means. The Belgian Government borrows money from American investors to pay off its own war bonds among the Belgian people. A debt owed by the Belgian Government to the Belgian people is changed to a debt owed by the Belgian Government to the American people. The Belgians get the money, the Americans get the debt, and this additional new debt is supposed

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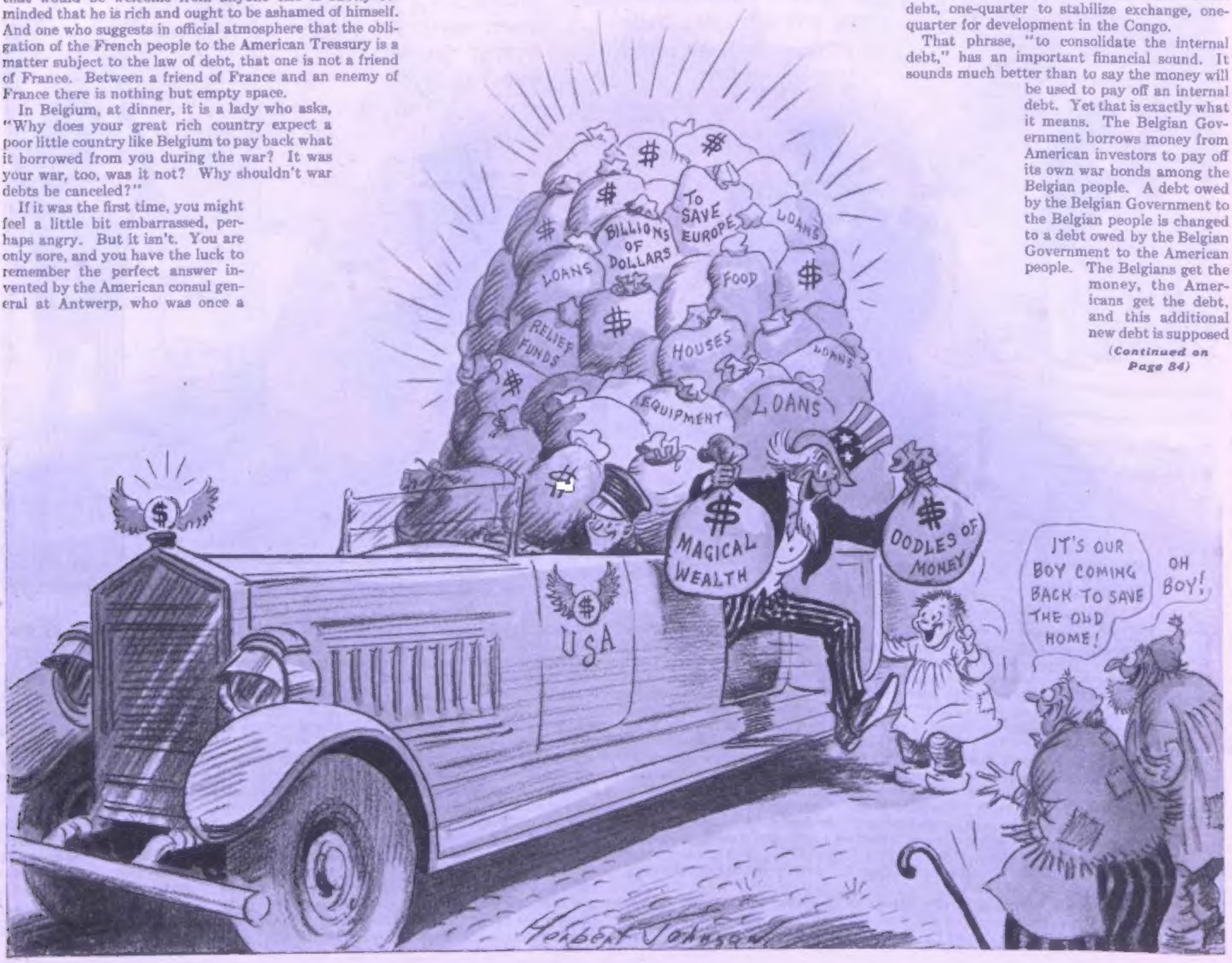

THE KIND DUKE

By F. E. BAILY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ROLLO ARMIGER CUSTANCE MOLYNEUX, fifth Duke of Jermyn, stood in the little black-and-orange hat shop of the Lady Frederica Lune moistening his poor dry lips. The Lady Frederica Lune posed this way and that, a little golden hat on an ebony stand.

"So you don't love me, Frederica?" inquired the duke sadly, while Frederica shook her dark and shingled head.

"No, Rollo, I don't love you."

"Why not?"

"Because you don't make me want to. I don't like olives, I can't bear people with noisy voices and I don't love Rollo. It's something in my nature, I expect. Don't worry about it. You'll have quite forgotten me in a little while."

Outside, in expensive Hanover Square, rich cars still sighed to and fro with a soft squelching of oversize tires; spring sunlight still filtered through the orange silk curtains; Frederica still stood fiddling with the hat, a straight and adorable figure, her feet, her hands, her hazel eyes grieving the soul with beauty. But the duke's heart sank low in his chest, and swelled and revolved slowly, like a great sad mill wheel in his midst. Throughout his whole life nothing so terrible had ever happened.

"You could persevere with olives, or the people could do something to their voices, once they knew. Why won't you try to love me, Frederica?"

"I don't want to persevere with olives. I don't care what noisy people do to their voices, and I don't want to try to love you. If I wanted to love you, I should love you, you poor ass. A girl always does what she wants if she's pretty enough. I, as you know, am considered very pretty."

She dwelt upon her reflection in a long mirror and the duke felt vaguely for a cigarette case.

"What am I to do?" he inquired. Frederica considered him gravely.

"Well, it's about half past eleven. If I were you I should go and have a nice cocktail at one of your clubs, or perhaps two cocktails, and then take a charming girl somewhere to lunch."

"But I don't want a cocktail or another charming girl. I want you. What is it that's wrong about me, Frederica darling?"

Frederica relinquished the hat to come and stand before him, tormenting him with her young beauty.

"A kind of patience, a wistfulness, resignation, doormattishness, willingness to oblige, biddability, combined, I dare say, with soberness, conscientiousness, a genius for early rising and amazing references from all and sundry," she explained. "My dear Rollo, it's the rough stuff that gets a woman. You faint with longing, you stand like a lily on my carpet, you make moon eyes at me; but what do you do about it? Nothing!"

"I've asked you over and over again to marry me."

"On what?"

The duke hesitated.

"I know we're not so well off as we were, but I've got a thousand a year of my own after the rent of my flat's paid, and the servants' wages and the garage, and there's my nest egg as well—five thousand pounds."

"My Dear Rollo, it's the Rough Stuff That Gets a Woman. You Faint With Longing, You Make Moon Eyes at Me; But What Do You Do About It? Nothing!"

"We couldn't even starve gracefully on that."

"Well, of course, money's a little difficult. I was brought up to be a soldier, but I couldn't afford it after the Armistice. I was considered an exceptionally rough soldier, by the way. A duke can hardly sell apples off a barrow to add to his income, can he?"

"The Mountfalcons are just as good as the Jermyns, and I make two thousand a year out of this shop," mused Frederica.

"That kind of thing would have to cease immediately, once you were my wife," declared the duke rather coldly.

Frederica heaved a tiny sigh. He stood there, so good-looking, so grave with the weight of twenty-six years, so attractively true to type, so much hers to do as she liked with. Calling up the lacquered hardness of her sex and generation, she struck home.

"Go back to that slum in Pimlico where you live, and never darken my doors again, Rollo. I like you in many ways; I shall always be your friend; but I want someone with more kick than you possess. I'm too expensive. I need riches as well as love. This is the day of women; they seem to have more enterprise than men. You fade and we pass on to victory. Do run along, Rollo dear; I can't bear your pathetic face any more this morning."

"My flat is well within the Victoria district, barely a step from Buckingham Palace. You're most unjust, very cruel and utterly heartless. You don't deserve a decent man's love, and honestly I don't know how I shall exist without you," retorted the duke bitterly.

He picked up his hat, stick and gloves, walked sternly out of the shop, beckoned a taxi and desired to be driven to William's Club.

Although not founded, as alleged, by William the Conqueror in 1066, this institution is a very old, ancient place. Rollo gave good morning to a solemn functionary in the hall, hung hat, stick and gloves on a peg and betook himself to a small gloomy parlor fenced off round a fireplace. General Barragan, engaged with the Times and a sherry and bitters, for William's frowns upon cocktails, looked up with a smile tempered by his surroundings.

"Ah, my dear boy," he exclaimed in a convivial mutter, "delighted to see you. Won't you have something?"

"Thanks," replied Rollo, "I don't mind if I do. Sherry and bitters, if I may."

The general pressed a bell. Rollo arranged himself dismally on a padded seat. A waitress materialized, conversed in a whisper, departed, and returned with the sherry and bitters. Rollo nodded and raised it to his lips.

General Barragan, a soldier, a courtier, a diplomat, a bachelor, who had collected quantities of European decorations in his sixty-five years, and singularly few battle ribbons, sensed an element of tragedy. He looked up almost roguishly from his paper.

"Feeling a bit under the weather?" he inquired with delicate insinuation. "Been treading the gay path, what? How well I recollect the feeling! Take an old sinner's tip, duke; one's always better after a spot of luncheon. A man gets his second wind with his second meal."

"On the contrary, I've been leading a far from gay life. The only girl I could ever love has just turned me down finally and forever. These things don't bear talking about. I'm sure you could manage another sherry and bitters."

"Thank you," assented the general. "Well, here's fun! Never despair. There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out."

Rollo stared at him coldly.

"I don't see what fish have to do with it. If you'd just backed a loser and I told you there are as good horses in training as ever there were, it wouldn't comfort you at all. The great thing is not to become warped. I'm afraid of getting soured and hostile. I must try hard not to hate women because one of them has broken my heart. I hope to counter this natural dislike by some sort of good turn, by heaping coals of fire on their heads, as it were."

"But, damme, you're not old enough for that sort of thing. Why, I was at Sandhurst with your poor father in 1878! You can't be more than twenty-five or so."

"I'm twenty-six and I feel about a hundred," answered Rollo. "If there were a ray of hope left I could struggle; but, my dear general, there is no hope. She made that quite plain. Other people's troubles are always a bore, but you will forgive me if I tell you what she said. I shall always remember it word for word."

General Barragan listened for ten minutes with respectful sympathy.

"Tut-tut! The little buggage! My boy, I don't think you ought to lunch here. This place breathes too much of the past. We'll go somewhere that suggests a bright future. I propose taking you to Ciro's. You need a gay atmosphere, life, pretty girls, laughter. You require to be shaken out of yourself."

A beautiful smile hovered round the duke's sad mouth.

"My dear general, all that is over for me. But I won't hear you say a word against women. They are, after all, our mothers and sisters as well as our sweethearts and our wives. They may even, in rare instances, be our friends, though these are generally the plain ones. I shall spend the rest of my life giving a helping hand to such girls as I meet who happen to be down on their luck. I'm not rich, but I have my nest egg of about five thousand pounds. I did intend to go round the world on it one day with—well, naturally, we will mention no names; but as that can never happen, it would seem selfish to waste it all on myself. I look forward to finding some girl or girls who will help me to get rid of it."

"You won't have far to look," observed the general a trifle grimly, "and you couldn't choose a better hunting ground than Ciro's. I insist on your coming as my guest this morning. You must really be guided by a friend old enough to be your father. I will ask Alfred to call us a taxi at once."

II

AT CIRO'S one can see as many distracting young persons as anywhere in the world. General Barragan and Rollo returned the commissionaire's tactful salute, negotiated the squirrel-cage door and entered that hall where all who are lovely in this day and generation come sooner or later to dangle slim silk legs from brocaded chairs or preen themselves before convenient mirrors. Into this faintly scented atmosphere proceeded the dolorous duke, with General Barragan at his side, greeting all and sundry.

"How-do, Francis. Why, Gerald, I thought you were in Italy! Ha, Dorian, you look radiant—radiant, my dear fellow! How goes the new show?"

Mr. Julius Dorian, the eminent producer of musical comedy and revue, stood before them, shining at all points, from his patent-leather shoes to the diamond pin, bearing a royal cipher, in his tie.

"Marvelous, general, simply marvelous!" he answered with hushed rapture. "A beauty chorus of twenty-four perfect peaches, all the same weight, all the same height, all the same age, and no two pairs of eyes or two heads of hair exactly the same shade. That's what I call genius."

"Allow me," said the general, suddenly inspired. "Mr. Dorian, the Napoleon of the theater—the Duke of Jermyn. Come and lunch with us, Dorian; we're very hungry and very thirsty and very curious about those peaches."

They passed through the big ground-floor restaurant to the general's accustomed table. Rollo gazed, with bitter-sweet memories lacerating his heart, at such theatrical celebrities as Miss Queechie Concannon, Miss Maie Daye, and others, mingling silvery laughter with their oysters or caviar.

Turning to Mr. Dorian, he inquired with polite interest, "What sort of lives do these girls really live when they aren't being taken to lunch or dine at expensive restaurants?"

"Why, they're very good girls, Your Grace; very good girls, indeed," declared Mr. Dorian, examining the menu with excellent care. "Mostly, they live at home with their people; or if they have no people—and some people have no people, you know—they usually live in pairs at a boarding house or in a flat. As for where they lunch, generally the good old bun and glass of milk at one of those little places like the Auditorium Café, I suppose. I pay the standard contract wages and a bit over, but there it is—they see a frock in a shop window and they must buy it."

"It would be a good idea to have canteens at the theaters for them," Rollo said absently. Something about Miss Maie Daye's profile reminded him with torturing vagueness of Frederica.

"I am about to interest myself in the welfare of working girls, Mr. Dorian. Someone mentioned a new production of yours. Why not let me start a canteen for that and see how it appeals?"

Mr. Dorian put down his oyster fork with firm reluctance.

"I dare say you mean well, but never in this world, thank you very much. I should be the laughingstock of London. They'd call ours the Canteen Chorus, or something. The girls would feel insulted. Besides, it's part of their job to be seen at the right restaurants. Now if you were to give a few parties, they'd love to be asked."

"Supposing I were to put money into the piece, wouldn't you let me run a canteen?" pleaded the duke. Mr. Dorian's eyes narrowed.

"How much money?"

"About five thousand pounds," said the duke, with a little sigh for his nest egg, on which he had always hoped to go round the world. Mr. Dorian dashed the nest egg back to safety.

"Very sorry, sir. Couldn't possibly risk the ignominy—ignominy, mark you—for that. It's only about ten weeks' rent of my theater, and I'm proud to say that the money I have at call makes five thousand pounds—a useful sum, no doubt, to many people—look very small potatoes indeed."

The duke sighed.

"Perhaps I shall buy the Auditorium Café and give better meals for less money. When your heart is broken, Mr. Dorian, you have to get the bitterness out of your system by doing good to others. There is no earthly good you can do to yourself.

In His Own Armchair, Coffee and Cream at Her Side, a Book on Her Knee, Her White Shoulders Caressing the Unfeeling Leather of the Chair, in Frock and Hose and Shoes of Gold, Sat Frederica

"I have chosen to do good to girls on the homeopathic principle, which, I understand, is based on the hair-of-the-dog-that-bit-you idea."

"Really," observed General Barragan, "I never knew of a man who, being bitten by a dog, went and founded a dogs' home."

"My dear general, a little while ago it was fish, and now it's dogs. You seem to draw all your inspiration from the zoo," complained the duke.

"Much better be a bit of a dog yourself," suggested Mr. Dorian, laughing richly at his own joke. "I could introduce you to one or two very charming little girls. What about Peril Carol, for instance? That's her just coming through the door with Captain Ridgemount. She doesn't really care about him. She'd drop him like a hot coal if you wanted her to."

"My interest in girls, Mr. Dorian, is purely impersonal and philanthropic. I have kissed my last kiss. I couldn't stand the strain of falling in love all over again; and anyway, it's impossible. There are some wounds that never heal."

"Well, heaven help you!" replied the general and Mr. Dorian almost in the same breath.

When at last the duke walked mournfully through the restaurant on his way out to take up the conduct of a stricken life, the eyes of Miss Peril Carol, Miss Maie Daye and many others like them followed him with sympathetic interest. There is to the female perception something not without charm in a tall young man of twenty-six, whose sad good-looking face is lit by blue eyes, whose tailoring and haircutting are of the best, whose bearing bespeaks many hours on the barrack square, tempered by a secret grief, whom the accident of birth has preferred to the dizzy altitude of dukedom. But Rollo never gave them a glance. He went away comfortless and directed his patient steps to St. James's Street, where the business of Scrymgeour, Scrymgeour & Fortescue, solicitors to most of the landed gentry, is carried on.

One enters the premises by a massive oak door and emerges into a small lounge hall with spacious fireplace and book-lined walls comprising such works as The Theory and Practice of Mortgages, Smith on Rights of Way and The Law of Hiring and Dismissal. From this apartment a long corridor issues, leading past the door of a room occupied by girl typists, past another sacred to male articled clerks, to that holy of holies where Mr. Scrymgeour, the surviving member of the firm, sits in seclusion and treats with aristocratic clients over a glass of old Madeira and a biscuit, after the custom of his forefathers.

Passing through the doorway and the lounge hall, the duke, who all his life had been accustomed to ignore underlings and go straight to the highest authority, proceeded along the corridor in the direction of Mr. Scrymgeour's room, in the calm conviction that Mr. Scrymgeour would immediately postpone anything or anyone with which or with whom he happened to be occupied, in favor of his noble client. The duke had overtaken the door of the typists' room and was abreast of that of the articled clerks, when in the gloom of the corridor he discovered a girlish figure leaning against the wall. The sleeves of her straight frock, reaching only to the elbow, revealed two rounded arms that ended in two slender hands pressed tightly against their owner's face. Her shoulders rose and fell, disturbed by silent sobbing; a forgotten notebook lay on the floor at her feet, little, pathetic feet in high-heeled slippers such as intelligent business girls keep for office wear.

In common with most men, Rollo could never face unmoved the sight of a girl in tears. But the head of this girl was dark. She wore her hair bobbed, and in the uncertain light that dark head recalled most poignantly the dear dark head of Frederica.

Swallowing a lump in his throat, he paused in front of her, put a hand on her shoulder and said, "Please don't cry. If you would tell me what's the matter, I'm sure I could do something to help."

"I've—got—the—sack!" she vouchsafed in a forlorn gasp. "Mr. Scrymgeour—just this minute—fortnight's notice."

She dissolved once more in tears, and Rollo almost imagined he felt a prickling at the back of his own eyes.

"There, there!" he consoled, patting the distraught shoulder. "Probably he didn't mean it. No doubt he spoke hastily. I expect he's busy and worried. Won't you stop crying and tell me all about it?"

The sorrowful maiden dabbed frantically with a sodden wisp of crêpe de chine.

"Hanky's all soaked," she moaned.

Mutely he drew from the breast pocket of his coat a square of exquisite foulard. She pressed it to her eyes, handed it back and looked up at the fortunate god in the gray suit.

"What's your name, you poor thing?" soothed the duke.

"Muriel Coxworthy. You see how awful it is, don't you? I shan't get a reference or anything, and good places are so hard to find. I don't suppose you want a secretary, do you?—speeds 40 and 120, some knowledge of French, thoroughly acquainted with filing systems, and good legal experience."

"I don't know," said Rollo thoughtfully. "I might, if things develop. Still, I'm sure Mr. Scrymgeour will take you back if I ask him. I know him very well; he's looked

after our affairs for years. I happen to be the Duke of Jermyn."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Coxworthy, startled out of her business manner. "And you lent me your hanky—handkerchief!" She paused. "I'm very, very grateful to your grace," she ended, making a valiant effort.

Rollo leaned against the opposite wall and his blue eyes held hers.

"How you remind me ——" he began, and broke off abruptly. She had a pale oval face, and in the girlish curve of her throat he could see a pulse throbbing. "You looked so heartbroken, and that gave me a feeling of sympathy, because a girl broke my heart this morning."

"She couldn't be such a fool!" retorted Miss Coxworthy with scorn, and placed instantly an abashed hand over her mouth.

"But I'm not in the least attractive—only a rather foolish, unpractical person," he explained. "She was quite right, I dare say, and so I thought I'd try to square things by giving some other girl or girls a helping hand; and it's very nice of you to provide the opportunity. Now I'll go in and talk to Mr. Scrymgeour."

He took her little feverish paw in a firm clasp, turned and made his way into the inner sanctuary.

Mr. Scrymgeour's chiseled aristocratic countenance smiled courteously upon his distinguished visitor. Rollo, after a very correct handshake, seated himself in an Elizabethan armchair and came swiftly to the point.

"I want to ask you the exact amount of my nest egg," he began. "I think of indulging in a business speculation."

Mr. Scrymgeour's manner refrigerated very slightly.

"If one might be permitted to hear a few details ——" he suggested.

"I have an idea I shall buy the Auditorium Café. My reasons are not very commercial, but between ourselves ——"

Then, in that ancient room, he unburdened his aching heart to Mr. Scrymgeour, and Mr. Scrymgeour looked coldly and more coldly in front of him.

"Altruistic, no doubt," he observed at last; "but is it wise? And if your grace will permit me, you have very little commercial experience, and a financial loss will be no consolation for an unlucky affair of the heart."

"Well," said Rollo, "I may buy the place or I may not; but exactly what am I worth?"

Mr. Scrymgeour crossed the room, unlocked a safe and consulted a volume.

"Exactly £5781.16.10," he said briefly, and restored the volume to its place.

"Oh," went on Rollo a trifle hurriedly, "and there is the little matter of Miss Coxworthy. I should take it as a personal favor if you would give Miss Coxworthy another chance."

"I doubt if I altogether understand, Your Grace," murmured Mr. Scrymgeour with still more ice in his voice.

"I found her crying in the corridor," explained Rollo. "She appears to have been dismissed. I promised to intercede for her. I've told you"—he waved a forlorn hand—"that today has been very distressing for me. If only I could wipe out the misfortunes of this young, charming and, as far as I can gather, intelligent girl, I should feel a little happier, Mr. Scrymgeour. Since you and I are very old friends ——"

There is no doubt that the calling of a solicitor breeds mistrust in the most sanguine heart. Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Scrymgeour sensed the beginning of some intrigue between Rollo and Miss Coxworthy. At once his natural caution warned him to maintain Miss Coxworthy where he could keep an eye on her. After all, the entire family affairs of the Jermyns were in his charge.

"Since you put it so eloquently," he replied at last, "how can I refuse? It is true, she forgot to remind me of an important matter, but I will overlook it this time."

Rollo got up and held out his hand in farewell.

"Girls are very sensitive little creatures," he declared. "And if you, who were educated at Harrow and Oxford, are unable to trust your memory, how much less can you blame a mere child who never had these advantages?"

Outwardly, Mr. Scrymgeour smiled his pale smile; but inwardly, he revolved many things.

"I had better consult the boy's mother," he concluded. "He is in one of those ridiculous moods when he might make an absurd marriage before anyone could lift a finger."

On his outward way through the corridor Rollo detected a bobbed head which peered through the doorway of the typists' room. The rest of Miss Coxworthy emerged and the door closed behind her.

"It's all right, you're forgiven," he announced with an odd sense of pity for this small thing whose very existence hung on the frown of Mr. Scrymgeour.

"You are good!" murmured the small thing, gazing up at him with worshipful eyes.

"And now will you please do something for me? Will you ring up my flat, 16A Bath Street, S.W., telephone Victoria 15,000, and ask Gregg, my servant, to bring the car round to the Auditorium Café at half past four?"

"Bath Stree'—'toria—'teen thousand—Gregg—car—4:30," repeated Miss Coxworthy, making loops and curves in her notebook. "I'll do it at once, Your Grace." Her big gray eyes stared up at him again. "And thank you ever so!" she repeated.

III

THE Auditorium Café extends its hospitality on the first and second floors of a building in a little side street close to the Folly Theater. Rollo marked it down, and a trifle wearily, for nothing so devitalizes the system as a disastrous love affair; climbed a flight of narrow stairs. He entered the larger of two rooms, sat down at a small wicker table and glanced about him with searching eyes.

Behind a frosted-glass partition lurked what he took to be the cooking arrangements. A tired waitress sat in a remote corner reading a picture paper. In this flat period between the last of the lunchers and the first of the tea drinkers, he felt himself an unwanted intruder. All round him were dotted other small tables, little wicker islands in a sea of linoleum. He glanced at the menu, which offered delicacies such as poached eggs, sardines on toast, cold ham, egg and milk, and lapsed into a dream.

"I should redecorate the place with blue brocade curtains, cream walls and a parquet floor. One might have a space for dancing and an electric piano player. It would be better to run a standard luncheon at a nominal price; what good are sardines on toast to a girl who works hard? I think a charming rest room with some motherly woman in charge, and free face powder ——"

The tired waitress concealed the picture paper, jerked her apron strings into place and swayed jauntily across the room, because he was a man, and men can afford respectable tips.

"Tea and toast, please," said Rollo, and perceived for the first time the golden-haired girl guest.

She sat by a window, staring out at the back of the Folly Theater, a cup of coffee in front of her, a cigarette between her fingers.

Little waved tendrils of spun gold peeped from beneath a small round felt hat, the brim turned up in front and cut away at the back to reveal the pure line of her smooth neck.

A tawny orange frock, brief skirted and narrow, enshrined her slight form. The skin of some nameless fur-bearing animal, dyed to match, adhered to her shoulders by some miracle of balance and the force of gravity combined. Her feet reposed in unsubstantial shoes, mostly composed of straps, and her stockings proved that art is at least the equal of Nature and that the silkworm is nearly as obsolete as the horse.

She gave no sign that she had observed Rollo; only, she withdrew a mirror and a puff from a battered silk vanity bag, surveyed and powdered her face with deadly precision, replaced the puff and mirror, lifted the cigarette from an ash tray and inhaled a quantity of smoke.

In his wicker chair at his wicker table the duke writhed silently. That shingled neck, that mannerism with the cigarette, that limp unstudied pose, recalled in excruciating detail the girlish nonchalance, a certain quiet cruelty so typical of Frederica, whom he would never again be allowed to love except in secret.

The fair girl crushed out her cigarette, beckoned the waitress and asked for her bill. She glanced at the total, raised her eyebrows in mute protest at the cost of

(Continued on Page 68)

"If You'll Forgive Me," He Said at Last, "I Want to Tell You Why I Asked All of You to Dine Here Just With Me Alone"

THOSE HIGH-SOCIETY BLUES

By Dana Burnet

ILLUSTRATED BY R. FALLEN COLEMAN

"Dear Heart, I Can't. I Won't be There—Yes, I Will"

WHEN papa sold his chain of grocery stores to a Wall Street syndicate, thus freeing himself from vulgar toil and care, the Grangers moved East from Ohio to Long Island, where they settled in state. The Wall Street syndicate had paid, after considerable debate, some four millions of dollars for the Granger Gilt-Edge Stores. The stores may or may not have been worth that much. But they occupied a strategic position in the Middle West. The syndicate wanted them and Papa Granger knew it. He just sat tight and stuck to his price. Wall Street finally came across. Three millions in cash and a million in the stock of the newly formed holding company, which was known as Consolidated Stores, Inc. Four millions in all. Papa was a business man.

"Now what the heck'll I do to keep from drying up and blowing away?" asked papa of his family. He was rather dazed by his good fortune, by his sudden freedom from vulgar toil. He was used to vulgar toil, and missed it.

His family promptly relieved his mind. They said they'd decided to move East and go into society.

Papa said huh, what for? But he went. It never occurred to him to dispute his family. They were too many for him in the first place. In the second place they were mostly feminine.

So when Annie and the girls decided they'd like to live in one of the exclusive sections of Long Island, papa rustled around and bought a place right next to the Divines. Mr. Horace Divine was a big financial gun, a member of the syndicate that had bought the Granger Gilt-Edge Stores and president of Consolidated Stores, Inc. He owned an estate at Great Cove on the Sound. Papa had been there once on business, and though he hadn't met Mrs. Divine or the daughter of the family, he'd had sense enough to see that socially the Divines were away up in G. Yes, sir. If you wanted tone, you couldn't do better than to head in next to the Divines. So he had bought the adjoining estate for a sum that left him somewhat breathless, but triumphant; and a month later—this being in the spring—had moved his entire family from the modest stucco house in Fainesville, Ohio, to the palatial Tudor mansion in Great Cove, Long Island.

"There!" said papa, and sneaked out to the rose garden back of the garage to smoke one of his favorite stogies, while Annie and the girls reveled in their grandeur.

Like most American husbands, papa instinctively regarded his wife as his social superior. Grandeur, he felt, would be to Annie what a glass bowl is to a goldfish. As for the three girls, Jessie, Martha and Pearl, their superiority was unquestioned. They had been educated in the East. In fact they had all attended the same boarding school and were cut pretty much to the same pattern.

Their combined personalities struck a single note, like that of a chorus, so that it required considerable reflection to distinguish one from another. It confused papa when he tried to differentiate them; so finally he gave up trying, and thought of them compositely as "the girls."

The boy of the family simply didn't count. His name was Eddie and he hadn't been educated at all. He was twenty-two, the youngest of the lot, and utterly worthless. He just sat around and strummed his ukulele, singing to himself in a pleasant whisper such songs as pleased his fancy.

No one ever thought of asking Eddie's opinion about anything. On the other hand, no one bothered him much. There had been two scenes in the family history involving Eddie. One was when his mother had wanted him to go to college and the other was when his father had wanted him to go to work. Both scenes were short and curiously vague. Eddie had agreed to everything. He had agreed to go to college and he had agreed to go to work. But somehow he never had done either. He had just sat around and strummed his ukulele.

"I don't think Eddie's going to college," remarked his mother to papa some three years after she had decided that Eddie was to go.

"All right then," said papa firmly, "he'll start in at the office next Monday morning at eight o'clock sharp. I don't know but what education would've been bad for him anyway. He's shiftless enough as it is. But I'll make a business man of him if it kills me, and like as not it will."

However, when Monday morning came around and papa went to look for Eddie he found his son sitting cross-legged on the kitchen table playing and singing the Mississippi Blues—to the complete demoralization of the Granger help, who were colored.

Well, somehow Eddie never had gone into business.

He was a tall youth, thin and lanky, with sandy red hair and a faint smile that made him look solemn. His father considered him an unavoidable extravagance. The rest of the family ignored or endured him. The truth is they were rather fond of him; though at times he exasperated them, especially the three girls, almost beyond endurance.

For instance, immediately after their arrival at Great Cove, when everyone was so happy and excited about the house and the English butler that went with it, and the wine cellar and garden and the view, and the two new cars that papa had bought, Eddie was seen wandering through the great halls disconsolate. He seemed lost and positively unhappy in the new home. He went poking about in search of something that apparently he couldn't find.

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter, Eddie?" Pearl finally snapped at him.

"Nothing. I'm just looking for a place to sit down."

One evening shortly afterward, when papa and the girls were strolling about their estate, they heard the familiar sound of Eddie's ukulele coming from the far end of the rose garden. The garden was bordered by a tall hedge and beyond the hedge was the road. They looked and saw a small gap in the hedge. Under this accidental arch, sitting on a cushion on the ground, was Eddie.

"What the heck are you doing there?" demanded papa, who sensed in his son's attitude a subtle criticism of the newly acquired Granger magnificence.

"Nothing," said Eddie, simply and comprehensively.

The girls laughed and told papa to come on. They knew that Eddie was just sitting there playing his ukulele and watching the automobiles go by. Eddie loved to sit and watch things go by.

But later, when the novelty of their grandeur had worn off and the consciousness of their social isolation had set in, the girls reproved Eddie for lounging on a cushion under the hedge. They indicted him one night at dinner on two separate counts.

In the first place, argued Pearl, he was exposed to the curious glances of persons passing along the public road. In the second place, he had chosen to locate himself at a point in the hedge not six feet from the entrance to their neighbors' driveway. Anyone entering or leaving the Divine estate would see him as sure as guns.

Martha asked coldly whether he wanted to make them look ridiculous, and Jessie added that it was no wonder people hadn't called on them, with one member of the family sitting out in the public highway like a beggar, a musical harlequin!

"It's our property, isn't it?" inquired Eddie mildly.

"Yes, it is," spoke up Martha. "But good heavens! What'll people think?"

"What will they think?" repeated Jessie accusingly.

"Most of the ones I've seen," murmured Eddie, "don't look as though they could think."

They all began to talk at once. They said it was a pity he couldn't go in for tennis or polo or yachting or some hobby that had a little tone to it.

"I'm too busy," explained Eddie. "It takes a lot of practice to play the ukulele."

They laughed bitterly. He went on eating his dinner.

His father said, "Well, by Godfrey, you stay off the road with that durned heathen gittar! It ain't right, and that's all they is to it."

The girls immediately jumped on papa. They said he really ought to learn to speak English. He protested. He said he didn't like English, had never spoken it and generally distrusted it. Plain American was good enough for him.

"I always was democratic and I always will be. This is a democratic country, ain't it?"

"Papa!" breathed Pearl.

By this time papa was sore. He pounded the table, though Annie gave him a look that said plainly, "Not in front of the English butler, Eli!" But papa was not to be done out of his democracy by any butler.

"It's all poppycock anyway," he growled. "I know these society people. I've done business with 'em. Any

time you women can't handle this proposition, you just speak to me. I'll fix it in no time."

The three girls looked appealingly at their mother, who said soothingly, "Oh, I guess we'll get along all right after we've been located here a while. We've got to give our neighbors time to find out about us."

But apparently time was not an important element in the situation. Several months passed and still the Grangers' social aspirations didn't seem to be justified by the results. Several times the girls thought they'd struck a lead. Once Pearl was asked to dance at a local benefit she'd taken æsthetic dancing at boarding school. Once Martha was driven home in a rainstorm by a doggy gentleman whose name spelled Opportunity. Once mamma, in her new limousine, was bumped into by Mrs. Horace Divine in her old limousine and was actually spoken to by that haughty lady. The girls were thrilled at this; but Mr. Divine settled with papa—by mail—and it was all over. Their contact with society in Great Cove was limited to these few incidents and to various charitable activities of a painfully general character.

Still, the three girls refused to become discouraged. They insisted that something would happen some day. They laid in a supply of French novels, candy and crossword puzzles, and sat down to await the miracle. They were practically in a state of siege.

But it was hard on mamma. She had always been on good terms with her neighbors and was utterly bewildered by this monumental Eastern exclusiveness.

"Oh, Eli," she confessed one night to papa, in the comparative privacy of their Tudor bedroom, "I'm just miserable. We've been here all spring and half the summer and no one's called on us but a few old fogies who haven't got sense enough to snub us. I've tried and tried and I can't seem to get acquainted with the people who really count. The Divines, for instance—they're just cruel."

"What have they done to you, Annie?" demanded papa fiercely.

"Nothing. That's just the trouble. When I meet them at those charity things they're as nice as pie. But I just can't seem to get anywhere with them."

"Is that so?" said papa. "Well, you leave it to me, Annie."

"You can't do anything, Eli."

"Can't I? You just wait and see!"

Annie was skeptical. But she had a certain general faith in papa. To this she clung, preferring faith of any sort to the girls' expected miracle. Annie hadn't much confidence in miracles.

Papa was a simple soul. He rose the next morning filled with determination, ate a hearty breakfast and started for town in his own car. As he drove out of the gate he looked back and saw Eddie sitting under the hedge. He made a violent gesture that meant for Eddie to get up and go away from there; but suddenly realizing the futility of all commands where Eddie was concerned, dropped his clenched hand on his knee.

"That boy!" he exclaimed aloud. Then, slinking down on the heavily upholstered seat of his car, he guiltily lighted a Pittsburgh stogy.

Papa's plan was direct and comparatively guileless. He was going to call on his neighbor, Mr. Divine, at the latter's Wall Street office. After some preliminary business talk—to give his visit the proper color—he intended to suggest offhand to Mr. Divine that it would be nice if the two families got better acquainted.

"Maybe you and Mrs. Divine would like to come over some night and play a rubber of bridge," was the particular key sentence he had in mind.

As has been said, papa was a simple soul.

Meanwhile Eddie, comfortably seated under the hedge, protected from the sun by the green arch overhead and from the hardness of the earth by a cushion beneath him, was practicing on his ukulele a recent popular song that seemed to him both appropriate and pleasing. It was a vulgar but ingratiating tune, slow and mournful, with a melancholy humor after the manner of the negro blues. As Eddie played, he sang in a husky barytone:

"Mamma's sittin' round,
Papa's sittin' round,
Sister's sittin' round all day,
Mamma's feelin' blue,
Papa's feelin' blue,
Sister's slowly fadin' away.

CHORUS

"For —
Nobody comes to our house,
Nobody drinks our booze.
We're feelin' just as flat as the 'Welcome' on the mat ——
We've got those high-society blues."

A smart-looking gray roadster driven by a girl in a blue sweater rolled out of the Divine driveway, and turning coasted silently down a slight incline in the road. It drifted along of its own momentum, seemed to slow up of its own accord, and finally stopped exactly opposite the gap in the hedge where Eddie sat strumming his ukulele.

He turned his eyes and saw a girl's face looking down at him. It was a small face, without a hat to shade it; with short curly blond hair, very bright in the sunshine, fallin about it and blurring its smooth oval outline.

The girl was Eleanor Divine. Eddie knew that. He had seen her before, and he rather suspected that she had seen him. He also knew, having read the newspapers, that she had returned only yesterday from a brief summer visit to Paris.

He gave her one glance and went on playing his ukulele. Suddenly she laughed. Her laugh rang out along the sunlit road. It was as though she had flung at him a certain music of her own, a bright, quick music appropriate to the brightness of the summer morning.

"You were sitting there—just as you are now—when I went away six weeks ago!"

Eddie crawled out from his retreat and stood up, tall and lanky and completely self-possessed. He had, when he chose to exercise it, a certain grace of bearing, a manner that came from heaven knows where.

"You went to Paris," said Eddie, "to buy hats."

"How do you know?" she asked, curious and half amused.

"The newspapers."

"Oh! The newspapers," she retorted, with a shrug. "They don't know everything."

She turned her head away from him, tossing impatiently her short curly hair. Her hands were on the wheel; she sat poised for flight. If the impulse seized her she'd be off before he could speak.

So he struck a chord on his ukulele. Around came her head instantly, and the laugh was on her lips again.

"Why'd you do that?"

"To stop you from running away."

"You're a strange person!" she said with decision.

"So I've been told," admitted Eddie, smiling his faint smile.

"By your family, I suppose?"

"Yes; my family think I'm a hopeless liability. They're right about that. But the point is, I get more fun out of being a liability than I should out of being an asset."

There was a brief silence. Then the girl said, "I wonder!" And immediately afterward—"I know what you mean." And finally—"What was that tune you were playing?"

"Those High-Society Blues."

She giggled and was suddenly much younger than she had been; a schoolgirl in a blue sweater, without a hat.

"Play it again."

So he stood up beside the car and played and sang softly the vulgar, absurd and ingratiating specimen of modern American musical slang.

"Marvelous!" said Miss Divine. "Simply marvelous! Do you ever do anything but play the ukulele?"

"I eat and sleep," replied Eddie, "and sometimes I dream."

"About what?"

"If I told you that," he said, "you'd know all there was to know about me. Then you'd drive off for good and I'd never see you again."

"You dream," the girl said, "about a princess in a tower. She leans out and lets down her black hair ——"

"Gold," said Eddie.

"And you stand under her window and play the Blues. You're medieval. You look

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"I Sort of," Said Pearl, "Feel Sorry for Him." And So She Took Mr. Charles Outside and Showed Him the Sound by Starlight

PICK YOUR SELLER

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

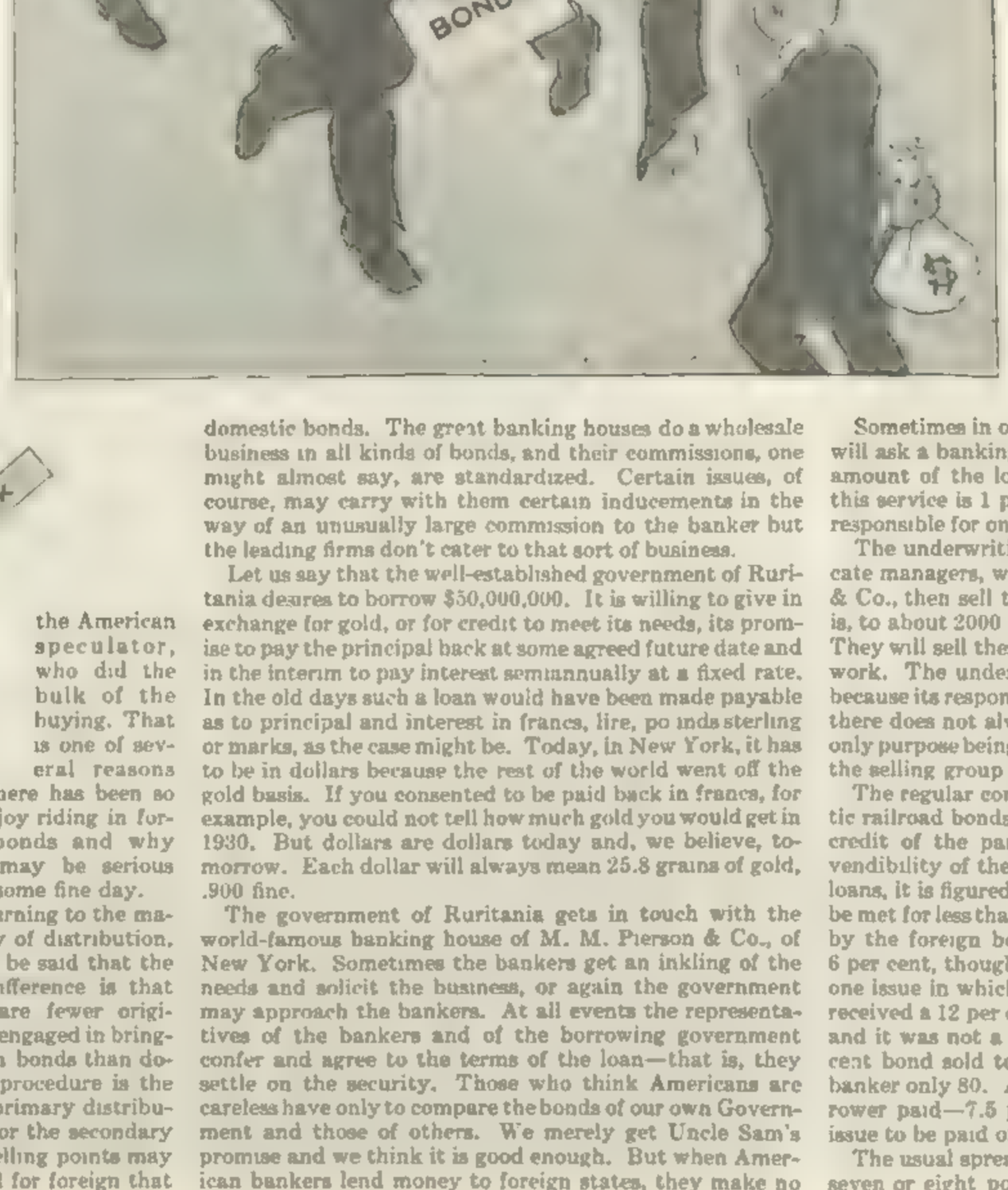
THE same machinery of distribution serves for foreign bonds as for domestic. This commonplace would not be worth mentioning if it were not that so many people believe otherwise. But a firm that has specialized on foreign ventures prints on the covers of its prospectuses this truism

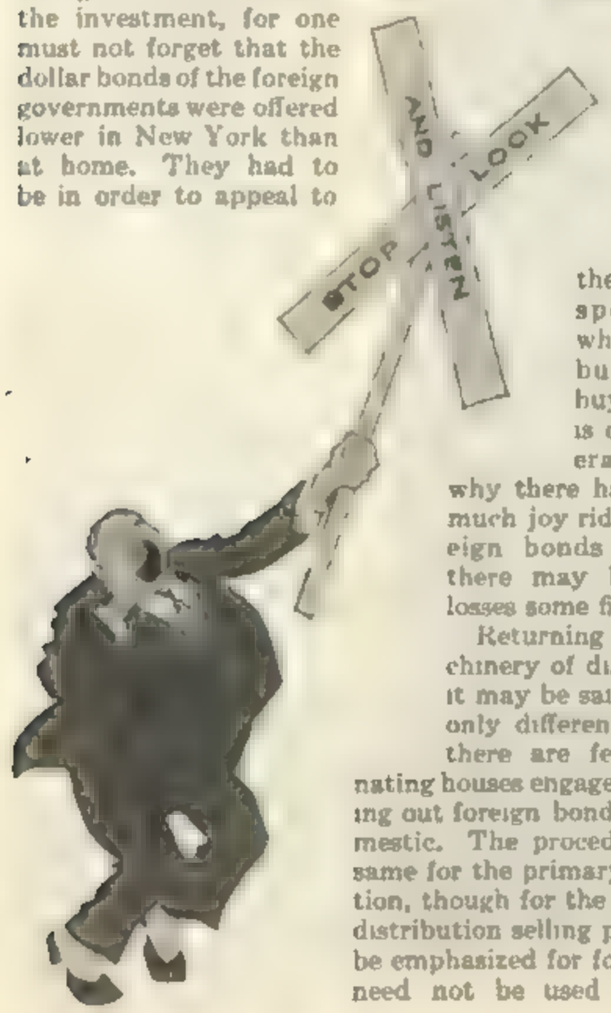
"To the Romans, people were either Romans or merely barbarians. To Americans, securities are either domestic or indiscriminately foreign."

It seems futile to harp on the fact that the inexorable logic of economic events developed a market here for "indiscriminately foreign" securities the moment dollar bonds became the inevitable creatures of those conditions in the foreign exchange markets of the world which in turn resulted from the dislocation of the entire world's normal business during the war. The American investor who bought high-grade foreign bonds—Scandinavian or Swiss, for instance—two or three years ago, and has since enjoyed the appreciation in his principal, could see in the advance in the price of his bonds a decline in the value of the dollar in Sweden or in Switzerland. It does not exclusively mean that the viking nations or the sturdy Helvetians are good risks.

Dollar Bonds

THE failure to discriminate arises from the fact that American bond buyers still regard all foreign bonds as speculative. The inducements to buy held out by dealers are those that appeal to speculators rather than to investors. We see the practical workings of this attitude, to the disadvantage of the American buyers, when we compare New York with London prices. Danish bonds do not look any better to our public than, say, Brazil issues. But London, from long experience, knows what it buys and it therefore pays for quality. Good issues sell for higher prices there and inferior quality for higher prices here. It would be a revelation to many to know how steadily good foreign bonds have been bought in this market for European account the moment exchange conditions favored the investment, for one must not forget that the dollar bonds of the foreign governments were offered lower in New York than at home. They had to be in order to appeal to the American speculator, who did the bulk of the buying. That is one of several reasons why there has been so much joy riding in foreign bonds and why there may be serious losses some fine day.





Returning to the machinery of distribution, it may be said that the only difference is that there are fewer originating houses engaged in bringing out foreign bonds than domestic. The procedure is the same for the primary distribution, though for the secondary distribution selling points may be emphasized for foreign that need not be used in selling domestic bonds. The great banking houses do a wholesale business in all kinds of bonds, and their commissions, one might almost say, are standardized. Certain issues, of course, may carry with them certain inducements in the way of an unusually large commission to the banker but the leading firms don't cater to that sort of business.

Let us say that the well-established government of Ruritania desires to borrow $50,000,000. It is willing to give in exchange for gold, or for credit to meet its needs, its promise to pay the principal back at some agreed future date and in the interim to pay interest semiannually at a fixed rate. In the old days such a loan would have been made payable as to principal and interest in francs, lire, pounds sterling or marks, as the case might be. Today, in New York, it has to be in dollars because the rest of the world went off the gold basis. If you consented to be paid back in francs, for example, you could not tell how much gold you would get in 1930. But dollars are dollars today and, we believe, tomorrow. Each dollar will always mean 25.8 grains of gold, .900 fine.

The government of Ruritania gets in touch with the world-famous banking house of M. M. Pierson & Co., of New York. Sometimes the bankers get an inkling of the needs and solicit the business, or again the government may approach the bankers. At all events the representatives of the bankers and of the borrowing government confer and agree to the terms of the loan—that is, they settle on the security. Those who think Americans are careless have only to compare the bonds of our own Government and those of others. We merely get Uncle Sam's promise and we think it is good enough. But when American bankers lend money to foreign states, they make no bones about specifying from what source or from which taxes the money will come that will be used for interest payment and the sinking-fund requirements. The word of the government is not enough. We ask and obtain a mortgage, a lien on some assured revenue. Incidentally, bankers tell you that British and Canadian bonds are not regarded as foreign by either bankers or the public.

When the terms are satisfactory to the bankers, after having been duly approved by the bankers' experts, Messrs. M. M. Pierson & Co. sign the contract with the Ruritanian Government. They then organize the first, or originating, syndicate. It underwrites the entire loan—that is, the members agree to take over all the bonds remaining unsold at the expiration of the life of the syndicate, which may be thirty, sixty or ninety days, according as the bankers may deem necessary to dispose of the bonds to the public. Each member will take up his allotted percentage of the unsold bonds, or, if all are sold, receive his allotted percentage of the net profits of the operation.

The first risk taken is that of M. M. Pierson & Co., who technically are the sole buyers until they form the underwriting syndicate. This syndicate is, of course, arranged for in advance. That is, the usual group will be invited to participate by Pierson and will accept. But there is what a famous international banker calls the overnight risk; and for taking this risk and for certain expenses, the banking firm that negotiated the loan will ask a small commission, adding, say one-quarter of 1 per cent, to the price at which the Ruritanian Government agreed to sell the bonds. The underwriting syndicate gets in on the ground floor, after paying the fraction of 1 per cent to Pierson & Co. for the overnight risk.

Commissions

SAY that the government of Ruritania has sold Pierson & Co. $50,000,000 of thirty-year bonds at 92, bearing interest at 7.5 per cent. Well, Mr. Pierson's firm informs his prospective associates of the facts. The syndicate agrees to underwrite the issue at 92¼. They are responsible for the success of the loan.

Sometimes in order to reduce the risk the first syndicate will ask a banking syndicate to agree to advance a certain amount of the loan—say, one-half. The commission for this service is 1 per cent. That way the first syndicate is responsible for only $25,000,000.

The underwriting syndicate, acting through the syndicate managers, who, of course, are Messrs. M. M. Pierson & Co., then sell the issue to the distributing group—that is, to about 2000 retail dealers all over the United States. They will sell these bonds to the public. They do the real work. The underwriting syndicate's commission is small because its responsibility does not last long; and, of course, there does not always have to be a banking syndicate, its only purpose being to give additional selling security in case the selling group does not sell enough.

The regular commission for selling, for example, domestic railroad bonds is 2.5 to 3 per cent, depending upon the credit of the particular railroad, which determines the vendibility of the road's securities. In the case of foreign loans, it is figured that the expenses of distribution cannot be met for less than 5 or 6 per cent, and the commission paid by the foreign borrower therefore is not often less than 6 per cent, though it sometimes is higher. I have heard of one issue in which the originating house was said to have received a 12 per cent commission. It was not a good bond and it was not a successful operation. Imagine a 7.5 per cent bond sold to the public at about 92 which cost the banker only 80. Also think of the rate of interest the borrower paid—7.5 per cent on par and sold at 80 and the issue to be paid off at 100 in a relatively few years.

The usual spread, which is three points for domestic and seven or eight points for foreign, is divided among three groups—to wit, the originating banker, the underwriting

and banking group and the selling group, the latter getting 70 to 80 per cent of the entire commission.

The primary distributors and so-called originating groups are various. Certain houses have especial facilities for selling a certain class of securities. They have developed a special clientele. Thus you hear of the telephone group, the steel group, the railroad group, and the like. One firm that would have no difficulty in placing $5,000,000 of copper-mining bonds among its customers would be hard put to it to sell $1,000,000 oil bonds. Each of the big banking houses, of course, has its regular followers, houses that come in as a matter of course when asked to do so. Their names appear in the advertisements in the New York papers. There may be a house with headquarters in Chicago, though the New York office may do the bulk of its business. Its name will not appear in the Boston papers, but it will, as a matter of fact, be printed in the Chicago announcements.

The originating houses have their lists of dealers all over the United States whom they invite to sell the bonds to the public. These retailers advertise locally, circularize their clients and their prospects, send out their salesmen and do the real merchandising. They usually accept, as the primary syndicate does, whatever is allotted to them. They must if they are to be sure of having a supply. The big houses have a card index of the retail dealers in which the selling capacity for the different classes of bonds is recorded, and the territory they operate in, and other details. Not every dealer is in these lists. The leading houses are very careful. There is no desire to make invidious comparisons, but every dealer in the United States is anxious to be on the J. P. Morgan & Co. list. It means that they are in the highest class and it is so accepted by the trade. The retailers themselves told me this.

The big banking houses know the selling capacity of their dealers almost to a bond. They know, for example, the kind of security that each dealer does best with. They have an elaborate card index of each man's record. This record is studied when the allotments are made.

In the matter of oversubscriptions, there is no question that the excessive publicity given to the alleged huge amounts of foreign bonds wanted has had much to do with the feeling that there was, on the part of the American public, an unreasoning eagerness to exchange our dollars for alien promises to pay.

Joy Riders Discouraged

IT SHOULD be known that such oversubscriptions do not reflect the public's demand accurately. Say that it has become known that the famous firm of M. M. Pierson & Co. is bringing out an issue of 8 per cent Ruritanian bonds. It happens to be the leading house of the kind, with a record for successful promotions that makes everybody forget its occasional fiascos, particularly since the fiascos resulted from honest mistakes and not from greed of commissions.

A retail distributor, believing he can sell $500,000 and knowing the total issue will be subscribed for many times over, will apply for $1,000,000. This is twice what he can actually sell and possibly four times what he really expects to be allotted. That accounts for a great deal of the over-emphasized oversubscribing, because you must consider that there are 2000 names on Pierson & Co.'s list of retail bond dealers. Of course the boosting that comes from the reports of oversubscription helps greatly the distribution of the issue.

So much for the retailer. The public itself does some of the subscribing, but the actual amount applied for by actual investors is rather small. The great bulk of the subscribing public belong to the class known as joy riders—speculators who buy at the subscription price, hoping to make a quick profit, even if only of a point or two. These buyers are not the kind bankers like to sell the bonds to. They also help to swell the oversubscriptions and are apt to prove costly followers to the originating group. Then there is the speculative investor who is attracted by the high rate of interest.

The syndicate managers have bought the bonds at 88. They have sold them to the secondary distributors at 89½. The public subscription price is 93½. The life of the syndicate is for sixty days, which means that for two months no dealer can sell the bonds for less than 93½. The syndicate managers in the meantime see to it that the market price is pegged at 93½—that is, it is supported at that price or higher, because if allowed to decline below the issue price the bonds could not be sold to the public.

In order to be able to keep the price pegged the syndicate managers sell the bonds short. Banking, as they properly ought to when market conditions are right, on oversubscriptions, the managers will sell and accept orders not for $50,000,000, which is the total amount of the issue, but for say, $55,000,000 or $60,000,000. That means they will be technically short $10,000,000 of the bonds. Then when the joy riders begin to sell out for a profit, the syndicate managers buy back the bonds offered and they keep the peg good without accumulating more bonds than is comfortable.

Not long ago, in a certain issue the syndicate was short $2,500,000 of the issue. Then there came a slump in all the security markets and in order to maintain the peg the managers had to buy more than that amount of bonds. After having sold all the bonds on the day the subscription books opened, the syndicate a month later had $6,000,000 of the bonds on its hands. The market was not a good one to sell in, but the market, or open, price did not go below the issue price and that gave confidence to investors; so that when general market conditions improved, the syndicate promptly sold the bonds it had been obliged to repurchase. This process is obviously necessary in order to stabilize the market. When you read, as you usually do in the advertisements, that "the bonds having been sold, this advertisement appears as a matter of record only" it means that the retailers and the joy riders have taken over nine-tenths of the issue.

"What do you do to discourage joy riding?" I asked an originating banker.

"All we can do is to keep track of the bonds by numbers. We take the numbers of all the bonds we allot. Then when we have to buy in the market to support the price we notice which bonds are sold, by the serial numbers. We know that way whose customers unload on us—that is, which house's clients subscribe merely to scalp a profit. When we find that a certain house's customers are addicted to this practice, we don't allot many bonds of our next issue to that house. Of course we supply as far as we can the demands from the legitimate investors. The small subscriptions are always filled in full."

It must be plain that the public demand for foreign bonds is nowhere near so eager or indiscriminate as one might gather from the publicity attending the newspaper success of the offerings. It is a fact admitted by bankers that save in a few signal instances, like the German loan, the secondary distribution has not been good. The underwriters usually sell the bonds, but the retailers have not equal success. Out of twenty-two dealers seen only two denied this and asserted that dealers' shelves were bare. But the majority reported otherwise. Moreover, it is to be kept in mind that the public that buys foreign bonds does so as speculators and not as investors. The majority of issues are apt to sell below the issue price because of the unloading by the joy riders, and later, after the expiration of the syndicate agreement, by dealers. The danger to the genuine investor, even if foreign bonds were unsafe, is not so great as appears. Nevertheless the investor should not lose sight of the eternal verities.

Larry Livingstone's Advice

IN EVERY business there are certain human factors that call for what might be designated as standard considerations. They are pertinent in all places at all times. The investor planning to buy bonds will not go wrong to encourage in himself a *caveat-emptor* frame of mind. This does not mean a spirit of suspicion or unintelligent skepticism, but simply that it pays to keep an eye on the seller. He need not expect dishonesty, but simply keep in mind the need of all bond dealers to sell bonds. People do not have to invest their surplus in order to live, but the dealer must sell or die. It does not matter whether the bonds are municipal, public utility, foreign government, industrial or state or railroad; the need of the borrower and of his agent, the dealer, is always there. Larry Livingstone's pet bit of advice to his friends is to remember that stocks are made to sell. They may have merit. They may earn and pay huge dividends. They may represent solid value or they may be utterly worthless; but in all cases their existence is the outcome of somebody's need to sell them. And make a profit out of them. All of which is only another way of saying, "If you must buy securities, pick the right dealer."

As far as the public at large is concerned, the need to sell the bonds is apt to be less urgent with the corporation or the government than with the dealer. That is, the issuer of the bonds, as a matter of fact, always sells the bonds to a banking syndicate, so that the first need to sell is ancient history before the public is asked to invest. The originating syndicate also disposes of the bonds to the secondary distributors, and its need to sell is, as a rule, also over in

(Continued on Page 206)

STARGAZER

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

IT WOULD have been almost rude not to say something nice about Mr. Melvin in the pauses when Milly Tuttle bit sentimentally into her apple, but Milly's eloquence made it difficult to be original, especially as she was almost sure to interpret faint praises as more unjust than downright damns.

"He does wear the nicest clothes," said Carol. "So much nicer than the fussy sort. That gray suit "

"Wouldn't he be simply marvelous in evening dress!" Milly inhaled a quivering, enraptured sigh. "Or a Prince Albert, with a gray ascot!"

"I like that gray suit," said Carol hurriedly, lifting her voice a little. She knew what that tremolo sigh portended; Milly was breathing in the smell of orange blossoms, hearing the heavenly thutter of an organ. Milly's crushes always carried her imagination to romantic extremes. "I do like plain, simple, sensible things for men, don't you, Milly?"

"Sh-h-h!" Milly swallowed the end of her high-pitched giggle and her fingers tightened painfully on Carol's arm. A scuffling step sounded in the hall and the jaunty swagger of Joe Griffith carried him past the open door. Milly pressed the back of her hand against her mouth; her giggle escaped before the footsteps had begun to descend the stairs.

"He heard you! He couldn't have helped hearing every word you said!"

Carol shrugged her shoulders.

"What of it? I didn't say anything."

"Didn't you see-e-e him?" Milly's voice climbed to a squeal on the lengthened vowel. "Of all people to come along just when you were yelling out at the top of your lungs that you liked men to wear nice, quiet, plain ——"

"What of it?" said Carol again, her tone stiffening a little. "You surely don't think I hurt his feelings. He's probably sorry for me, if he overheard, because I haven't good enough taste to admire green and yellow checks and red neckties and cloth-topped shoes with pearl buttons!" She slid down from the deep window sill. "Come on, it's almost time for the bell and I haven't looked at my chemistry."

Mr. Melvin taught chemistry. The statement was an affront, with a flavor of coarse impiety, to Miss Tuttle.

"It's funny that Joe Griffith was hanging around the upper hall at recess time," she said. "He's gone past that door every day lately. Wouldn't it be lovely if he had a crush on you, Carol? I bet he has! That's why he comes upstairs. He never listens in classes except when you recite, and then he sits up and ——"

"You needn't be insulting," said Carol. "That isn't funny. A cheap, conceited South Side tough!"

"I didn't mean that you ——" said Milly, hastily penitent. "It's not your fault if he likes you. It's pathetic." Her eyes glistened swimmingly. "I should think you could see how—how pathetic it would be if ——"

The prolonged summons of the bell, filling the corridors with a jostling, noisy crowd, spared Carol the task of finding a suitably crushing response. She scowled back at Milly's pensive, sentimental gaze whenever her glance rose from the chemistry book during the study period that followed, and she lifted her chin a little when, on the way to Mr. Melvin's classroom for the final recitation of the day, they passed Joe Griffith's green-and-yellow splendor in the lower hall.

The sacred hour softened Milly to penitent affection. Carol's forgiveness expressed itself in compliance with the entreaty in Milly's melting glance. She lent her presence in support as Milly approached the desk at the final bell. Mr. Melvin's analytical bent had not discovered the difference between the practical and romantic aspects of his science; any question about molecules infallibly kindled a fire in him.

"Of course, of course! I'm glad you asked me that." He hesitated. "I've got to see Mr. Lindstrom before he gets away; but if you'll wait, I'll explain it for you. I shan't be gone but a minute."

He departed on the heels of the less avid seekers after knowledge. Milly sighed happily.

"Isn't he just sweet?"

"He does look nice in gray," admitted Carol.

She leaned against the desk. Milly drew in another audibly fluttering breath. The scuff of many footsteps in the hall dwindled, ceased; there were more-distant, joyous noises from the walk below the windows. A brisk, staccato footfall announced the return of Mr. Melvin; it stopped just short of the door, and Mr. Melvin's crisp tones succeeded it:

"Yes, Griffith, what is it?"

Carol stiffened under the clutch of Milly's excited fingers as Joe Griffith's rasping speech managed, somehow, to sound as if it issued from the corner of a manly mouth, was allowed to slide over the fullness of an outthrust underlip.

"Say, dja mind if I ast yuh where yuh got that suit?"

"This suit?" Mr. Melvin, invisibly but unmistakably, paused to survey the gray tweeds. "I got this in London. Like it, do you?"

"London, huh? Say, listen, could I write and get one if I sent my measure?"

"I'm not sure." Mr. Melvin's silence was reflective. "But you needn't go to all that trouble. There's a piece of goods at Schwitzer's that's almost the same, and he could make it up in this style if you told him to copy the one he's making for me."

"Sure! That's what I'll do. Much obliged."

"Not at all, Griffith." Mr. Melvin bustled in, beaming. "Sorry I kept you young ladies so long. It's always a pleasure to answer an intelligent question like yours, Miss Tuttle—one that shows a genuine interest in the subject. You see, when one atom of hydrogen ——"

Not even the spell of his symbols and equations sufficed to prevent him from discovering, presently, that he did not enjoy the undivided attention of his audience. He laid down his chalk and brushed his fingers.

"You'll find it all quite clearly explained on page 281," he said. "Good afternoon."

Milly was insensible to the pain of undisguised dismissal. In the corridor, her fingers closed on Carol's arm.

Carol's Voice Rose as They Neared the Doorway. "I Think Mr. Melvin Really Has Awfully Good Taste About Things"

"You Ought Not To. It's Really ——" Milly Groped for Her Word With an Exploring Gesture of the Hand Which Held Her Apple

"Aren't you thrilled, Carol? Isn't it just too perfectly marvelous?"

"I don't know what you're talking about." Carol freed her arm with a jerk. "And I've told you that I consider it insulting."

"You haven't any right to." Milly spoke with conviction. "It's a responsibility—having a power like that over anybody. You can't get out of it by saying it's insulting. I think it's a sacred trust that you haven't any right to be false to."

"Don't be so silly." Carol moved away from the emotional clutch. "You're making it all up. I don't believe he even heard us talking. It's just one of those things that Miss Gaylord's always talking about in lit—coincidents or something."

"It isn't either! I know! I can feel things."

"You're so crazy about Mr. Melvin that you've got a morbid imagination," said Carol. "You think everybody else does things for the same reason you do—like staying after class to ask questions about molecules."

Milly withdrew into a wounded dignity that endured until they emerged on the sidewalk above the basement locker room.

"There! I knew it!"

Her glance guided Carol's to the doorway of the little shop at the corner, where Joe Griffith presented to the world a serenely impassive countenance, its effect of high indifference intensified by the droop of a cigarette from the extreme corner of his lip and the insouciant tilt of his low-crowned derby hat.

"He's just waiting for a South Street car," said Carol. "It's perfectly disgusting of you to keep trying to pretend that every silly little coincident proves ——"

"You can prove it, if you want to," said Milly quickly. "I just dare you to let him hear you rave about Mr. Melvin's kind of collars as we go by that store. If he comes to school tomorrow with one of those awful things he's got on now, I'll admit I'm wrong. I just dare you, Carol Blaine!"

Carol's chin and voice rose as they neared the doorway.

"I think Mr. Melvin really has awfully good taste about things; those turn-down collars look so much better than the high ones that some of the boys wear, don't you think?"

They turned the corner, manifestly unaware of Mr. Griffith's presence. The debate continued most of the way up Maryland Avenue to Elm Hill.

It was resumed, with a certain bitterness on Carol's part, at recess next day.

"You made me say that because you knew he was trying to imitate Mr. Melvin's clothes. He'd have bought that collar just the same if I hadn't said a word. It's insulting to even suggest ——"

"Split infinitive," said Milly absently.

"I don't care! You know it's nothing but the merest coincident ——"

"Coincidence. It sounded wrong when you kept saying it yesterday, so I looked it up. Coincident's an adjective."

I don't care what it is. I've told you over and over that I consider it simply disgusting."

"You ought not to. It's really"—Milly groped for her word with an exploring gesture of the hand which held her apple—"it's really sort of sweetish and saddish and nice, like a play. If it was about somebody else you'd say so yourself. You cried quarts at that matinée where the low-born poet was in love with the queen."

"Milly Tuttle, if you even dare to think that awful boy has the impudence to even like me — —"

"You split another one," said Milly placidly. She bit skillfully, avoiding a slight defect in the apple. "I don't mean that he's crazy about you the way Lonny Rebsell is, or Johnny Bishop. Don't you see the difference? He's so far, so infinitely far beneath you that he—he just looks up, as if you were a lovely, pale, shining star." She paused to contemplate the figure of speech with evident approval. "That's it—you're nothing but a star to him. I should think you'd like it—I would. I'd be touched and—and thrilled to think I had so much power. It's wonderful to know that you—that he's just clay in your hands."

"Just mud," said Carol.

"That's what clay is." Milly had interludes of exasperating literalness, even during her most emotional moods. "You can do anything you want to with that boy. Just see what you've done already!"

"I tell you, I haven't done anything with him, and I'm not going to, and I couldn't anyway, and if you don't stop talking about it I'll go and eat my lunch in the study hall."

Milly held her peace, but her silence had a perceptible quality of eloquence; it also rendered the approaching footsteps of Joe Griffith a little more audible than they had been yesterday. He passed the doorway without turning his head, but the firmness of his step conveyed a certain significance. The cloth-topped shoes had given way to tan oxfords, aggressively new but otherwise unsensational.

"He doesn't even dare to look at you," said Milly's whisper. "To him you're just a star, remote and cold and beautiful." She examined her apple. "Just a star," she repeated raptly; "a star that he's hitched his wagon to."

"He'd better not"—Carol spoke viciously—"unless he's ready for a long cold ride!"

"Jumped Through What? I Don't Understand"

"I think it's the silliest game in the world," said Carol. She spoke clearly, and directed her voice straight at the open door. Milly opened wide, blank eyes.

"Football? Why, Carol Blaine, when your own brother's captain of the team!"

"That doesn't affect the facts, does it? I suppose I have a right to an opinion, even if Lanse is stupid enough to think it's fun to roll about in the mud after a silly old leather ball. I wouldn't if I were a boy, no matter who tried to make me."

Milly looked puzzled. Her glance moved to the doorway and back to Carol's face, manifestly uncertain whether the conversation was designed, like a number of others, to influence the behavior of the wearer of a gray-tweed suit, distinctly visible in the corridor, or whether Carol had suddenly and genuinely turned apostate.

"They talk a lot about school spirit and all that sort of thing," said Carol. "I think that's why some of the boys play—they're afraid to stand up against public opinion. I'd admire them a lot more if they had the strength of character to say no and stick to it."

Milly shook her head.

She was on the point of speech when Carol's hand warned her to listen. There were brisk steps in the corridor and Lanse's voice came through the doorway, buoyant with good fellowship.

"Oh, there you are, Griffith! Been looking for you down in the lunch room. Wanted to talk to you some more about coming out for the team. You'd like the game if you'd just try it."

"Not me!" Griffith spoke with decision. "I can get my fun without rolling around in the mud for it."

"Rats! You'd be rolling the other fellow in the mud with a pair of shoulders like those. You can't make me believe you're afraid of a bump or two."

"No; I guess I can take my bumps when they're coming to me. But ——"

"But don't you see how it looks if you won't come out and help win for the school? You and I know you're not afraid, but other people don't. It'll look to them as if you were a quitter."

"Aw, what do I care for what they think? Maybe it takes more nerve to stand up against—now—public opinion than to let some guy push in your map with his hoof."

Milly nodded solemnly. Carol watched the door, her mouth compressed to a firm straight line. The argument rose and fell in the corridor until the bell cut it short.

"It's marvelous the way you can do anything you want to with him!" Milly sighed. "But I don't see why you should want to keep him from playing on Lanse's team. I should think ——"

Carol nodded slowly and with meaning.

"He'll play," she said—"just as soon as Lanse makes up his mind that it depends on whether he takes me to the Senior Hop. Mother won't let me go with anybody else and Lanse wants to take that awful Gridley girl he's crazy about. As soon as I offered to get Joe Griffith to play he thought that if I could, he could. So I had to show him."

But how are you going to make him play if Lanse gives in?"

"I'll just tell you how much I admire people who aren't ashamed of changing their minds when they find they're wrong, and what a splendid thing it is for a man to go in for hard, rough, dangerous sports and—oh, anything. He's done everything we've tried on him so far, hasn't he?"

"He's just clay in your hands," said Milly. "You can do anything you please with him. It's a wonderful thing to have power like that, isn't it? Wasn't I right when I said so? And you were just disgusted."

"I'm going to that Senior Hop anyway," said Carol. "You wait and see. I'm not going to be anybody's star for nothing!"

"I'm sure I don't see why you should blame me, father." Carol held fast to the tone and aspect of patient, misjudged innocence which had served so admirably throughout a rather trying interview. "I can hardly help it if a boy from the South Side has good taste enough to admire me, can I? It's not as if I didn't seem to please any other kind."

"I don't like it," said George Blaine heavily. "I haven't got anything against Joe Griffith. His father's a pretty rough specimen, but I've always found him square and decent."

"I'm not blaming you because this boy seems to have taken such a shine to you. That's to his credit, when you come right down to facts. But I don't like what I hear about the way you handle him. Of course, I know you're just amusing yourself, but you're too young for such tricks. Let the boy alone."

"I can't help Lanse's absurd notions. I do let Joe Griffith alone: I've never done anything else. I've hardly spoken to him."

"Oh, don't quibble, Carol. 'Hardly' doesn't mean anything. Lanse says that you wouldn't let this fellow play football till Lanse took you to a dance, and then you made him play like a wild bull. You kept him smoking cigarettes, though, till you got something else out of Lanse, and then you stopped him in a minute. You wouldn't let him come out for the track squad this spring till Lanse bribed you some way or other. That's what I don't like, and that's what I want stopped."

"I'm sure I don't see how you expect me to make Joe Griffith stop running on the track team and playing football," said Carol patiently. "That's the result of whatever influence I may have had on him, isn't it? He used to wear perfectly awful clothes, and he dresses quite nicely now. I had as much to do with that as I did with his playing on Lanse's old team. I can't very well ask him to start smoking again, can I?"

George Blaine shook his head wearily.

"You know that wasn't what I meant. I don't like to hear you dodge that way. Let the boy alone, that's all."

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HELD UP

By EVERETT RHODES CASTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

An Adventure in Good Example

A Piece of White Paper Was Pinned to the Sleeve. Mr. Gombel Removed It With Trembling Fingers

RARE were the moments when Mr. Harry Gombel, senior member of the firm of Gombel & Zoom, the Diamond House of Uniqueness and Charm, let his lips compress to a thin bloodless line and his eyes fail to register softness and good will toward all. Mostly they occurred when merchandise of uniqueness and charm was about to be purchased or when people, either shabby and nervous, or flashy and bold, passed down the narrow aisle into the little room in the rear, whose opaque glass panel, while proclaiming the fact in plain English that the loan department lay immediately beyond, also insinuated that all transactions were conducted with delicate and comforting privacy. Occasionally there were other matters which also were without the need of salesmanship and personality. The present was one of these.

"How long is it now, Gurley," he demanded of the youth who stood before him in the firm's private office adjoining the loan department, "since you came here to work?"

The youth called Gurley ran a thin nervous hand along the lapel of his cheap gray suit.

"Ever since—that is, ever since you were on Bond Street, before you went through ——"

"Never mind what we went through," Mr. Gombel enjoined him tersely. "Everybody has a failure. How long is it since we took you with us?"

"A-about two years."

"About two years? An' now you want a raise, hey?"

The youth lowered his eyes and dug a cracked patent-leather toe into the vivid green carpet.

"Yes."

"What for?"

Mr. Gombel projected his terse question as one who knows beforehand that logic cannot reply.

"I—I need the money."

Mr. Gombel flattered himself that he was a keen student of mankind. Especially did he flatter himself that he knew this youth whom he and Mr. Harvey Zoom had brought with them to Gombel & Zoom from the profitable wreckage of the Bon Mot Jewelry Shop. A worm without a single turn. His eyes hardened into little patent-leather buttons.

"Don't make me laugh," he pleaded. "Everybody has the same idea. Rockefeller, he needs the money. Henry Ford, he needs the money. I need the money. The business world needs the money. Everybody need the money in the world, Gurley, y'understand what I mean? Needing it don't amount to anything. But to get it you have to do something else besides ask for it like it was a free dress-goods pattern in a lady's magazine."

"What?"

"What? Look at me!" Mr. Gombel stood up. His close-fitting suit of gray tweed fell into faultless position. "Did I get to where I am by asking people for something? Does the Salvation Army give away suits like this? Do they, Gurley?"

The youth named Gurley said nothing, but his eyes ate up the tonsorial perfection of gray tweeds, tan shirt and brown-shot-with-red neckwear, glossy black hair and white carnation—ate them up hungrily.

"You an' me are about the same size, Gurley. Just suppose you were me, Gurley, an' I stood where you do. Do you know what I would do about it—do you?"

"No."

"No!" mocked Mr. Gombel. "Well, I'll tell you what I would do, Gurley. I would go out an' get some push into me. I would profit by the example of people that have made a success, y'understand. I would be getting some ambition into me so that"—Mr. Gombel's eyes lingered on the cheap gray suit with its feeble attempt at smartness—"so that I wouldn't always look like what I am."

A dull flush mounted the white face of the youth.

"I do everything I ——"

"——everything you are told," Mr. Gombel hastened to say. "But to get on somewhere you got to do more than what somebody tells you to do. You have to have initiative, Gurley. Y'understand what I mean? You got to take the bull by the horns."

"But ——"

"I am telling you all this," went on Mr. Gombel, "an' taking the time—the company's time—to tell you this advice because I like you, Gurley. I take an interest in you that should be worth more to you than a raise. Money ain't everything in this world."

"It is when you haven't got it," the youth assured him doggedly. "I can't give my landlady good advice when she wants money for her room, can I? I can't buy food with it. Twenty-seven dollars a week isn't——"

Mr. Gombel sat down.

"The way the jewelry business is, Gurley," he said, "it's lucky you have a job. Even you can see we ain't so rushed with business that the sidewalk inspector is complaining, can't you? Go out an' try to get another job if you don't believe me, Gurley. Just go out an' try it an' see how many nice easy twenty-seven-dollar-a-week jobs are laying around loose. Go out an' try it, Gurley. Believe me, you'll be back in a hurry—and you won't be throwing my good advice in my teeth, either."

"I—I didn't mean——" Plainly the coldness of Mr. Gombel's tone disturbed the youth. "I only wanted to get enough so that I—I ——"

Reading victory for the overhead account of Gombel & Zoom in the frightened eyes of the youth, Mr. Gombel pressed his advantage.

"Your apology is accepted, Gurley. Now do you stay or do you leave? I have important business to handle."

"I'll stay," muttered the youth.

Mr. Gombel smiled.

"Sure!" he said. "A wise boy An' remember what I told you don't be an asker, y'understand? Be a doer, Gurley."

But he found no answering smile on the face of his partner, Mr. Harvey Zoom, when that spick-and-span individual entered a few moments later.

"No luck, eh, Harvey?"

Mr. Zoom sat down.

"Not a nickel! Not a penny! Instead they talked about the loan we had already there. An' in all the advertisements in the newspapers they call themselves the Friendly Bank! Friendly as a blood-sucking tiger, they mean. Friendly? Bah!"

"It looks bad," said Mr. Gombel.

"Bad?" Mr. Zoom was a larger and more demonstrative man than his progressive partner—a cruder man. "Bad?" he snorted again. "If this is bad, what is worse? Five thousand to the bank, twelve thousand to the merchandise creditors—an' what have we got to show for it? Rotten business an' a expensive lease."

"And the stock," Mr. Gombel reminded him softly.

"Tsch!" Mr. Zoom spat his contempt for the stock toward the open door into the loan department. "What does it mean to you or me if we do have a stock? It don't belong to us, does it? Where would we come in after everything was settled? Not even the rubber mat out at the front door!"

Mr. Gombel lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply.

"After all, there is bankruptcy," he reminded his perspiring partner. "Or maybe even a friendly receiver or something."

Mr. Zoom sneered.

"It is easy to see that you don't yet see that the position ain't the same as when we had the Bon Mot. When you fail for the first time, the creditors take sixty cents on the dollar and let it go at that. When you fail for the second time, they come around an' start to look for the oil-soaked rags."

"What have oil soaked rags got to do with the jewelry business?"

"Don't talk like a baby," Mr. Zoom chided his partner glumly. "In the jewelry business a credit-association snooper is twice as bad as any fire warden."

"I guess," said Mr. Gombel with dignity, "that nobody has anything on us."

"Who said they did?"

"You said ——"

"Never mind what I said." Mr. Zoom lit a heavy cigar and puffed vigorously for a few moments. "Or what you

think I said. It don't get us anywhere. It still makes it a fact that after making a nice little clean-up in the Bon Mot, we go out an' buy a bum lease at a great big price an' open a store that loses money right along. It also makes it a fact that unless something happens quick we are sunk without—without a rudder."

The partners in the Diamond House of Uniqueness and Charm smoked on in gloomy silence. In a few minutes the retail section of East Ninth Street would be awakening to another day of pleasant and profitable retail trade. Buyers would fill the soft atmosphere of early summer with the chatter of their buying—buying everything but jewelry at the Diamond House of Uniqueness and Charm, if the experiences of more than a year and a half were to repeat themselves for another day.

"You mean a life preserver," said Mr. Gombel presently.

Mr. Zoom threw his cigar across the room, where it landed on the floor in a shower of sparks.

"At a time like this," he shouted, "you should be correcting me! What does it signify to us whether it is a rudder or a life preserver? We ain't got neither, have we?"

The patent-leather specks appeared in Mr. Gombel's eyes.

"Don't shout at me," he directed. "It ain't my fault if you don't know how to run the financial affairs of a business."

"If we sold some merchandise during the last year," countered Mr. Zoom bitterly, "the financial affairs would take care of themselves."

"If I picked the lease, I would at least have picked it somewhere else than on a side street."

Mr. Zoom did not reply. The subject was a tender one. He lit another cigar. If a large, rather middle-aged man could be said to sulk, the verb would apply to Mr. Zoom.

"Maybe a half-price sale," his partner suggested presently, "or a going-out-of-business sale."

"We had two half-price sales an' one going-out-of-business sacrifice already."

"I know we have," admitted Mr. Gombel gloomily.

"I guess," said Mr. Zoom, after another period of silence, "I'll take a run over an' see McMurty."

"What good is a lawyer?"

"How should I know? I ain't talked to him yet, have I? At least he can't make things any worse than he" Mr. Zoom arose. "Besides," he concluded, "McMurty is one of those lawyers that knows a lot of things you don't read in law books."

Mr. Gombel crushed the fire from his cigarette with sudden decision.

"There might be something to that. I guess I'll go over with you."

"The business ——" Mr. Zoom suggested with a touch of acid.

"What difference does it make? And anyway, Gurley, he won't be forgetting my good advice so soon."

"What advice?"

Mr. Gombel reached for his hat, a light gray fedora with a deep band of black. He laughed.

"The advice I gave him in place of a raise."

Mr. Zoom permitted himself a grim smile.

"I wish we could pay off notes with it."

"You could, Harvey," his partner assured him, "if creditors, y'understand, were as simple as Gurley is."

And the youth named Gurley watched them depart with a scowl of deep rebellion—a rebellion tinged with admiration for the figure that Mr. Gombel made as he stepped out into the sunshine with his light gray fedora rakishly adorning the side of his dark head.

II

THE office of Mr. Phineas McMurty, Counselor at Law, was situated in the old Cosmopolitan Building, which still rears its venerable head of gray brick near the intersection of Prospect Avenue and Huron Road. It was an out-of-the-way location for a counselor at law who was faced with the necessity of frequently journeying to the courthouse or the county jail, which Mr. McMurty was not. In years gone by it had been a building filled with practitioners of medicine, and the decade-old odors of ghostly disinfectants still seemed to cling to its ancient well.

At the time when it became the business domicile of Mr McMurty the professional character of its tenants had been thinned to a scattering of indigent dentists, chiropractors and a wide variety of desk-room proprietors. Its two jerky elevators were operated by old gentlemen who seemed to send them upward and downward by the personal application of strength to the sagging cable which came through the floor and went through the roof of the ancient cars a good deal after the fashion of a thread in the hands of a nearsighted seamstress.

The law office of Mr. Phineas McMurty, Esq., was located on the top floor, in a little room whose two narrow windows looked out upon a narrow dirty canon which in bygone days had been referred to as a lane. At present it afforded truculent drivers of vehicles an unparalleled opportunity to battle for its narrow right of way without the possibility of interruption.

To this dark little office came the clients of Mr. McMurty—men who slipped quietly in and out; florid ladies with and without dogs; youths whose feet seemed to slip along without lifting; and Mr. Gombel and Mr. Zoom of the Diamond House of Uniqueness and Charm.

Mr. McMurty received his two clients in characteristic fashion. That is to say, he waved them to seats, hung a dirty piece of cardboard on the outer knob of the door, a piece of cardboard which announced that Mr. McMurty was busy, set the latch and closed the door. Then he returned to a sagging swivel chair which lurched drunkenly about before an old-fashioned roll-top desk, lit the remains of a frayed cigar and awaited the pleasure of his visitors.

In appearance, Mr. McMurty was a good deal like the building and room he occupied—old, wizened and extremely untidy. He wore an old alpaca office coat whose pockets bulged with untidy papers. Steel-rimmed glasses accentuated his darting little bird-like eyes. An old-fashioned key chain ran from under the edge of the shiny vest to disappear into a frayed trousers pocket. He looked like a little bookkeeper who had seen better days.

He puffed vigorously and with evident enjoyment at the ragged remains as his visitors arranged themselves for the interview. His little head was almost enveloped in a cloud of smoke when Mr. Harvey Zoom broke the ice.

(Continued on Page 185

"Just What I Was Telling Harry," Mr. Zoom Assured Him. "An' Besides, It Don't Look Good"

THE LIMITATION OF NAVAL ARMAMENT

By CURTIS D. WILBUR
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

"Contemplating the measureless cost of war and the continuing burden of armament, all thoughtful peoples wish for real limitation of armament and would like war outlawed." —President Harding at opening of Conference for Limiting Armament

THERE are natural and inherent limitations upon the power to make war. The character of weapons used in warfare imposes many limitations upon such warfare, not only because of the limited range and power of such weapons, but also in modern times because of the time necessary to manufacture the complicated weapons used, such as great guns and ships. So that during the long period required for the manufacture of new weapons a war must be fought with weapons already in existence when the war starts. It takes about four years to build a modern battleship with its great guns, and it is almost impossible to build one in much less than three years. Therefore, at least the first three years of a modern naval war must be fought with the capital ships in being at the time war begins. In 1916 our nation began a great naval building program in anticipation of the possibility of our being involved in the World War. The battleships and battle cruisers thus begun were uncompleted in 1922, although we had expended hundreds of millions of dollars upon them. The Lexington and the Saratoga, which were laid down in 1917, will be completed about October, 1926, having been converted during construction from battle cruisers to aircraft carriers.

The Stern of the Destroyer Cassin, After an Explosion of 850 Pounds of TNT

The Time Element

NO BATTLESHIP or battle cruiser laid down after 1916 by this nation or any other participated in the World War, and consequently the amount of time and money spent upon such vessels during the war was a complete loss so far as that war was concerned. No recent war has lasted much longer than the time it takes to construct a modern battleship. During the World War, which began July 28, 1914, and ended November 11, 1918, there was barely time to complete a modern battleship. It follows that a limitation upon the number and size of the capital ships of a nation, if effected by agreement in time of peace, is also effective in case of war between the parties to the agreement, notwithstanding that the agreement itself would be thereafter disregarded; because it would be impossible to construct new or additional capital ships to participate in the first three or four years of such war, no matter how desperate the attempt to do so.

War is also limited by the cost. Modern warfare is prodigiously expensive. The resources of every great nation engaged in a modern war with a fairly equal foe would be strained to the utmost limit. The element of cost cannot be ignored. The Meuse-Argonne offensive cost more than some entire wars have cost. About $210,000,000 was expended by us on this one offensive. Our whole war with Great Britain in 1812 cost us $120,000,000, and the Mexican War of 1846, about $173,000,000. It follows that in any preparation for war and in the conduct of such war the cost of the various means of offense and defense, as well as their relative efficiency, must be considered in determining the character of weapons and the means of warfare to be employed, so that the resources of the nation may be used in the most effective manner.

The Cost

THE question of cost may determine the use and extent of mine fields, the number and character of torpedoes and of aeroplanes, as well as of guns, ships and submarines. No nation can have all its weapons of the very best and latest pattern. It must use its old weapons while developing and manufacturing better ones. The newest torpedo may require a completely new installation of torpedo tubes on every destroyer, submarine and battleship. Such a change takes time as well as money, and during that time other improvements will be made.

In addition to these limitations of time and of cost imposed by the means used in war, there are the limitations upon warfare imposed by international law, by treaties, and by human nature itself. Our subject relates to a limitation imposed by treaty.

The Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armament, negotiated in 1922 and ratified in 1923, was one of the most significant events in human history. Instead of an agreement for the submission of disputes to an international court, or board of arbitration, instead of an agreement to delay in the declaration of war, thus in theory affording a cooling period, an agreement was made limiting naval armament and thus limiting the power of the nations concerned to carry on warfare against each other or any other nation.

If the battleship is the just measure of a nation's sea power, and consequently the measure of its effective striking force on or across water, it is clear that by limiting the number of battleships of a nation, as was done by that treaty, the offensive power of that nation is thereby limited. Also fleets decrease in their potential power as they move away from their base, not only because of the consumption of fuel and supplies during such move but also because of their removal

Submarines Alongside Their Mother Ships, Balboa, C. Z.

from the place of their repair, necessitating return of the ships for repair and docking, and thus diminishing the number that can be maintained on a distant station. Consequently a fleet is stronger near its home bases and weaker as it increases its distance from them. Two fleets equal in all respects at equal distances from their respective bases will vary in power as the distances from their respective bases change.

If the strengths of the American fleet and the English fleet are equal in mid-Atlantic, the English fleet would be superior in English waters and the American fleet in American waters. In addition, in the home waters coast-defense vessels of various types, such as submarines and destroyers, will become available to assist the fleet, and the air forces from the shore with fighting planes and bombing planes will add to the power of defense presented by the nation threatened with invasion.

Thus by limiting our capital-ship fleet to an equality with Great Britain we guarantee that we will not invade her trans-atlantic or transpacific territory, and by our agreement to limit our capital ships and by our agreement not to construct any additional fortifications, bases or base facilities in the Pacific west of the Hawaiian Islands, we also guarantee Japan against invasion even with our more powerful fleet. Their reciprocal agreements limiting their capital ships guarantee us against an oversea invasion if we maintain the treaty ratio of capital ships and the same ratio of other ships.

A New Way to Preparedness

IT IS these considerations that render the results of the Limitation of Arms Conference, limiting capital ships, aeroplane carriers and shore bases, of tremendous significance not only to the nations that ratified the treaty but also to all other nations that benefit thereby. It marks an epoch in human history, for the signatory powers thereby agreed so to limit naval armament as to render themselves impotent to invade any transoceanic power successfully. This, to America, means complete immunity from any serious invasion from across the Atlantic or the Pacific Ocean. It means that America is thereby rendered immune from a war of extermination. It means that America is delivered from the fears and terrors that assailed the world when Belgium and France were invaded by the German hosts. It means that America is delivered from the necessity for such preparedness as France was compelled to maintain in order to prevent being suddenly overwhelmed. As it was, the armies of France were mobilized barely in time, with the prompt assistance of those of England and Russia and Belgium, to stop the invaders before they reached Paris. The decisive Battle of the Marne, which saved France, was fought within six weeks after the declaration of hostilities. The Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armament was made at an auspicious time. The transportation of an army of 2,000,000 soldiers across the Atlantic Ocean to France demonstrated the possibility that a similar army might be transported across the Atlantic from Europe to America, or from Asia to America, or vice versa. Against so large an army so rapidly transported, America is and always has been wholly unprepared. We have never been willing to maintain a large standing army or to enforce universal military training. But with our Navy equal to that of Great Britain and superior to that of every other power, the transportation of a sufficiently large army for a successful invasion of continental United States by any transoceanic power became an impossibility, and accordingly the necessity for maintaining a great standing army is obviated. Such a navy fully maintained, equipped and modernized, with adequately trained personnel, is a complete and effective answer to any attempted invasion of continental United States, even if we have no standing army at all. But with reasonable coast defense, with its aircraft, mines, torpedoes and guns, our defense against such an invasion is impregnable.

The Shenandoah Moored to the Patoka

With such a fleet the only chance an equal or weaker naval force would have to gain control of the sea would be by a sudden attack when our forces were so far separated as to be unable to unite in defense, or when a number of our ships were out of repair, or when we had neglected the training of our personnel. We should not invite attack by such slackness. Our fleet should be always strong enough to invite any prospective enemy's attention to the wisdom of adopting peaceful measures for the settlement of their grievances against us.

The Sacrifice for Peace

THIS treaty made it certain that so long as America maintains her Navy at the full treaty ratio in all classes of ships, no foreign power can destroy or enslave her. It was a new declaration and guaranty of American independence, subscribed to by all the greatest maritime nations of the earth. On our part it was a new declaration and effective guaranty of America's peaceful intentions toward all other nations, and a voluntary surrender of dominant naval power.

It is these considerations that make of vast significance the scrapping of the Washington and twenty-nine other capital ships—built and building—by the United States, of thirty ships by Great Britain, and twenty-four by Japan. The seventy-eight capital ships sunk and destroyed by their respective owners constitute the most expensive, most potent and most significant offering ever voluntarily made upon the altar of peace, and their destruction represents the world's greatest effort to promote and maintain world peace.

It was desired by this costly sacrifice to maintain the peace that had been obtained by the unparalleled sacrifice of life, blood and treasure in the World War. The destruction of these ships is not a vain oblation upon the altar of peace, but it was the most effective means of maintaining peace. The agreement to destroy these ships was more than an agreement to promote peace; it was an effective guaranty of peace. These ships were sunk in a war against war. There was never before such a war as that made by the acetylene torch on the scrapped ships in this war against war. Never were so many or such valuable ships destroyed; never so bloodless a war; never a war so effective, and never so secure a peace following a war. This new peace treaty was a guaranty against another world war. It was entered into in the hope of continued and permanent peace, but with the confident expectation that if this hope should be denied for a time, all future wars would be of local effect and the existence of the great nations participating therein would not again be threatened by an attack across the sea

The Destroyer Cassin Restored and on Patrol

(Continued on Page 190)

A MITIGATING STRAIN

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

IT WAS as he turned into Pear Street to make a short cut from Marshall, on that Saturday afternoon, that the big Todd first encountered a little Todd—and stopped. Rather, it was the flag on that old Pear Street house that stopped him. A brave red square with the words Public Auction thereon. A boy stood on the sidewalk near at hand observing it with proprietary pride

Make no mistake as you compose the picture. The taller and stronger looking of the two lads; he with the blond curling hair, the fair blue eye, the vague expression, is not, as you might suppose, the big Todd. He—that proud one, scion of that more celebrated wing, famed locally for its wealth, social prestige and peculiarly neat system of economy—stands at the foot of three chipped stone steps, very considerably the smaller. A rather delicate figure—thanks to his mother's and Hannah's eternal cosseting—clad in the dark rich but very durable habiliments usual to the big Todds, he lifts a rather sallow, darkly intense but not illfavored face to that gay pennon and its keeper. This last, his superior far, in physique, though airily casual as to dress, spits upon the sidewalk

"We," he remarks informally, "are having an auction sale. The sheriff is selling our furniture, because we can't pay our honest debts. It's Mr. Streeter's doings. He said he couldn't wait another minute. Mother made a mistake in her arithmetic—and so they're going to sell our things. In the parlor. Did you ever have a sheriff's sale?"

"No," said the big Todd. It surprised him a little, because the big Todds were supposed to have everything.

"Would you like to come to our sale? You could sit in the dining room along with us. Mother made lemonade, and Ivy and Laurel are wearing their best dresses. The public can't get into the dining room."

"Oh, I'd like to," said the big Todd

He followed the little Todd through a dark empty hall and past an open arched door. Two men with their hats on were standing here, with seven of the public and a jumble of furniture pieces. As the two Todds looked in, a colored woman with a baby on her arm bent in close scrutiny over an infant's carriage—a sagging brown wicker affair, scarred with use—and an old woman in a jet bonnet drew her finger nail in a wicked penetrating scratch along a rosewood bureau. "Veneer," she muttered.

"We don't mind about the baby carriage, because Jason's five now and we only use it to market with, but mother feels terribly about her bureau. It's an heirloom. It belonged in the Hadley family for years, and father bought it as a present for mother at their sale. Still, we've got some other things left—enough for a start, as mother says. We've got the canary, and the kitchen stove that don't draw well, and two beds and one mattress, and mother's albums, and some chairs and mother's set of Rosa N. Carey ——"

An opened door drowned the words, and the big Todd found himself suddenly in a very crowded dining room. Crowded with more oddments of furnishing, and the prettiest people he had ever looked at.

All in a row, on a bulgy old whity-brown sofa, sat three little girls in cheap fluffy dresses the colors of flowers, and with faces that came right out of one of his picture books. On an ottoman near, detached and beautiful, sat apparently the original of the Boy Blowing Bubbles. The eyes of all four, dispassionate, considering, were fixed on a fifth—a young male, equally handsome, who stood now, weeping frankly in the middle of the room. Before him knelt a lady with a sweeping fantail of faded green silk attached to her wrapper.

"If," she was saying tragically, "we had not had the telephone taken away from us this would never have happened! I might have ordered the lady fingers by phone, and had them delivered."

And the big Todd saw that the small weeping youth was heavily incrusted with moist brown mud on his façade, and that a fat paper bag in his extended hand had been similarly treated.

"Why," continued the lady, "did you feel called upon to cross the street, Richleigh? It isn't necessary, you know, in going to Sharps'."

"Sharps' wouldn't give them to me, mother. Not another thing, they said, till we paid up on last month. I had to cross over to Everfew's."

"Indeed! A dozen lady fingers!" the green figure snorted. "A poor simple treat to brighten a hideous afternoon, for poor little children. What a world—what a world! But who is this, William?" And she turned a sweet faded crêpe de chine face startlingly pretty and like those on the sofa, in the big Todd's direction.

"I am Nathaniel Van Rensselaer Todd," he replied, stepping forward politely.

"I told him he could listen to our sale," patronized William, but the lady in green was staring.

"Ha!" she said. "I judge you must be Mrs. Horace Todd's son; in fact I have seen you together. What a coincidence! For our name is Todd also! And it is fitting that one of your family should be present to witness our discomfiture." And her pretty tired face grew bitter. But almost at once it relaxed, and took on the vague look that heightened her resemblance to her eldest son.

"After all, you are only a little child—and in no way to blame. Sit down, my dear, and enjoy yourself. Ivy, Clematis, make room on the sofa. Will you have a lady finger, dear? And, Willie, get another glass—if we have another! If not, slip into the hall and borrow one of those jelly glasses from the bushel basket; we can put it back again. Now, each one of you children will give our little caller one inch of his lemonade and we'll all be ready to enjoy ourselves with a nice fairy story—and keep away the gloom!"

The gloom had already begun. From the parlor Nathaniel caught the ringing sound of a gavel smiting a hard surface, a rapid copious intoning he greatly wished to listen to, but the lady in green bent close to her flock of human flowers and fixed them with a magnetic eye.

"Once upon a time ——" she began passionately.

The big Todd remained in the old house in Pear Street for two hours. Then he went home to his own in Allis Street. Mansard roof, two-hundred-foot frontage, a lime tree in a green tub, an iron bacchante dancing with some rusty grapes in her hand, and two arched stone greyhounds by the steps. Under a line of old portraits in a dim and formal sitting room he related to the biggest Todd of all—his lady mother, who conserved in her person the bluest blood and the most exclusive legend in Ivorburn—his exact whereabouts recently. She wellnigh fainted.

"A sheriff's sale! You attended a chattel sale—for debt. In a strange house. With an unknown family. My son among strangers at a public sale?"

"Not strangers," cried Nathaniel. "They're the same name as us. Their name's Todd—like me. I—like 'em."

"Wasn't There Anybody in My Family That Wasn't a Tightwad?"

Nathaniel Wanted to Tell Her How She Looked. Also at Exactly the Same Time He Wanted to Hurt Her—to Shake Her From Her Indifference

But his mother was agitated.

"They were—they must have been—the Hazen Todds. Of course—in Pear Street. The Pear Street Todds."

"Our cousins," cried Nathaniel. "Third cousins to my papa—Willie's mother said so. I—like 'em!"

"Hazen Todd's family! Third cousins," cried his mother. "Your fourth cousin! Why, that's no relationship at all. And thank heaven for it. Shiftless, improvident. No management; no—blood. No wonder they're sold up. They live on debts. You must not go there again."

"I like 'em!" shrilled Nathaniel. And he lifted up his voice and wept. Nor could they make him recant.

He was put to bed on toast and barley water.

II

IT MADE no difference. If heaven is the ultimate democracy, that highly perfected microcosm where there shall be neither giving in marriage nor in social precedence, certainly that dim bourn and Elsewhither whence we all emanate, which we may designate as the Universal Pond Lily Pool, may equally be the happy hunting ground of hoi polloi, a mixing bed of promiscuous personality and affinity, of rich and poor relation alike. At any rate it is conceivable that Nathaniel frolicked and swam and splashed with the little Todds long before he met them in Pear Street. At least he must have been near at hand—for he and the eldest Pear Street child arrived on the same day.

One conceives Grandpa Stork, that harassed custodian of the Universal Pool, receiving his orders on a certain day at the hand of his fairy bookkeeper: "Wanted—in the town of Ivorburn, at once, two perfectly healthy infants—male preferred. Mother in Pear Street, fair; mother in Allis, dark, slender. That little dark one should go to her, shouldn't he? And one of those blonds with him ——" And Nathaniel, frisking near the pool's edge with his friends, being caught up at once from the lily pads in the Primordial Fishing Net woven from a mermaid's golden hair, and wielded by a pop-eyed emerald-green bullfrog—and dispatched. At any rate he got into Allis Street and safely by the stone greyhounds at ten of a certain morning. William arrived at the little Todds' house just fifteen minutes later. But beyond the fact that both were expected by mothers, their receptions were very different.

"He looks like me," announced Nathaniel's mother, lying in state in the great carved mahogany bed, where her pale prettyish face, already taking on lines of repression and severity, looked on its pillow like a conventional white flower between two dark glossy stems of braid. "He has the Van Rensselaer forehead—like mine—and, I think generally, the Remington contour of head." She had brought both these names into the family. "Though of course," she added, "he is very like the Todds too."

"His father's contour of head, I should say," differed Doctor Jarvis, who was acquainted with three generations of Todd heads; and a palish repressed-looking young man—Nathaniel's father—agreed gratefully. He usually required some encouragement about these things, because while the Todds were a splendid asset they were, so to speak, but one ace in the hand, as against his wife's two.

A trained nurse, very elegant and snowy, and Hannah, who was inherited with the Todd mahogany, examined and discussed Nathaniel also. His small wrinkled countenance was studied as a genealogist might study some ancient heraldic map.

William's reception was somewhat warmer.

"Darling—darling—darling!" cried a voice above him as he was presented for scrutiny. "Look, Hazen, look—at our sweet baby! Our little precious lamb!"

The voice, eager but faint, issued from a very pretty person with a head covered with daffodil-colored curls, a little disordered and tumbled, and a face a little pale and weary from William's journey. By her side sat a vague-looking figure, already consecrated to failure, though he did not as yet realize this. He was an inventor—of nothing anybody ever heard of—and wore now the foxed and shiny black trousers of his wedding suit, together with a gray coat from a less festive regimental. He was kissing the pretty person's hand—and was not addressing William.

A stout sketchy Irishwoman with a maternal beam moved in the room. There were two bows of pink silk sewed to the bed coverlet, and on the bureau a large bouquet of pink crêpe-paper roses—the creation earlier of the pretty person, "to make everything cheery." And there was also a small bow of pink silk tucked into every available crevice of the wardrobe prepared for William. No one knew when the sketchy Irishwoman would receive her wage, and the pink bows were all got on credit.

"But why should we stint ourselves, with our first dear little baby, Hazen? The sweet dear deserves only the best," the pretty person had cried; and rashly went on sewing pink bows. And as if this shiftlessness wasn't enough she was planning worse.

"Look at him—look at that little face! Just like one of those roses! No, dear—not a purple rose. Look at it! Oh, can't you see him, Hazen? Can't you just see him, growing up here with us, playing round with all his brothers and sisters?"

Mrs. Horace Todd would have pointed out that she was entirely right about the little Mrs. Todd. Even planning to install a new line of babies—on the credit system! But Mrs. Hazen Todd had her way. A new baby came every year to the Pear Street Todds until there were six—until that essential element of family life, the paternal ancestor, was removed by death from his assortment of watch springs and flywheels and steel shards, leaving a sweetly improvident, debt-ridden, rather distracted widow, with a green fantail on her wrapper, six angel-faced children, and a tragedy manner like Bernhardt's.

Nathaniel had no brothers or sisters. But he had General Randolph Rutherford Van Rensselaer's epergne.

It made a neat mouthful when he said it over like that—a sort of cabalistic refrain: General-randolph-rutherford-van-rensselaer's-epergne. It was a neat epergne.

His earliest memory of it was dominating the middle of the sideboard, piled with apples and oranges. His first intimate contact, secured in the kitchen—a dark high-ceiled walnut apartment, with two narrow windows of little red and blue glass panes, where Norah, who had cooked and cleaned for Todds since there were any, made it shine with whiting, along with the family forks and spoons and cruets and pickle casters and tankards, and explained its significance. His mother embellished this. It had come into her maternal family as a gift from the old general himself, great-uncle of her maternal grandmother—whose personal property it had been—that officer who had so gallantly distinguished himself both as a soldier and as a Van Rensselaer in the war of 1812. It was the symbol of that family connection and tradition of which his mother was proudest. Proud she was of being a Remington and of marrying a Todd, but proudest of all that on the distaff side her parentage should ally her with those patroon aristocrats whose name figures in early Knickerbocker history. It made her even more formal and conservative than she might otherwise have been, and she early tried to impress

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REDWOOD INVESTMENTS

Can They Be Made to Pay Regular Dividends?

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

IF Mr Average Citizen were unexpectedly blinded, whisked across the country on a magic carpet, and set down for the first time in the midst of the primitive forests of ancient giant redwood trees that stretch along a relatively little known portion of the Pacific Coast, he would experience what we are commonly pleased to describe as a profound sensation.

In all probability such a person would undergo a marked psychological reaction, the more so if after seeing the virgin forest he were to gaze upon the remains of one just recently cut. He would learn that the redwoods, together with their cousins, the Sequoia gigantea, are the largest and oldest of living things, and among the most beautiful. He would be told that neither tree is native elsewhere, and he might infer that as an asset they are matchless as they stand.

Redwood Second Growth, About 58 Years Old. Above—Young Trees Around the Parent Stumps, Humboldt County, Cal.

Now if without further ado this same person were asked to express an opinion on the great broad question of the conservation and better utilization of forest products, he would like as not reply emphatically to the effect that the lumberman is a devastator, and that cutting of thousand-year-old redwoods must stop. He might even nod his head in approval of a remark made by a local enthusiast, which, if not intended to be taken literally, is at least indicative of strong feeling:

"The lumber company says that if a certain tract is saved it will shorten their cut by six months. Well, there are men here who would give a year of their lives to save these trees."

Little Thought for the Future

THE lumber industry, speaking generally, occupies a peculiar if not unique position in the business world. Its business is to destroy one of Nature's most beautiful and valuable assets, not because it is the lumberman's pleasure but because economic conditions have appeared to give no choice. It is true that waste has accompanied the process; so much waste that future national welfare is in jeopardy.

But it is equally true that the past and present material prosperity and high standards of living in this country have been inextricably interwoven with the free, the profuse utilization of our natural wealth of wild forest products.

The tremendous increase in population and the industrial development of the United States have necessitated the legitimate use of the forests, and perhaps their unfortunate abuse as well. In any case, we know that prevention of that abuse was hardly possible in view of the extreme rapid pace of development. It might have been prevented if we had developed more slowly, but we did not develop slowly.

We used our resources in a raw, crude, blind fashion, with no regard to future needs. We fairly looted and stole sooner removed the better; so at least it appeared at the time.

The rapid clearing of the country, which spelled forest destruction, was followed by the occupation of vast areas, the building of farmhouses and the growth of cities. The American lumberman rushed ahead with an unprecedented speed of manufacture and development of mechanical appliances, with the result that he put great quantities of lumber of good quality, extensive variety and low price into all the markets of the country.

Lumbering has been the pioneer, the adventuring, migratory Hercules of American industries. It has stopped at no physical hardship or obstacle. The lumberman's ax has penetrated the wilderness, often far ahead even of the railroad. It is the one great manufacturing industry that has traveled westward, as one of its leading spokesmen has said, "with the settler and scarcely behind the hunter, the trapper and the soldier. . . . It searches them [trees] out on steep mountainsides, deep cañons, treacherous swamps, and, despite every obstacle of Nature, triumphantly drags them to dissolution before the whirring saws."

Many Substitutes, But Wood Is Wood

IN CONSEQUENCE our people have been "better housed in wilderness and on frontier than the masses of the old nations in all the leisure of thousands of years." It is true that there are substitutes for many of the uses of wood, but new uses for wood itself seem to increase about as fast as substitutes, and tend to maintain the primary position of timber, one of the foremost raw materials. In a masonry house half as much timber is used as is used in a straight frame house.

"The industrial and social development of the United States have led to a consumption of forest products unparalleled in the history of any other nation," says the report of a select committee on reforestation of the Senate, which after an exhaustive investigation formulated and made public its conclusions about a year ago. "Ninety-eight per cent of our rural dwellings are made of wood, and from 59% to 98% of the urban dwellings in the various states. An enormous industrial use of timber is required in our railroads, mines and manufactures. The industrial structure and living standards thus developed cannot be suddenly changed without widespread losses and injuries."

A representative of the industry has said that a material civilization without timber would be only a skeleton of the one we know. It comes close to being universal and indispensable. Its by-products, such as matches and wood pulp, are used on a scale in this country undreamed of in other parts of the world.

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GAMBLING IN BOOKS

How the Publisher Handles Manuscript

By Robert Gordon Anderson

Robert W. Service and His Daughter, Iris, Photographed as They Were About to Sail for England

ALTHOUGH the average human being has a habit of grumbling, when he loses, at the part luck has played in his business, and forgets all about it and claims his success as the reward of sheer merit when he wins, he would undoubtedly be altogether unhappy were it not for this element of chance. It is really responsible for half of the fun he gets out of work, if he would only acknowledge it. And in a peaceful age it adds a zest to existence that is a fair substitute for the thrill found in adventure in the days when any man considered worth his salt was either pirate, bandit or soldier. We who long for an assured income would be the first to chafe under it if it came to us while we were still young. For security is or should be only the comfort and consolation of old age. And no real fisherman would relish counting with surety, each time he took up his rod, on a line of sizable fish waiting, like customers in a barber shop, their turn to be impaled on his hook.

A Risky Business

THAT is perhaps why anyone who has ever engaged in the making of books as I did before I tried my hand at writing them—so enjoys it. More than any other pursuit I know of does it depend on the whims of the Goddess of Chance. And yet it is only a rather small industry; in fact, the smallest of all recognized as such, the combined incomes of all legitimate houses totaling less than that of some single shoe or silk concerns. We say legitimate, borrowing the term from the stage, not to reflect on the integrity of manufacturers of trade and technical and subscription books, but just to designate the concerns that issue works of adult and juvenile fiction, art, biography, music, history, general science, and so on, that are not used as textbooks in schools or canvassed from house to house, and which are marketed in the regular way—through bookstores and jobbing houses or mail order and catalogue houses. This is a rather rough distinction and one which sometimes will not hold, particularly since often the fields overlap, but in the main it will serve. And not very long ago—in 1920, I think—at a booksellers' convention Frank N. Doubleday reckoned the gross income that year of all such houses combined as not more than forty-five million dollars. Others guessed it as low as forty million.

One does not have to go far to seek the reasons for these low figures—it can be charged principally to the fact that the average American does not care nearly so much for books as for those luxuries he now regards as necessities—the radio, automobile, phonograph and movie, for instance. When he does read he takes up the newspaper or Sunday-supplement. He reads on the run, so to speak. But perhaps another and more fundamental cause lies in the very nature, the shockingly promiscuous nature of a book. In a civilized community only one man uses the toothbrush he purchases, or the shoes, or for that matter the theater seat. But the whole village may borrow his book. And one copy may be and is often read by a dozen borrowing friends or seventy library subscribers before it is worn out—and all for two dollars. In the latter case each reader paid to the author and publisher two and sixth-sevenths cents for his enjoyment in reading that author's work, when he pays five dollars and fifty cents for seeing John Barrymore. However, this indispensable industry—indispensable to all Americans if we are to be more than mere machines or money grubbers—is fast looking up. Not only do we know this from the reports of sales and the increasing popularity of such serious nonfiction works as the outlines of history and of science, Bok's autobiography, Strachey's Queen Victoria, and Papini's Life of Christ—publications which twenty years ago would never have jostled novels out of places in the best-selling list—but one can also arrive at this conclusion from figures on dress suits. Here I do not mean to be merely flippant, but rather serious. For twenty-five years ago at a booksellers' convention two or three dozen brave pioneers of that trade met in small rooms, in Sunday-go-to-meeting suits, and with anxious looks and harried, because of the mortgages hanging over their heads. At the last national convention seven hundred met in a magnificent ballroom, and all but two wore dress suits; and of these only three, an investigator says, were hired. The names of the cities will not be mentioned, even on request, since I hope some day to sell one or two copies of my own books there.

Edith Wharton in the Garden of Her Villa, at St. Brice-Sous-Foret

Edward Bok Returning From the Links. Above—H. G. Wells

Intangible Commodities

BUT even if it were not for these signs of increasing prosperity the publishing business should prove attractive to men of intellect, since in pursuing it theirs is the high privilege of manufacturing and purveying a product of brains and one that should help not only to keep America in the forefront of nations, but likewise keep her from decay. Further, it should also hold out a lure to up-and-coming men, because of its very gambling nature. Nothing is so hard to judge in advance as this intangible commodity, a book. And nothing is more delightful than the pleasurable feeling when a book which a publisher has had faith in and on which he has perhaps hazarded what is for him a fortune, wins fame and fortune. The enterprising publisher each week launches several ships, most are wrecked on the reef of chance, but once in a while one comes sailing home.

Altogether it is a delightful, if too often an ill-paid game, and some description of

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JOHN A.

By A. A. Caffrey

DECORATION BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THAT is the mark of Googan," a mechanic advises the casual visitor at the air-mail hangar, and adds, "or the mail pilot's curse."

Kidding? Perhaps. But he should not.

The allusion is to the badly torn center section of an airplane's upper wing. If you count the many holes, the total number is twenty. The story attending is locally indexed as Twenty Holes in His Upper Wing.

Willing narrators, perhaps with equivocal authority, account for that tattered linen surface with bizarre, creepy tales. I was present when the rents, and the story, were in the making, and now that I am out of the service the tale can be told. The affair gave me no pleasure then; I'll add nothing now, by way of embellishment. It was drab, is still; an incubus.

"Storm or no storm, the mail must go!"

John A. Googan, the super, lumbered back and forth across the limited floor space of the flying office—and boiled. His dictum, promulgated for all air-mail personnel in general, was hurled at Pilot Farr Rutter in particular. The latter, official hardened, air wise, and fed up, sprawled on the floor behind the roaring stove, mauled the four office kittens, and openly ignored the storming of John A. within, and the bluster of a Western winter abroad.

One by one, Farr introduced the kittens to the dark inner recesses of his fur-lined flying suit, still on his person. He had refused to brave the raging storm and now awaited the first signs of improved flying weather. Through the unbuttoned front he thrust four balls of fur, gently slapped each hind quarter, and warned, "Out of sight, quick! John A.'ll send you kee-wee kittens up in that wind; the mail must go!" "Kee-wee" being air service for "groundling."

For a moment the storm hushed. The silence made itself felt, and the tension neared the breaking point. An immobility of wills sowed the whirlwind.

"You kittens stay on the ground when it blows like this, or you'll be with the other air-mail-service boys—pushing up daisies too."

Farr, with the breast flaps drawn over his face, whispered to his charges. The whisper, polite in that all might hear, brought John A. to a red-faced, smoke-screened stop. Something had to break. Something always did break in these very frequent set-to's—and it was usually the boss.

"Rutter, this isn't bad weather. The Frisco bunch eat stuff like this—and ask for more. The Rock Springs gang have it every day—and like it. If a pilot can't fly today he isn't a pilot at all. Get into that plane. The mail goes—and now!"

The unaffected Farr resumed his loud whisper: "Kittens, that's bunk! Too bad cats don't fly. John A. could use each one of you kee-wees nine times."

Barney Morgan, fearing open hostilities, pursued the duties of field clerk, which position he filled, looked worried and affected industry. Jim Little, a new pilot from the East, dealt me another hand, and we two tried hard to mind our own business, watch from the side lines, hear all, and say nothing. Miss Burgess, Googan's secretary, looked dumb.

Outside, a storm from the east swept across the river valley, obliterated the city a few miles away and circumscribed flying vision in all directions—to a dangerously short radius. A flier would not, even in his most rash moments, entertain the idea of taking-off at such a time. Farr, thinking no more of his own neck than of the government property and mail, was infallibly justified in his stand. Our chief knowing little of flying conditions, was, grossly, all wrong in the attempted enforcement of his ill-placed authority. Still, I knew that, as in past months of the service, wrong would conquer and the mail would go—or at least start.

"Little"—Googan turned from the impossible Farr and summoned the untried new arrival—"put on your duds and make Rutter's hop. Some of these birds have had this graft too long." [Six cents for each mile flown.] "It's a chance for you, young feller. Make good!"

"Chance!" Farr stretched that word to a tremendously emphatic length, and trailed into thoughtful silence with, "And the sky's right on the ground too!"

Little paled. He was new to the service, awed by officials and afraid to refuse. He turned to me as though seeking some word or sign—pro or con. While recent to the division, Jim was as old in the game as the next among us. I figured that it was his own problem, perhaps his own funeral.

His eyes swung to Farr, and the latter gave him clearance in a slow, guttural voice: "Hop to it, Jim! I won't be sore; you are welcome to my share," he assured the wavering victim.

Farr reclined flat on his back. The kittens were brought to a position on his chest. "No danger now, cats. John A.'s gonna send Jim Little by-by!"

The super stepped to the door and bellowed an order at the starting crew. A minute later we heard the motor crack into action. The plane, made ready, waited for its pilot.

As the ill-starred Jim donned his cumbersome fur-lined teddy-bear and kicked and hauled his feet into fleece-lined elephantine boots, the field clerk telephoned the train dispatcher's office at the railroad station, in quest of weather reports. In general, conditions were bad and the storm steady. Here and there slight clearings were designated, but the gale prevailed at all points. Its average wind velocity was very close to a fifty-miles-an-hour blow.

This, more than the clouds, snow and sleet, was the thing we feared. By flying over, under or around the visible storm, a pilot can eventually snake his way through and perhaps reach his destination. But against a fifty-mile head wind, he has no recourse to flying ability. There is no choice other than to stick to one's course, buck the wind, and in time run out of gasoline; then, gamble with the inevitable forced landing.

Throughout the state a blizzard had raged for sixty hours. A forced landing under the prevailing conditions might easily have proved disastrous. Once your plane winged into that white wilderness, and away from the railroad, it became a matter of life or death. If forced down, though you landed close to the railroad, there was little assurance of succor from passing trains. These were not hours, but days, late. Schedules were broken and service curtailed.

With every member of the field crew holding his wings to prevent the wind capsizing the plane, Jim taxied to the far west end of the field, swung into the storm, and signaled all hands to turn loose.

"That boy will be a good willing pilot." Googan and I stood in the doorway, and watched. I sickened.

"Stick to the present tense, Googan," quipped Rutter. "Before the day is over we may be saying 'was' a good pilot." There was nothing of humor intended.

Farr had not moved. He no longer held counsel with the kittens. His mouth was hard drawn, and both brows lowered into a straight line. He listened for the take-off roar and thought—grooved thoughts.

I have seen plenty of hard flying, when and where hard flying was necessary. I do not care to see another such start as that. As the crew fell back from the wing tips and tail surface, standing clear, Little shot full throttle to his motor. At the same instant the wind lifted the thirty-six-hundred-pound mail plane from the ground. For several agonizing seconds it hung in almost vertical suspension, then through a superhuman effort he brought his controls into play, and redressed his position to something approaching normal. In lieu of normal flight, and forward, he was carried—in a backward rise—up and to the west of the field toward the foothill slopes. Jim was literally flying backward—his plane nosed down and heading east—tail first and to the west.

In less than a minute he had been projected to an elevation of two thousand feet. During that time my heart, I know, had ceased to function. Then, as we watched him getting under control and manifesting the first signs of winning headway, I breathed again. In that first few hundred feet there was always peril of falling into a spin, but that danger had passed. That danger, yes! One danger had passed.

Finally, under control, with full motor power, he cut cross-wind to north and east, headed for the railroad. The

storm soon expunged the plane, and Jim was alone. He could not have been more so.

Something resembling a conscience was beginning to obsess John A., as he returned to the stove. He had just seen a man hover and hang at the edge of eternity, but could not be expected to appreciate that fully. I heard him mumble something about the service demanding certain personal sacrifice.

Farr, Googan and I were, for the time being, alone. Without shifting his position the former spoke for ten minutes, and what he did not tell and call John A. was not worth mentioning. Rutter at no time was a man to mince words; now, Miss Burgess being absent, his language was adequate, forceful, and army and navy and marine corps too. As I said before, he was fed up on dangerous flying, so vehemently the pent-up, justified, hot wrath of long standing was turned loose. Googan winced under the lash of that tongue, rolled his eyes and appeared to contract.

John A. Googan was a much older man than any of his pilots. Deserving it, this fact would have assured him the safeguard of respect; but his monotonous, enigmatic, oft-repeated slogan—The Mail Must Go—had grown almost symbolic of a death sentence. There are times when the mail cannot go. Today Jim Little had been sent out—the next few hours would unfold a story. Tomorrow it might be Farr's turn—or mine.

A merciless dilemma confronted us: We could either trail along and in turn be eliminated by death or we could resign and stop eating. To a man we were war products; flying was our meal ticket. John A. perpetuated open wounds, and, like Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea, rode heavily on our shoulders.

"If Little gets it today, he'll be the last bird in your bag—take it from me!" concluded the ireful Rutter.

This was not mere rag chewing. It was law. I knew that it would stand.

The hours dragged by, noon came, but no favorable information. Arrivals and departures are always reported by wire, from field to field. This provides a check on the whereabouts of all planes in transit.

The mail planes then in use were equipped with gas tanks capacitated for slightly more than a four hours' flight; against this gale, with full motor speed, hardly four. We usually counted on covering the distance in two hours and thirty minutes—average flying. That day, if the gale was general, Farr and I knew that a pilot could not stretch his gas supply into the eastern town. On the other hand, if Jim Little was fortunate and found somewhat abated winds at higher elevations, or mitigating influences in the more sheltered valleys, he might, with the best of flying luck, make the distance by the skin of his teeth, or on the gas in his lines, as they say. The odds were against him. That's cold! Flying plays no favorites.

Shortly after noon the four hours of grace had elapsed; and additional time counted off served only to dissipate the little self-control that was Rutter's.

"Little'll make the grade all right—easily," prated John A., and whistled by way of keeping courage at par.

"Pray for that one thing, as you have never begged before," hissed Rutter, openly belligerent.

Responding to inquiries, train dispatchers along the two railroads had nothing to offer. Little had not been sighted at any point on those routes. And the storm—muffling for a moment—seemed desirous of letting that sink in, then howled again with hellish glee.

The cramped flying office, surcharged with animosity, anxiety and suspense, reached the fusing point. The field manager worked listlessly at the telephone. Now and then a mechanic came from the hangar with the stereotyped, full-hearted, "Any news?" These the mentally floundering Googan cut dead and ordered back to work. The newspapers called, repeatedly. The garrulous John A. assured them that their lack of faith was uncalled for—almost a personal affront—suavely mentioned his own name several times, for copy. Little's not at all. Farr Rutter sat hunched on a corner of the desk. His eyes followed the rotund chief, and I knew that he was thinking of all the good men that have been killed—while this one still lived, thought in circles, and smoked costly, if not good, cigars.

Something told me that the friction of months was about to strike fire. This turbulent unsubdued will-slave—Rutter—was about to go the full distance, whatever that might be. The kittens, bidding for attention, tumbled and cried, unnoticed, at his feet. His long, nervous fingers clawed knuckle deep into the muscles of his folded arms. The squared motionless chin, pillowed on his chest, betrayed clenched teeth. Now and then a hard gulp racked the unnatural position of his throat, and cold angry tears stole into the narrowed corners of his closely shuttered eyes. This man, schooled through torturous hours of death-courting, dangerous flying, had learned to hate. He had reached the zero hour of his existence, and, single-handed, stood on the firing step of the air-mail pilot's cause.

The polite glossary of hate lacks efficacy. Resorted to vocally, the invective is emolliated—unstinged. Farr Rutter appreciated this and kept a stiff upper lip against time. The afternoon arrival of Miss Burgess prevented the vocal pop-off, but very likely precipitated the deluge. Imbued with retaliatory lust, Rutter seethed.

Everywhere, in all walks of life, you encounter the members of that vast host who recognize a miscarriage of authority; know, down deep, that it is wrong and should not be—but saw wood and say nothing. These pray for a new régime and better times. Now, and not quite so often, alone and misunderstood, an idealist comes under the whip, feels the sting, winces and likes it not at all. Being the exception and alone, he fights that way, perhaps goes down with the cause, ignominiously subjugated, but not in vain. Martyrdom may pass uncommended, but it is never entirely lost. Yet, those who saw wood and pray always come out on top.

At two o'clock the storm acted like something that had gone on a rampage for keeps, knew it, and never intended to quit. But, for the time, snow had ceased falling. The clouds were well broken and tossed about by warring winds. Fleeing in all directions, black and nasty, they sought egress from the valley-bound tempest.

"Frank," Farr addressed the field manager and, springing from his cramped position on the desk, crossed to the clothes rack, "have the boys shove that extra plane out to the line."

Googan choked, stared, then choked again.

"Gonna make a search? That's the spirit, Rutter—that's the spirit of the service—one down, all out and up! Just going to suggest it. Wouldn't ask you, though. Glad you'll volunteer. That's the spirit!"

John A., overjoyed with prospects of even this moral succor, radiated appreciation. He ignited a new torch and puffed great, happy, contented clouds of asphyxiating smoke.

Honor bound, if for no other reason, I made known my desire to accompany Rutter. In this service, on twelve hundred miles of Western mountain frontier, lost pilots, immolated in the advance of aviation, have borne the shield with Spartan bravery worthy of more chivalrous days. The search inaugurated, volunteers are plenty; pilots, mechanics and officials stand ready, and the weather is never considered. Quite often it happens that the searcher becomes, in turn, the one searched for. It is dangerous, worthwhile, this spirit of sacrifice.

I joined Rutter at the clothes rack and prepared to don my flying equipment.

"Glad to have you go along," he whispered; "that'll make three of us."

Three? Instinctively I knew.

The field crew, trundling the heavy plane from the hangar, noisily passed the window on their way to the starting line. A minute later the motor came to life and roared its bombastic staccato, in boisterous challenge to the howling winds.

Farr pulled an extra flying suit from the rack and hurled it in the general direction of Googan.

"Colonel"—this self-invested title was John A.'s greatest stock in trade and I had never heard Farr use it before—"put on that shroud."

Two beady eyes bulged with bewilderment. The full lips drooped and parted in an attempted sardonic derisive smile. That smile hung fire, failed.

"Not much, Rutter!" John A. had again underestimated the volume and peril of a storm. "What are you trying to pull?" The office must have shrunk up on him. He, mechanically, perhaps, moved toward the door. "You gettin' funny?" His panic was only too obvious; his attempted resistance, miserably ostentatious.

Across these mountain stretches and desert wastes, air-mail pilots, facing the ever-present dangers subsequent to forced landings, have found it expedient to carry firearms. Some use rifles, others pack side pieces, and a few—Farr was one—sawed-off shotguns. He now crossed to a corner of the office, behind the desk, and picked up this weapon. The trigger clicked, and John A. faced two cold dark tunnels.

"You're coming along, Googan. I say you're coming, perhaps feet first—but—you're coming." Obdurate, with slow, even enunciation, Farr left no room for doubt.

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THAT PATTERSON GIRL

By Sidney F. Lazarus

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

I READ the other day where a well-known actor has went to his manager and ast him to put the leadin' lady's name out in lights alongside of hisn," said Dorothy Arden to her friend Madeline Vancastle.

"Yes?" asked Madeline. "What was he suffering from, drink or dope?"

"Neither," answered Dorothy. "He thought she was a great little actorine, even if she wasn't so good to look at, and he wanted to see her get her just deserts."

"I'm surprised that a girl like you, what has been playing in vaudeville and cabaret for the last ten years, would fall for a dish of press agent's apple sauce like that," answered Madeline.

"Now lookahere, Madeline, you're gettin' too hard-boiled for anything. Just 'cause your last three love affairs has turned sour ain't no reason for you to doubt that there is still a ocean of the milk of human kindness in the theatrical profession."

"Don't make me laugh," said Madeline. "My face's been lately unwrinkled and I don't want to bust the stitches. Where do you get that milk-of-human-kindness stuff? You musta seen one of them happy calf advertisements and got it mixed up with somethin' you saw in the Morning Telegraph. Now let me give you a little tip, which'll cost you nothin' and be worth a lot to you. Don't go round lookin' for no big-hearted guys, nor janes neither, in this profession of ours, because if you do you're gonna wear out your eyesight like that feller Diogenes did."

"Never heard of him. Was he in vaudeville or burlesque?"

"Dot, you should ought to read, dearie, and post yourself about history. You was born in this country; you been makin' your livin' here and you should ought to know somethin' about our great men, at least as far back as Woodruff Wilzen."

"Don't get upstage and try to put on no highbrow make-up with me, mister," answered Dorothy. "I know as much about American history as any vaudeville artist should ought to know. George Washington was our first star and was featured in a melodrama called Shoot 'Em in the Monocle and the Country Will be Ours."

"It wasn't no melodrama," corrected Madeline. "It was a musical show. A song writer, I forgets his name, puts in a song called Oh, Say Can You See, and becomes famous overnight. That was the song that give Ziggy the idea for a livin' curtain of chorus girls."

"Don't interrupt. I'm trying to show you how much history I know. After George Washington, there was a few small-timers what played the three-a-day and little picture houses until Abraham Lincoln come along. He'd been doing a woodchopping act in the sticks until a big manager accident'ly seen him and signed him up for his resident stock company in Washington. From that time on Lincoln dictated his own contracts. Some more hokum performers followed Lincoln, but the next honest-to-goodness wow was Roosevelt."

"You mean to say there wasn't no real actor in Washington between the runs of Abraham Lincoln and Roosevelt?"

"There was lots of 'em, dearie, lots of 'em. Congress always had more good actors in it than there is in Actors' Equity, but they was all playin' bits and small character parts and didn't get nowhere."

"What's all this got to do with Diogenes?" asked Madeline.

"Just this: Your man Diogenes wasn't no headliner at all, and so what's the use of me usin' up my brain cells tryin' to remember a feller like him, what either opened the show or was in second spot, following a dumb act, while the pay customers was comin' in and don't give no attention to 'em anyway?"

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Madeline. "You're a screech! Diogenes wasn't no President of the U. S. at all."

"What was he then?" asked Dorothy.

"He was a mythologist," answered Madeline.

"A mythologist, was he?" sneered Dorothy. "Well, there ain't never been but two good ones. Herrmann the Great was the first and Houdini is the topnotcher now, so where does your friend Diogenes register from?"

"Dot, your skull's thicker than a Broadway producer's hide. What I been tryin' to explain to you for half a hour is that this feller we been talkin' about spent his whole life goin' round with a little spotlight tryin' to find an honest man."

"I Delivered Her in Person to the Conductor on the Sleepin' Car"

"A Few Days Later a Newspaper From Vermont Come to Me Through the Mail. I Read Through It Four Times"

"On the stage?" asked Dorothy.

"On the stage and off it, and he didn't find none. And that's why I say to you not to waste your eyesight lookin' for that kinda feller."

"Then you don't believe," asked Dorothy, "that this actor I read about really ast his manager to make a co-star out of this girl in the same play with him?"

"I do not believe it," answered Madeline, "any more than I believe that there is such a thing as this here amnesia."

"What's that?" Dorothy wanted to know.

"Amnesia is a newfangled something that seventeen or eighteen year old girls always has when they come back home, which they wandered away from for the week-end. The doctors say it's a peculiar disease which causes lost memories, but I think it's a alibi."

"It seems to me," answered Dorothy, "that since you been readin' Quicksilver, that green-covered magazine, you're a-gettin' a lot of new notions in your head. There was a time when you wouldn't let a strange John take you to dinner unless you was flat broke or starvin' hungry. There was a time in your life when you would of slapped a feller's face if he offered you a diamond bracelet when he'd only knew you a few days; but now you've adopted so many modern ideas you take anythin' from anybody, anywheres, any time."

"Sure I will," answered Madeline, "and so will you—if you get the chance."

"That," sneered Dorothy, "has got all the pockmarks of a dirty dig. I've got just as many liberal gentlemen friends as you, but I don't snuggle up against 'em and say in my cooin'est voice, 'Sweetie, isn't that bracelet just gorgeous?' every time I pass a jewelry store window, like you do."

"Why, Dorothy, how can you say such things? Me, one of the highest-paid female nut comics on the vaudeville stage, drawin' twelve hundred berries per week every week, lowering my dignity to the extent of hinting to a John that I want sparkling pretties! I paid for all six of these jingles myself, I'll have you know."

"Tell me another funny one, I just love to be amused!"

Madeline rose to her feet, fire flashing from her azure-blue eyes, her blond bobbed hair bristling with anger.

"Do you mean to insinuate that I'm a gold digger?" she shrieked

"Sit down, you darn fool," said Dorothy calmly. "Do you want everybody in the club lounge to hear you? I was just kiddin', Madeline. Ain't you and me been pals long enough for you to know me better'n that?"

"Well, don't kid me—not that way—I don't like it," said Madeline.

Sinking back in the overstuffed armchair she arranged her skirt so that both her legs showed to the best advantage.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Dorothy, after the storm in Madeline's eyes had somewhat receded and the atmosphere had cooled. "You ain't like yourself today. Has some of your time been canceled

"Do You Mean to Insinuate That I'm a Gold Digger?" She Shrieked

or has they ast you to play a couple of split weeks at a cut in salary?"

"There's nothing the matter with me," snapped Madeline, the chip not altogether removed from her shoulder. "I been thinking, that's all."

"Thinking? If you wasn't so touchy this morning I might advise you not to think, that bein' a form of exercise invented for heads shaped dif'rent from yours. But bein' that I'm liable to get my boyish bob snatched out by the roots if I indulge in any more wise cracks at your expense, I will simply and innocently remark that your symptoms leads me to believe that there is somethin' on your chest, lying heavy like a hunk of mince pie on an anæmic stomach. If my diagnosis is correct, your only hope for recovery is to tell the story to someone who is willing to listen. It is now twelve o'clock. I don't go on till 3:30, my theater is just round the corner and I don't need but fifteen minutes to get my make-up on. That will give you three hours. If you can't tell the story of your early and innocent life, together with a few incidents connected with your later years, in that time, then you'd better publish it in serious form. If you want to unload a tale of woe shoot now, or forever hold your peace."

"You been miscast," Madeline said, smiling. "You should ought to have been one of them psycho-analyzers, or whatever they call them people that can feel a lump on your head and tell you whether you'll be a chorus girl in a turkey show or a misunderstood wife in Passion Under the Palms. You know what day this is?"

"Certainly I do; it's Saturday."

"Today is March seventh," said Madeline sadly.

"Well, why do you speak of it as if it was Friday the thirteenth?"

"Today is March seventh," repeated Madeline, "the anniversary of my uncle's death."

"That's nothing to be sad over," chuckled Dorothy. "There's only two kinds of uncles—the kind that leaves you money and the kind that don't. If an uncle exits off the stage of life and remembers you in his will, then the anniversary of his closing performance should be as pleasant to think of as twelve hundred pair of hands out front trying to make you come back and sing one more song. If, on the other hand, said uncle takes his bow and leaves you nothing, why moisten your mascara and get your nose all shiny over his memory?"

"Poor Uncle Samuel," sighed Madeline.

"Oh, that's dif'rent," said Dorothy, "if he was poor and didn't have nothing to leave you. But no uncle who was poor could possibly have been a good uncle, and I couldn't get up any enthusiastic grief over a dead ne'er-do-well, even if he was my old man's or my ma's brother."

"I thought you was goin' to listen to my tale of woe," said Madeline, somewhat peeved.

"Ain't I list'nin' as well as I can with this hat jammed so tight over my ears? I'm doin' my best, dearie."

"It ain't the hat that's keepin' you from hearin'; it's your tongue."

"I didn't promise not to say a word for the whole three hours."

"Do you want to hear what is on my mind, or do you not?"

"I do not," said Dorothy. "But someone's got to hold a sick man's head and it looks like I'm the nurse."

"Do you remember that quiet, modest, innocent-looking girl what was my sister in the double act four years ago? We were billed as the Vancastle Sisters."

"Of course I remember her. Sure. She looked a lot like you, only she wasn't so fast-looking."

"Thanks," said Madeline. "What makes you so complimentary today?"

"Well, she didn't have your pep, did she?"

"Now that's better. Her real name was Grace Patterson, and she was a rank amateur when I took holt of her and begin learning her the acting game. I made that girl. Everything she knew I learned her, and all she had come from me."

"Where is she now?" asked Dorothy.

"You're gonna have to listen till about three o'clock before you find out. Her whereabouts is the last line of my story and you haven't got a chance to peep in the back of the book and ruin my climax."

"All right, go ahead with your little opera," said Dorothy; "but make your speeches short and to the point; and, dearie, put a little comedy in here and there, because a few weeps goes a long way with me."

"As I said before," continued Madeline, "her name was Grace Patterson. For several years I had been doing a single act with male piano players, but every one of them I worked with wanted to marry me. My agent told me that there was a big demand for sister acts, so I started out to look for a sister, not having one of my own. One of my friends told me about this Patterson girl. I saw her one night playin' a Sunday concert for coffee and cakes while tryin' to break into vaudeville. She had as much chance of clicking as I have of gettin' Los Angeles on a one-tube radio set with the A Battery run down. But she looked a lot like me, if I touched up my hair a little and got enough sleep to fill the hollows out from under my eyes. She had talent, too, but didn't know what to do with it. Well, after her turn was over I went backstage and had a talk with her. I offered her fifty a week and railroad fare if she made good with me, and she turned it down like a cloak-and-suit model turns down a dinner and show invitation from a small out-of-town buyer with a fat wife."

"Your synonyms is working good today, dearie," said Dorothy, as she settled back in her chair.

"I went up to the Lomax Building on Forty-sixth Street and paid a writer two hundred and fifty hard-earned berries as advance on a special act. He promised to begin feedin' us songs and patter in two weeks. In the meantime I was learning this Patterson girl a dance routine or two, and also how to walk on and off the stage without bumping into either the proscenium or the tormentor, somethin' she hadn't never been able to do before

"The act that feller wrote for us wasn't had at all. Of course, I put in a lot of stage business myself, and stuck in some good gag lines of my own in place of some he wrote, because a performer like me can write more laughs than a writer can. Also I had to change the catch lines in the songs, because what he had wrote wasn't strong enough; but all in all, it looked like a pretty nifty piece of material when I got through touchin' it up. The Patterson girl was quick at learnin'. Of course, she bein' almost a amateur, and me havin' had years of experience, I grabbed all the laugh lines 'cause I was afraid she'd flop 'em. She had a nice pair of pipes, not strong, but sweet and plenty good enough for close harmony. Naturally I sung the tune to the songs and give her the harmony, so in case she fell down I could get the song over anyway.

"In three weeks I had that girl good enough to face an audience, so we went over to one of them hide-away houses in Jersey and tried it out on the dog.

"Most of the audience at the openin' matinée was foreigners what didn't know what it was all about. The Patterson girl was scared stiff all through the act, and me, on account of my bein' nervous over her bein' nervous, I went up on a couple of lines and forgot one chorus of a song; but we got enough laughs to show us the act was there. And our close harmony! Why, dearie, our finish just naturally panicked 'em! We took four legitimate bows and could have sneaked over a couple more, only the

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"She Spent Most of the Day Sittin' by His Bed Readin' to Him or Listenin' to Him Tell About When He Was a Boy"

OLD TOWPATHS—By Alvin F. Harlow

The Hazards of Canal Travel in the Early Days

Full free o'er the waters our bonny boat glides,
Nor wait we for fair winds, nor stay we for tides,
Through fair fields and meadows, through country and town,
All gaily and gladly our course we hold down!

A ROLLICKING stave! At first it sounds a bit like an old college song. But it couldn't be that. Who then were the bibbe yet refined fellows who caroled this chaste [illegible] they perchance *cinquecento* gallants, drifting idly down the Arno in the golden age of Florence? Or Oriental idylists reclining on silken cushions and strumming guitars as their bark was wafted gently through the soft rose-scented evening airs of Tom Moore's idealized Vale of Cashmere? Nothing of the sort! They were, if we are to believe the record, bowsmen and helmsmen and cooks and mule wallopers on the old American canal boats of fifty years and more agone.

Packet-boat crews, perhaps, who sang this song when ladies were on the passenger list. It would be quite an appropriately sentimental thing for such use. Its language exhibits the subtle, delicate touch characteristic of a staff writer for the Ladies' Repository. There were other and more robust songs in use on the freight boats.

There are perhaps few people alive today who have known the not entirely unalloyed pleasure of traveling on one of the old canal passenger boats. The railroads had driven them out of business even before the Civil War. But many have seen the horse-drawn freight boats scudding across the landscape at a round two or three miles an hour. In fact, most middle-aged folk who lived east of the Mississippi River in their youth—and some even later—can remember the time when the canal-boat mule still plodded his long, long trail in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, and even in a small portion of Illinois. It takes an older person to recall the canal boats in Massachusetts and Connecticut and Virginia and Indiana.

The Packet Boat

Low Bridge!

MANY of us can remember, too, when a canal-boat joke was as well understood as a flivver wheeze is now. One's memory flits back to a cheap little tank-town comedy of forty years ago, its plot revolving dizzily around a would-be aristocratic lady whose pretensions to birth and breeding were obviously shaky. The low comedian craves to expose her.

"Why, that woman used to be a cook on a canal boat," he declares, "and I kin prove it!" Catching the parvenu off her guard, he suddenly bawls, "Low bridge!" The lady involuntarily ducks almost to the floor—and her sordid past stands revealed.

Why did they make the bridges so low? Economy! There were so many bridges to build and money was so scarce in those earlier days! And when canals were first being built no one had any idea that they would be used for passenger traffic. In fact, some of them, such as the Morris, never did cater to passenger business. As for the boat crews, it was up to them to look out for their own heads. In the beginning, no one had yet visualized packet boats all under roof, which formed an upper deck on which passengers lounged or strolled; and even when the passenger boats came, most people were so accustomed to inconveniences while traveling that no one thought of raising the bridges. James Stuart, a Scotch traveler, however, who started over the Erie Canal in 1828, was so disgusted with the frequent dodging down into the cabin to avoid bridges that he and his family left the canal at Utica and pursued their journey thence by coach.

But if our grandfathers skimped a little on their bridges, they, with their hand labor and their much simpler tools than ours, performed feats in canal building which command our highest admiration. My word for it, great-grandfather wasn't such a slow old greenhorn as you might think. Remember that the first real engineering in America was that done upon the canals. Before they were built, railroads were undreamed of, and such wagon roads as we had conformed pretty closely to the line of least resistance. But when our increasing need for better transportation brought about the age of canal building, engineering skill was called for; and in constructing the canals, comparatively inexperienced America began to exhibit that vigor, boldness, resourcefulness and quick adaptability which ever after characterized all her conquest of the wilderness and her building of great centers and instruments of progress and civilization. Some of the cleverest and most daring engineering then known was done upon American canals.

A Roadbed, Old Portage Railway, Near Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

Early Engineering Exploits

THERE were the short canal and locks around the Great Falls of the Potomac, for example, among the earliest engineering exploits in America—built by the old Patowmack Company, of which Washington was president—which were discussed with great admiration by the entire scientific world of the eighteenth century. A few years later Capt. Basil Hall paid high compliments to the Erie Canal work around Lockport, including the double flight of five locks for boats going up and down, but particularly the long, deep channel cut through limestone by which water from Lake Erie was brought to feed the canal. And still later the big cut of the Chesapeake and Delaware, seventy-six feet deep, through solid rock, was spoken of as one of the greatest works of the kind in the world.

These excavations would not be regarded as such mighty achievements today; but in those days they had no steam or electric cranes, steam shovels or other mechanical devices for moving earth and stone, and all blasting—or blowing, as it was generally called—must be done with common black powder, packed into holes laboriously drilled by hand and then hand-fired with slow, sputtering fuse. One gathers that such work had its hazards from the report of a superintendent of the Patowmack Company in 1786 that they had "lost two Blowers, One Run off, the other Blown up . . . we therefore was Obliged to have two new Hands put to Blowing and there was much attention gave to them least Axedents should happen."

As illustrative of the vigorous style in which the early builders met their problems, there was the great Irondequoit embankment on the Erie, a startling bit of engineering by which the canal was carried across a ravine perched along the crest of an earthen fill 4950 feet long and 76 feet in its greatest height. The little South Hadley Canal in Connecticut was the first in America to use an inclined plane. It was 230 feet long and lifted boats 53 feet vertically. The plane was built of stone faced with heavy plank, and the car which carried the boat ran on three sets of wheels graduated in size so as to carry the car level. The body of the car was a water-tight box into which the boat was floated; then a gate in the canal was closed, the water was let out of the box and a turbine operated by water from the canal moved the car up or down.

When the Morris, highest climber of all the canals, was built some years later, it had no less than twenty-three inclined planes and twenty-three locks in its 101 miles; but the planes were much improved over the South Hadley idea. Within fifty miles the Morris boats climbed by lock and plane more than 900 feet from the level of New York Harbor, then dropped again 850 feet to the Delaware River Next the Pennsylvania Canal began hauling boats bodily on its inclined-plane railroad over the 1400-foot mountain which broke its waterway into halves. Had not the Chesapeake and Ohio been halted by the advent of the railway age when it was not more than half completed, it would have had 398 locks in its projected 341 miles of length, conquering 2754 feet of grade; and its cost was calmly estimated at $22,000,000—which shows how far America had advanced since those days no more than thirty years before, when a canal company had to go a-borrowing in Europe to raise even $100,000.

Some of those old builders, to be sure, had very quaint whims. The president of the Morris Canal, in his report to the stockholders announcing the completion of the work, "cannot resist drawing attention to the elegance of curve wherever deviation from a straight line was necessary." James Geddes, one of the surveyors on the New York canals, laid out the Champlain Canal in an extremely devious course "to avoid accumulation of water and its waves by which the bank would be washed. The force of each wave was to be broken against a curved bank of the canal."

The Erie Canal, Near Little Falls, About 1825

The Bounty on Musquashes

THE result was such slow progress on the part of boats compelled to navigate the snakelike course that William Cullen Bryant, who once made a journey through the canal, records that one of the crew stepped ashore at one point and rejoined the craft some time later at another place with a basket of fine strawberries which he had gathered while the boat was negotiating the bends.

Little do we wot of the nice problems of hydraulics, hydrostatics, and so forth, with which canal builders and owners had to reckon. A water supply sufficient to keep the channel properly full must be assured and it must fall into the canal by gravity; any necessity for pumping would greatly increase the operating expense. The bed of the canal must be so carefully pitched that the water would flow through it very slowly and not retard boats going upstream. If there were many locks and heavy traffic, the lockage would use up water more rapidly.

One cannot but admire the nerve—though care and skill were back of it too—with which they often stuck a canal along the side of a hill, sometimes supported on its outer side only by a riprapped earthen wall, with a slope of perhaps 100 feet below it. And yet, by reason of careful construction and close supervision, no great disasters or loss of life ever occurred through occasional breakage of canal banks.

The canals were patrolled from end to end by towpath walkers, whose duties were analogous to those of railroad track walkers. They watched the banks, repaired any little break and reported on larger work which appeared necessary. There were sometimes other men whose special duty it was to keep down weeds and sprouts—both dangerous to canal banks—and to trap muskrats, moles, eels and other "varmints" which made holes in the canal beds. An old handbill preserved in the Woburn, Massachusetts, library offers a public bounty on "Musquashes and Mink Taken in the Middlesex Canal. If within two rods of the canal, 50 cents; Quarter of a mile, 30 cents; Half of a mile, 10 cents; One mile, 5 cents." How the place of capture was to be proved is not stated.

If a bad break occurred in the bank, word was carried to the headquarters of the wrecking crew by the fastest means possible, which was usually a man on horseback. Then the mud boat started for the scene with the horses at a trot and laden with clay, straw, stakes, rope, pile planking and expert repair men. If a culvert or weir was broken, they shut off the water on either side of it by driving pile planking across the channel. This heavy pile planking was tongue-and-groove and was in reality the ancestor of the modern steel coffer-dam piling, with the added advantage that when wet it swelled and made a water-tight barrier. Score another one for grandfather!

If the break was in the bank of the canal, the repair crew drove down two rows of stakes across the breach, the rows being a foot or so apart. They wattled these with rope, and if the breach was deep, other stakes were driven obliquely beside the hurdles thus made to act as struts or props. The space between the hurdles was then filled with straw, well trodden down from the sides to the center. This slowed up the water; in fact, nearly stopped it. A row of pile planking was now driven, which stopped the water entirely, and then the breach was built up again with earth and stone.

When real winter set in—in the North, usually around Thanksgiving or early in December—the water was drained from the canal through the locks and floodgates, for no horse-drawn boat could fight its way through the ice. This was the curse of the canals—that some of the greatest of them must remain idle for four months in the year, and sometimes five. More than once the Erie did not resume operation until after the first of May. Farther south the boats might start again as early as March, or perhaps need not stop at all. In the spring there was much work to be done before the waterway could be opened—repairing of locks, aqueducts and floodgates, removing masses of silt which had washed into the channel, and putting fresh puddle, or clay, lining into the bed wherever necessary.

Perils of the Schuylkill

ONE is apt to think of a canal as having always a smooth well-kept channel of tolerably uniform depth; and such, indeed, was true of the larger and more important waterways; but it is evident that on a few of the smaller and older ones navigation was apt to be full of adventure. Indeed, guidebooks were written regarding two or three of them, so hazardous were their channels. A sample of these is The Schuylkill Canal Navigator, by S. Alspach, published at Philadelphia in 1827, which gave all the information necessary to enable captains to avoid shipwreck. It is evident that a journey on the Schuylkill must have consisted of just one dashed thing after another. The author certified that "the Schuylkill Canal is considered very difficult without an experienced navigator or proper directions; especially the lower part from Reading to Philadelphia, occasioned by rocks, points and bars."

A captain leaving Philadelphia is instructed to "Tow the whole way to Manayunk—let the horse go at a slow walk—attend to the line—keep a lookout for stumps and rocks—keep out about 10 or 15 feet, according to the situation of the place, till you pass

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Flatboats and the Canal Along the Upper Susquehanna, 1835

AN IMPERFECT IMPOSTOR

V

By Norman Venner

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

AREN'T you going to kiss me, Arthur?" The words buzzed in his ears like flies, and, he reflected bitterly, he had nothing wherewith to swat them. What could he say? A brilliant idea crossed his mind.

"There, there!" he said, stroking her hand with an air of great concern. "You mustn't have any excitement, you know!"

It didn't sound so brilliant after all; in fact, it sounded incredibly feeble.

Lady Dorothy's large lustrous eyes opened yet a little wider, as though she were puzzled.

"The horse!" cried Jeremy, struck by another brilliant idea. He would go to the rescue of the horse. But that unfortunate animal did not need his assistance. Before riding off for the doctor Olivia had slashed the harness free and the brute which had so nearly killed both itself and its mistress was peacefully cropping the grass a dozen yards away.

Jeremy scratched his head, looked all round him as though seeking inspiration from the empty fields and woods and finding none.

"Up-to-date horse," he said ruefully as he turned. "Doesn't need anybody's help. Quite independent. Er—a mare, of course. What?" He grinned at her. "I say, you are looking better. What a lark, eh? When the old doctor johnny comes tootling along he won't have anything to do."

"The old doctor johnny won't find it such a lark, perhaps. You seem in wonderful spirits."

"Well, wouldn't anybody be? To be in England on a morning like this is enough to make anyone bubble a bit. You know:

'Spring's at eleven,
The lark's on the thorn.
Morning's at seven,
The snail in the morn.'

"I never could get my quotations right."

"Please!" she said—mock seriousness. "Don't quote Browning!"

"I wasn't!"

"No; but don't try to. He's such a back number."

"Highbrow?" thought Jeremy. "This looks like deep water. I'd better give her a leg up and postpone this conversation until such time as I can find out how much the Hon. Arthur was supposed to know. Suppose he was in the habit of quoting poetry to her. That would be somewhat of a blow.

"Here," he said, "let me jolt you into a civilized position. If I put my arm round you like this"—Lady Dorothy settled into the curve of his arm with some satisfaction—"and you put your arm round my neck like that"—again she complied—"and then heave ho and up with the anchor. *Voilà!* You can stand alone."

He released her waist and stood away from her. She smiled faintly.

"That was very nicely done. You are strong, you know."

She swayed slightly as she stood. It was obvious that she had been shaken more violently than she would admit.

Jeremy, looking at her now for the first time in cold blood, as it were, could not quite fathom what was strange in this woman who had thus been pitchforked into his life. Her eyes were a little too big and her mouth a trifle too small; her face had a well-disciplined air, as though any emotion which might be permitted to show itself there had been carefully prepared according to official instructions before being issued.

It was her hair which was most strange. It was of a fine pale gold, so pale as to look bleached—which it was—and shingled within an inch of its life. It did not look masculine, for it was too fantastic for that; but it lent a peremptory air to the proud disciplined expression of her aristocratic face.

"I Don't Know," He Said Absently, and Let His Thoughts Wander Back to Africa, Where the Only Dangers Had Been Lions and Snakes and Malaria

"A rum fish," was Jeremy's conclusion, "and not the sort for any monkey tricks. If she finds out I'm not her beloved Arthur she'll boil me in oil at the least. She's intelligent—too intelligent, in fact; but what's the good of intelligence if it doesn't enable the intelligent one to distinguish between a cuckoo and the real thing?"

"Can you walk?" he asked her.

"Yes."

"Perhaps we'd better walk up toward the Hall. . . . Hello, here's the car! Olivia's been jolly quick."

"It's my car," said Lady Dorothy. "She's been to the Hall, I suppose, and telephoned from there."

"Brainy girl, Olivia," said Jeremy, looking up the road toward the approaching car.

"Is she? You didn't think so before."

"Didn't I? Then I must have been a thundering idiot. I've got more sense now.

"That's one for you, my honorable friend Arthur," he added under his breath.

It was a curious situation in the automobile. Olivia drove, and Jeremy and Lady Dorothy occupied the back seat.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" said Jeremy.

"Do, and I'd appreciate one myself. If you open that flap on your left you'll find a case. That's it. Now light for me."

He leaned forward to touch the end of the cigarette with the match. She seemed to be very close to him; he caught the perfume of clove, saw those big deep eyes softening, and yet with a hint of hard obstinacy in their depths. She smiled, and then drew in a deep draft of comforting smoke.

"You shouldn't inhale," said Jeremy.

"Do you inhale?"

"Yes; but——"

"Don't be illogical. If I smoke I smoke, and I do it properly. You said that as though you believed all women merely smoked because it's rather a jolly fad. They don't. Most of us smoke because we like it. It's no use being Victorian about it."

"No," said Jeremy, contemplating her ruthlessly shingled head, "I suppose it isn't. Er—it's not exactly the word I'd apply to you. You're not exactly Victorian—oh, no."

"What am I then?"

"I hardly know," said Jeremy. "I'm not going to start chucking labels about."

She was still very close to him; rather closer than the occasion seemed to warrant, until he remembered that he was supposed to be engaged to her and that this was their first meeting for some time.

"Yes, I must have a label," said Lady Dorothy. "For instance, when I asked you to kiss me. That was fairly Victorian, wasn't it?"

Here was the thing again! Jeremy looked at Olivia's back and wished she would turn round, or do something.

"I suppose it was," he said. "But you might as well call it Elizabethan or prehistoric or any other old thing."

"And you didn't do it!" said Lady Dorothy. "Why was that? Purely modern, I should say. From what I know of prehistoric customs, they would have leaped at the chance. Nor would the Elizabethans have been quite so backward. They were knights-errant in those days. Even a Victorian would have kissed my hand."

"Pathetic picture you paint, really, you know," said Jeremy mischievously. "Modern beauty sighing for the return of the good old times."

She looked at him, dispassionately almost. The light had gone out of those big eyes and she tapped impatiently upon the window ledge.

"Heigh-ho," she said, in mock playfulness, "we are talking a lot of nonsense."

"I should think we are," agreed Jeremy; but he congratulated himself on having negotiated an awkward corner. "By the skin of my precious teeth," he thought as the car turned in at the gate.

A groom and two stablemen were sent down to fetch the horse and the smashed trap, and Lady Dorothy excused herself while she changed and made herself presentable.

"Well?" said Olivia while they were waiting for her to return.

They were sitting on the loggia, a cool, wholly delightful place of marble looking out across the lawn to a sunken water garden where a fountain played.

"Well, what?" said Jeremy. "She asked me to kiss her," the young man added. "I say, you know, it's pretty low down, all this. After all, if she's engaged to him, she's got a right to be kissed."

"Well?" said Olivia.

"Well, I can't do it. I may be a cuckoo, but I can't go about obtaining kisses under false pretenses. And besides, you know there's nothing gives a man away so easily as a kiss. I mean, all men have their own vintage, so to speak. She'd have known in a second that I was merely an understudy. So I jibbed."

"But, my dear Jeremy, you can't go on jibbing."

"I jolly well can. Look here, what's to stop my breaking the engagement? Then I could jib until further order. In fact, I promise you I would become the world's champion jibber. Dash it all, Olivia, you must see my difficulty. In the car—and I thought that ride would never come to an end—I was about as happy as a Guy Fawkes on bonfire night."

"What did you do?"

"Do? I flatter myself I came out of it brilliantly. As the Americans say, I put over a line of talk that'd make Orpheus look silly. No, seriously, I jibbed. We discussed the Elizabethans and prehistoric men. She said there were no knights-errant nowadays."

"But you were a knight-errant. After all, you carried out the rescue."

"Yes; but there is no instance on record where the knight-errant rescued the dragon. That's what I seem to have done."

He paced to and fro upon the loggia, thinking of that early morning ride in the wood, of their kiss, of their momentary happiness among the rush of difficulties. Why couldn't it always be like that? Why was it that each time he saw something infinitely desirable, some unforeseen mischance stepped in and changed all the conditions of the game?

"I've no luck, you know, really," he said. "I expect if I break the engagement, I can at least hope she won't have me for breach of promise. That would be comic! Except for that, I can't see what there is to stop me."

"It's an idea. But there's Lady Dorothy. She'd probably stop you. But Arthur's very fond of her, you know."

"Then it won't do him any harm to be engaged all over again when he comes back. He'll probably like it. Think what a nice surprise it will be for him when he comes back! I'd like to leave a surprise or two for him, the blighter. He's left enough and to spare for me."

"How will you set about breaking it?"

"I don't know. I could put an advertisement in the Times, you know. I suppose she reads the Times."

"Don't be an ass, Jeremy! If you really are going to break the engagement—and I wouldn't stop you if you think that's the easiest way—you'd better have her to yourself and do it now. I'll go back to the castle and leave you to square things up. Do it now!"

"Here, I say, don't rush it. Don't go off like that. I'll be all over the shop like a cat at a fireworks display. I don't know anything about her. By the way—here, you mustn't go; I can't face it just now! Tell me this: Did my honorable double quote poetry very much?"

"What on earth — "

"I started to quote some Browning to her this morning when I was stumped for something to say, and I made an awful hash of it. She looked as though it hurt her more than it did me, and begged me not to quote Browning. I suddenly saw breakers ahead."

"I never thought of that. Yes, Arthur was very fond of poetry—all modern stuff, by the way. You'll either have to break off the engagement right away or get up Sitwell and some Drinkwater, a bit of Housman and Masefield, to say nothing of Siegfried Sassoon and one or two others. There are one or two anthologies in your room. They belong to Arthur. You'd better know something about them anyway."

Jeremy groaned and passed a damp hand across a damper forehead.

"This is the most ghastly blow yet," he said. "I'm bound to wreck the whole show now from the word go."

"Then break off the engagement. There is no alternative."

"Couldn't I have a lapse of memory?"

"Short of going into a nursing home, I don't see what you can do," said Olivia, who was tickled at the prospect of the unfortunate Jeremy solemnly learning yards of poetry as part of his new intellectual make-up.

Secretly she would have preferred to see him break the engagement right away. She didn't wish to share him in any way with Lady Dorothy. She did not approve very highly of that nervous and rather spoiled child of aristocracy and wealth. She found her fantasies trying and not too sincere; her continual seeking after novelty in art and life seemed to be a sign of weakness. Olivia herself was frank, sometimes almost shockingly outspoken, but absolutely sincere.

She had no pose, intellectual or otherwise. If she liked a thing, whether it was a picture or a poem or a person, she said so, paying no attention whatever to the fashionable whim of the moment.

Lady Dorothy strove always to be modern, to be on the crest of the very latest wave. It was part of her smoldering dissatisfaction with life. For Lady Dorothy had everything and found it insufficient. She did not know really what it was she lacked, but she was soon to discover her deficiency. In all her life she had never known a real overmastering emotion; she had never felt that there was one aim in her existence which, if not realized, would leave the rest of the world barren and tasteless. She had never loved anything. Her affection for the Hon. Arthur Arthurton had been the first faint hint of reality. They had become engaged, and then, strangely enough, the thrill she had expected had not come. She had realized, slowly but with bitter certainty, that this was not really love. She wanted more than this. She had gone away, and during her restless wanderings had come to invest the absent Arthur with a glow of romance. Perhaps she had been wrong. Perhaps love would come to her; it might be slowly. She had wired to Arthur at his rooms that she was returning and had hurried back.

Then things had begun to happen, and her first sight of him was in the height of that emotional moment after the smash in the trap. In that moment she had felt strangely moved. After all, there was something about this man that was not like other men. His attitude had puzzled her. She could not for a moment place his good-humored banter. She missed little personal notes of remembered intimacies; she was puzzled slightly by mannerisms she had not noticed before. But—and this it was that filled her mind with a curious exaltation—the faint touch of romance that had grown round the figure of the absent Arthur while she had been away persisted, strengthened, deepened and took a firm hold upon her mind at each contact with the unfortunate impostor, Jeremy.

As she made herself tidy, and, by the way, wholly delightful to look upon in her room, she thought of her lover waiting for her below. She chose a simple crêpe de chine frock of palest amber, for she had no intention of going out again that day, and was determined to have her lover stay to lunch. She wore no jewelry, remembering that Arthur did not like it. He must care for her. He must come to feel for her the same warm intensely personal emotion she was beginning to feel for him. She stood looking at herself in the mirror. Yes, she was beautiful, strikingly beautiful. He should tell her so.

Down on the loggia the supposed Arthur waited, his heart in his boots, trying to choose words in which to break off his engagement. He would have to do it. Olivia had left him, with messages of apology, so that he might have a clear field for the painful and difficult task. How the dickens did one break off an engagement anyway?

In search of inspiration, he wandered into the room which opened out onto the loggia. It was a curious place—Lady Dorothy's own favorite experimental room. The walls were silver, the ceiling blue and the carpet black. All the furniture—and there was but little—was painted a warm gray, with the edges picked out in orange. There was but one picture—on an easel in the corner. It was an incomprehensible series of angles, curves, shafts of light and splashes of color. It was called Meditation. Miserably he turned away. He'd have to understand that too. On the painted table were three books bound in vellum. They were very thin volumes. He opened one at random. It was entitled Hoops, and the author was a person claiming the name of Jean Tomp.

"This is one of 'em," he muttered, turning the leaves. He stopped at a poem headed Rain:

Forlornly,
Black hurting drops on the hurt grass
Palely suffering.
Life and curves of deepest blue.
The slavers of the rain
And a pale world of wet.

He closed the book deliberately.

"That settles it," he said. "If that's the sort of stuff I've got to talk about I'm through. I can stand a good deal. I could stand it all. But not that—not Jean Tomp. Not on your life, my boy! When I'm through with this job I shall want my brain safe and sound. I don't want to go playing tricks with it."

"Ah, there you are!"

The voice of Lady Dorothy came to him from the sunshine outside. He turned and saw her in the pale magnificence of her well-achemed beauty. She moved toward him, and as she did so he dropped the vellum-bound book on the table as

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"Look Here, What's to Stop My Breaking the Engagement?"

THE CHANNAY SYNDICATE

Eric Rodes Has His Chance—By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

GILBERT CHANNAY, on his way down from a tramp amongst the hills above Beau Soleil, came to a standstill in one of the tortuous streets lined with small shops and cafés leading into the suburbs of Monte Carlo. A scene, sordid enough, but unusual in the principality, was taking place within a few yards of him. A young man, protesting in vociferous English, had been summarily ejected from a small café-restaurant by the brawny shirt-sleeved proprietor, and was half standing, half crouching amongst the turned-up tables outside, from which loiterers had been driven by the descending mist. Channay, making a slight detour on the pavement, was in the act of passing by, when something in the young man's face attracted his notice, and he paused. The proprietor, heated with his wrongs, turned excitedly toward him.

"An Englishman," he declared—"one of your countrymen, perhaps, monsieur; but what matters? He comes in here, he eats of my best, he drinks my good red wine, my champagne, a coffee and liqueur. Afterward, when the bill comes, he has no money."

"Might happen to anyone," the wrongdoer interposed sullenly, taking care to keep just beyond the other man's reach.

"Once, perhaps," the restaurant keeper agreed, with unabated anger, "but never twice. Monsieur must understand," he went on, turning to Channay, "that this is the second time within three days. His only excuse was—the rascal!—that he did not know it was the same place. I am in the mind to send for a gendarme. Such wastrels spoil an honest man's chance of making a living."

Gilbert Channay looked once more at the young man. He was not very favorably impressed by him, but the resemblance which had startled him at first was even more marked upon closer inspection. He produced his pocketbook.

"After all," he decided, "the young man appears to be of my country. I will discharge his bill."

There followed an amazing transformation in the demeanor of the plump, furious man with the fierce mustaches who had so volubly stated his wrongs. In a few seconds all traces of anger had passed. The bland smile of the perfect maître d'hôtel played round his lips. His tone became ingratiating, his manner almost apologetic.

"If monsieur," he said, "chooses to do so kindly an action it will be good for all concerned. Monsieur will understand that it is not easy to make a living up here where there come seldom those who have the money to spend. It is a thin affair, this living, and to lose the price of such a meal as monsieur there had ordered sets one back."

"What is the amount of the bill?" Gilbert Channay inquired.

"One hundred and eighteen francs seventy-five, monsieur," the restaurant keeper replied.

Channay handed him one hundred and forty francs.

"There is also the *pourboire*," he pointed out. "You can retire."

"Monsieur earns my most sincere thanks," the man declared, backing across the pavement. "If monsieur himself will honor my little establishment one evening, the best there is in Monte Carlo will be at his disposal. I myself will see to it."

"I Am Sorry to Disappoint You," He Said, "But Even Then, This Had to Come to an End, Hadn't It?"

Channay, with a civil word of acknowledgment, nodded his farewell, and the *restaurateur* disappeared. The young man stood upright now and accepted his hat and stick from a small boy who had come running out of the café.

"Awfully good of you, I'm sure," he said to his friend in need. "I couldn't make the fellow understand my French, and the more I tried to explain the angrier he got."

"What was the trouble?" Channay inquired.

"I forgot that I hadn't the money with me to pay my bill," was the not very convincing explanation.

Channay looked at the object of his generosity speculatively. "You mean that you hadn't it with you, or that you hadn't it at all?" he persisted.

The young man's expression was for a moment almost surly. He hesitated.

"If you want the truth, I mean to be," he confessed.

They had commenced the ascent toward Monte Carlo proper, the defaulter, his hat drawn over his eyes, swinging his stick with a somewhat jerky air. Channay, with hands behind his back, his gait leisurely as usual, seemed absorbed in thought.

"The tables?" he asked at last.

His companion nodded.

"I've had rotten luck," he complained. "I've only been here three days and I brought the best part of a hundred pounds along. Couldn't touch a thing! If I don't find my friends this evening, I shall have to try to cadge the price of a ticket home."

"Do you mind telling me your name?" Channay inquired.

"Rodes—Harold Rodes."

"Was your father by any chance on the stock exchange?"

"A jobber—Eric Rodes his name was," the young man acquiesced. "He died whilst I was abroad. I went out to South Africa, like a fool, to try to find a job after the war."

"And your friends here?"

"The man I've been looking for is called Fogg—Martin Fogg. There was a daughter, too—used to be a great pal of mine. I've tried half a dozen hotels, but I haven't come across them."

"I expect you've spent most of your time in the Casino," Channay observed.

"I expect I have," was the regretful assent.

"Mr. Fogg and his daughter usually play at the Sporting Club," Channay confided. "They are staying at the Hôtel de Paris. If you inquire there you will have no trouble in finding them."

"By jove, you are a good Samaritan!" the young man declared. "What's your name, may I ask?"

"Channay—Gilbert Channay. Ever hear of it?"

The young man frowned.

"Sounds sort of familiar," he confessed. "Did you know the governor, by any chance?"

"I did. I knew your father in business quite well. It was on my behalf that Mr. Fogg has been trying to discover you."

"I thought it was the girl, of course," the young man exclaimed. "Catherine Fogg and I were to have been engaged before I went abroad."

"What's that?" Channay demanded abruptly.

"Cathie—that's the daughter—and I," Rodes explained. "We should have hit it up all right together, but the old man put his foot down. He insisted that I should have a settled job or some money before we were engaged, so I thought I'd have a shot out in South Africa."

"An unsuccessful one, I gather," Channay ventured.

"I had rotten luck all the time," the other admitted. "I had hard work to raise the money for my passage home. In the first newspaper I picked up after I arrived in London I saw old man Fogg's advertisement for me, so I found out where he was and followed him here. Can't imagine what he wants with me, all the same," the young man went on moodily. "Shouldn't think he's likely to want me for a son-in-law under the circumstances."

Channay was silent for a moment or two, apparently busy with his own thoughts. To a subtle observer—which his companion was not—there had been a distinct change in him during the last few minutes. The buoyancy had gone out of his footsteps, the light from his face. It was as though some premonition which had been hanging over him at odd moments for months had suddenly become realized. After a while he turned and scrutinized his companion critically.

The young man was handsome in his way, with rather a weak face and insignificant nose, peevish expression and eyes temperamental, at any rate dull and watery. He had plenty of dark-brown hair, however; his build was good, and he carried himself like a soldier.

"Where did you meet Miss Fogg?" Channay inquired presently.

The young man seemed a little surprised.

"Bit curious, aren't you?" he suggested. "I don't know that there's any secret about it, though. I met her at a hospital in Hastings. I was there for a month—got a bullet

through my left arm. Then I saw her again in town when I was home on leave."

"And you became engaged?"

"I suppose you might call it that," the young man assented. "She was expecting me to fix things up, but the war did for the governor, and when his affairs were wound up there wasn't a bob for anyone. I was the only relative, but all I had out of the estate was about three hundred pounds. That I took with me to South Africa."

"You have corresponded with her?"

"I'm a bad letter writer," Rodes confided. "Still, I've sent her a line now and then."

"Did you let her know you were coming home?" Channay persisted.

"It didn't seem much use," was the gloomy reply. "I hated to say that I was coming home without having made good. I thought I'd take them by surprise—if they wanted to see me at all. Then when I reached London, you know what happened?"

"I see," Channay murmured. "You are very much attached to Miss Fogg, I presume."

"Nice girl—what I remember of her," the young man declared. "No nonsense, mind you. Didn't altogether approve of me sometimes, I am afraid. She's all right, though. And someone left the old man a fortune a few years ago."

"Supposing you came in for, say, thirty thousand pounds," Channay asked, "should you marry Miss Fogg?"

His companion laughed a little bitterly

"I haven't a relation in the world who has a bob to his name," he replied. "I have as much chance of coming in for thirty thousand pounds as I have of being gazetted back again into the army and given a fat job at the War Office."

"Nevertheless, answer my question," Channay insisted, slackening his pace a little as they drew near the gardens.

"Why, of course I should marry her," the young man assented, "unless anything's happened to her. You're taking a queer sort of interest in the affair," he went on curiously. "She hasn't lost her looks or anything, has she?"

"I should say not," Channay replied. "As for the thirty thousand pounds, it happens to be yours. I owed your father that amount of money. If you can prove yourself, as I have no doubt you can, to be the son of Eric Rodes, you can draw on me to what amount you please and the balance shall be deposited with your bankers."

The young man clutched at the railing which they were passing and came to a dead stop, his mouth open, his eyes protuberant.

"Look here," he exclaimed at last, "you're not—you're not getting at me?"

"Not in the least," Channay assured him patiently. "Mr. Fogg acts to some extent as my agent. His inquiries for you were made, not on his daughter's behalf but on mine. The only thing that strikes me as singular is that, knowing me interested in your father, he has never mentioned your existence."

Rodes appeared for a moment a little uncomfortable.

"You see, the fact of it is," he explained, "the governor had to go through the bankruptcy court, and my name was spelled in the hospital with an 'h,' and ——"

"I see," Channay interrupted curtly. "My room is Number 64 at the Hôtel de Paris. If you will come there in half an hour I will supply you with all the money you need for immediate purposes and deposit the remainder according to your instructions. I have only one request to make—keep away from your friends, the Foggs, until after you have seen me."

"How much are you going to let me have now?" Rodes asked eagerly.

"Anything in reason—fifty *milles*, if you like."

The young man moistened his lips with his tongue. His expression was an ignoble epitome of ecstasy.

"Number 64," he repeated. "I'll be there."

Catherine came hastily across the hall toward Channay. She was obviously disturbed and her eyes sought his questioningly.

"What is the matter?" she demanded. "I have just seen father and he tells me that you are going away."

"For a few days only, to Cannes," he corrected. "This place gets on one's nerves, I think. One is always glad to come back, but there are times when one has had enough."

"That doesn't sound like you," she said slowly

He shrugged his shoulders.

"The rain has left off," he observed. "Walk with me a little way on the terrace."

"I should like to," she acquiesced.

They left the hotel, crossed the road and made their way down the steps. Neither spoke until they were on the terrace itself, almost deserted at that time of the evening. The remains of the reflected sunset lay upon the sea; glimmerings of pink, with here and there deeper touches of violet. Away westward was a solid mass of clouds. The faint wind was sweet as though it had lingered on its way from the hills in the gardens of the villas.

"I don't understand your going away," she said at last.

"It is a very simple matter," he assured her. "I suppose it had to be some time."

"Yes, but—I thought we should all leave together," she concluded, a little awkwardly. "Of course I love the place, but it won't be the same without you. I should have been quite ready to go home if you had suggested it."

"You may find compensations for my absence," he remarked.

There was a perplexed frown upon her forehead as she turned to look at him, a whimsical questioning smile parting her lips.

"What on earth do you mean?" she demanded. "What compensations could there be? We know scarcely anyone here. I am sure father won't stop without you."

"If he doesn't," he answered, "we shall meet again very soon. Your father knows where I shall be in Cannes."

She sighed.

"It is a horrid ending to a wonderful time," she complained. "I am very, very disappointed. Shall I tell you why?"

"Please do," he begged.

They leaned over the parapet for a moment, watching the color die out of the placid sea.

"Ever since I knew you," she began, "there has always been something that I hated. There were those men—one by one—whom you were seeking to destroy. Some of the adventures were exciting enough, sometimes the thrill of them was wonderful; but beneath it, all the time, it was wrong. No one could blame you. On the other hand, no one could approve of you. I am not a very religious person, you know; but I think, ethically, Christianity is a marvelous doctrine."

"It wields indifferent weapons against sinners," he murmured.

"I don't believe it," she rejoined earnestly. "Forgiveness hurts often more than revenge. Don't think I'm trying to argue. I am simply trying to explain how I feel. Only last night you were saying that you had finished, that the only man left was one who was to find reward and not punishment."

"Reward," he repeated. "Yes."

"I can't tell you how glad I was," she went on. "I felt that you would be more yourself, that the shadow which comes over you at times would pass away forever. You were free of your burden anyway. As to what you had done, I am not your judge—I didn't want to be your judge. I am very feminine, you see. I accept without question. But I hoped that it was all over now, and that gradually you would become happier and lighter-hearted and that we should have some wonderful times here."

"I am sorry to disappoint you," he said, keeping his face turned away from her, for he had caught one glimpse of something in her eyes, and he was afraid of himself; "but even then, this had to come to an end, hadn't it? Your father is longing for the Thames and the Strand and his old cronies again."

"Yes, I suppose so," she acquiesced. "He hasn't said anything. He has seemed quite content. It is you who are seeking a change."

"I seek it for a reason," he confided. "I cannot quite tell you what that reason is, but I can tell you this: It is not because I want to leave you and your father."

"Then why go?" she murmured.

"You will understand very well before long," he assured her. "The situation as it exists at present is scarcely possible. When we meet again things will be different."

"I shall miss our talks," she sighed.

"So shall I," he agreed. "Upon the whole," he went on, after a pause, "you are a wonderfully tactful person."

"Exactly why?" she demanded.

"Because during all the hours we have spent together," he replied, "you have never once let the conversation drift backward. The future might lead anywhere. My past is scarcely a subject for pleasant discussion."

"I can promise you that mine is as bad," she laughed. "You can't imagine how drab and monotonous it was before father came into this money. I should probably have been a school-teacher by now, if he hadn't, and I should have hated it. I don't like doing things. I don't want a career. I'm an idle, good-for-nothing person. I love nice clothes and pleasant days and lots of fresh air."

"You would have married," he suggested.

"Married," she reflected. "Well, there was always that possibility."

"Have you ever been engaged?" he asked abruptly.

She hesitated.

"In a way, I suppose I have," she admitted. "More than once I meant to tell you about it, and yet somehow it didn't seem important. It was a soldier whom I nursed at Hastings."

"You were very much in love with him?"

"I don't think that I was in love with him at all. I don't think that I ought to have let things go so far as they did, but just then life seemed turned upside down. One had lost hold of the real things. Anyhow, when he came to see me in London afterward, father wouldn't have anything to say to it. He had no money. He went out to South Africa to try to make some."

"So you were never actually engaged then," Channay persisted.

She shook her head.

"Father wouldn't listen to it," she repeated; "and honestly, I don't think I wanted anything definite myself. But there was always a sort of understanding—if he came back in a reasonable time and if he had succeeded ——"

"I see," Channay interrupted. "Have you heard from him lately?"

"Not for some time. Tell me why you asked about him."

"Well," he observed as he turned away and led her homeward, "you know all about my dark and murky past. I wanted to delve a little into yours. I should like to ask you one more question, if I may."

"Any number," she invited.

"If he appeared at this moment, how would you really feel about his coming—about everything?"

She walked on in silence for several moments. Then she turned around and her eyes met his frankly.

"Honestly, I don't know," she confided. "He was quite good-looking; a decent person in an ordinary sort of way. I suppose there was no reason why one should not have been very fond of him. I might have been if I had seen more of him, but I didn't. And now that he has gone away I seem out of touch somehow. If I saw him coming along here, if I felt him take my hand in his, heard him speak, I should know; but ——"

"Well?"

"If I found that I really did feel anything for him," she acknowledged quietly, "I should be amazed."

They came suddenly upon Martin Fogg with a group of acquaintances, and the little party turned and strolled back toward the hotel. Channay made his adieus in the lounge, with half a dozen people standing around. Catherine tried to find an excuse to walk with him to the door, curiously and almost feverishly anxious for some parting word; but a reception clerk, the porters, the commissionaire, formed their usual farewell gathering, and she herself was waylaid by one of her little court of admirers, which had been steadily growing during the last few weeks. She watched him drive off with a farewell wave of the hand, and stood for a moment upon the steps with a curious sense of emptiness all around her, an entirely novel feeling at her heart. There was something wrong and she had not wit enough to discover what it was.

Then, before she quite realized what she was doing, she was crossing the Place, passing rapidly along through the Casino opening, down to the lift. She was filled with a vague feeling of excitement. She entered the station and crossed the line with a wonderful smile upon her lips, a conviction that she was very near to something altogether new in life. And then she stopped short. Walking slowly along the platform, followed by his servant and her maid, were Channay and the Princess Variabinski—the princess whose deliverer he had been, the princess who only the night before in her hearing had told him that she was leaving Monte Carlo out of sheer boredom. The roar of the incoming train was scarcely loud enough to stifle the humming in her ears. She was almost dizzy, seeking now only for escape. She crossed the line a few yards in front of the advancing engine, regardless of angry shouts, and somehow or other found her way to the courtyard and into a little carriage. As they climbed the hill the train thundered out on its way to Cannes.

Martin Fogg was not an observant man so far as such details were concerned, but even he noticed his daughter's pallor as they sat together in the lounge of the hotel drinking cocktails before dinner. Her manner, too, was entirely listless.

"Headache?" he inquired.

"I am afraid," she confessed, "that I am getting a little bored with this place. I shall be quite content to go back to London when you wish."

"Wait a day or two," he advised enigmatically. "Something may turn up to change your views."

She shook her head and watched the people idly for a moment.

"I wonder," she speculated, "whether Mr. Channay was seriously attracted by the princess."

"Can't imagine Channay being attracted by any woman," her father declared, looking over the top of the newspaper he had picked up. "The princess was infatuated with him and no wonder, considering what he did for her. Beautiful woman too! Channay might do worse than settle down, now that he has come to the end of his adventures. She'd marry him all right. I'm sure of that. By the by, I didn't tell you, Catherine, that we have a guest for dinner this evening."

"A guest?" she repeated. "What a nuisance!"

"An old friend. . . . Ah, here he is! What do you think of this for a surprise, Catherine?"

She turned her head and saw Harold Rodes hurrying toward them. Somehow or other the thought of her words on the terrace flashed into her mind, even in the midst of her very natural astonishment.

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 23, 1925

Get-Rich-Quick Libraries

IT IS said the publisher of a weekly financial journal has presented to the state of New York a complete library of the investigations conducted by his magazine into financial frauds and swindles over a period of twenty-three years. The gift of libraries by generous benefactors for the use of the people is not new; it goes far back into the Christian era. But the donation, or endowment, or bequest of libraries of fraud—this is new indeed, and different.

It is too early to say just how far this distinctly modern educational development, the library of fraud, will tend. As compared with the most celebrated book collection of antiquity, that of Alexandria, or with the British Museum, the Vatican Library, the Bodleian at Oxford, the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris or even our own Congressional Library, this recent departure in concentrated information may seem at first glance almost too suggestive of the utilitarian.

But if universities are compelled to meet the needs of the life of today, so must libraries. Our civilization has too many financial aspects to confine the records of crime wholly to files of finger prints at police headquarters. It is almost as necessary to protect the investor from the consequences of his own folly and the ravages of the swindler as it is to hold the pickpocket and the bandit in check.

New York State's acquisition is excellent of its kind. Unfortunately such information has been too scattered in the past, much like the efforts of official and volunteer agencies engaged in combating financial frauds.

There are many other valuable libraries or files of this nature. There are several strictly private detective or financial reporting agencies whose records cover the activities of several hundred thousand separate frauds and swindles. The Post Office Department has its own records, and so have hundreds of state and local attorney-generals and district attorneys. There are the files of the larger stock exchanges and their affiliated ticker companies, the credit records of banks and the morgues of the larger newspapers.

If it were possible to exchange all this information on quick notice, many a fraud would be stopped a-borning. The massing of all such data would save large sums of hard-won savings. One of the gentry engaged in the sale of dubious stock was once addressing his customers, following a series of difficult encounters, on his part, with the authorities. He undertook to explain away, among other incidents, two prison terms:

"My accusers do not seem to consider the possibility of a man's reforming," he shouted, "even if I were willing to grant the truth of their charges. In —— and —— the law forbids anyone to publish the past of an individual who has reformed and begun a life of helpfulness."

If a substantial portion of all the credit information and libraries of fraud were consolidated and the information quickly available to every intending investor, granting the mechanical possibility of such a feat, an occasional injustice might be done to a reformed swindler. In one case out of many hundreds, what looks like a get-rich-quick scheme turns out to be the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Likewise one swindler, in a great many, reforms.

But there need be no fear that the shady promoter will not have all the protection he deserves. The whole theory and practice of law protects him. The public deserves some protection. It gets exceedingly little, so eager are we that injustice shall never be done the accused, if by any wriggling of technicality he can be let off.

If the attorney-general of New York has been handed another weapon in the fight against those who prey upon the savings of society, more power to his arm! If there are any more donors of fraud libraries in New York or any other state, let them step up to the captain's office and deposit their gift where it will do the most good.

Business Always Finds a Way

IT IS difficult at any time to survey business conditions without finding grounds for optimism. Failures are always to be seen, a few even in the most roaring chapters of prosperity. Man's knowledge is extremely limited; his judgment faulty to the last degree. Generation after generation and group after group fall victims to the same errors and commit the same blunders. Credit men calculate failure ratio and its causal detail as dispassionately as actuaries figure the death rate. We are weak vessels and miserable offenders, even in pursuit of gain.

But man has considerable ingenuity and power of adjustment. Always he gropes for a way out. Blunders are made by the million, but there is a saving grace in the vital qualities of enterprise, ambition and persistence. Often at the very moment when professional moralists and the howling dervishes of business are crying the loudest, hundreds of thousands of matter-of-fact business men and women are searching a way out.

A few years ago the high cost of living seemed to present an impassable barrier to future progress. It became a regular bogy, a very real personal devil. It has not been banished; no sensible person would pretend as much. But almost unconsciously we are working our way around it bit by bit.

Houses cost more, but people have learned to live in smaller ones. The wages of servants are higher, but electrical power has come to the rescue, in part at least. With enhanced prices for raw materials, coupled with prohibition, hotel and restaurant keepers did not see how they could serve meals any longer except at exorbitant rates. But behold the rise of the cafeteria, coffee shop, soda fountain, tea room, chocolate shop and similar new catering places. It is said that though there were less than twenty tea rooms in New York City in 1918 there are now more than eight thousand.

New ways of meeting public needs do not invariably prove economical either to the public or to the enterpriser. They represent at times the same percentage of fallibility as the institutions supplanted. But the gloomy fear that nothing is being done about it proves often enough to be unwarranted. Fortunately there is no lack of experimenters in whose breasts the hope of profit from devising and operating new ways and means springs eternal.

A number of years ago the natural-ice industry was threatened with extinction because of the growth of artificial-ice making nearer the consuming centers. On the upper reaches of the Hudson River great gaunt storehouses stood idle, an apparently dead investment. Then it was discovered that these buildings made ideal mushroom caves, and a new and profitable industry has sprung up on the ruins of the old.

Salvage and transformation do not invariably follow upon decline. There are losses and burdens which no ingenuity ever compensates. But as long as inventiveness, alertness and faith are fairly common attributes, the prevailing temper among business men should be one of confidence in their ability to find a way out of perplexities.

American Money in Europe

TWO of the purposes for which American funds are used in Europe deserve particular scrutiny. This examination is now desirable, both in the hope of checking untoward results that may possibly eventuate and in the interests of a fair understanding of the situation.

Europe needs to increase exports in order to secure imports and to pay debts. Whenever American funds are used in the promotion of manufacturing enterprises in Europe the result in the end may be increased export of the products of those enterprises. These exports will necessarily compete in part—to a different extent in the case of different countries—with the goods produced in corresponding manufacturing establishments in the United States. An American loan is used, for example, in Germany in the steel industry, with the result that German pipe appears at Atlantic and Pacific ports in intensified competition with domestic pipe. Further illustrations are unnecessary, though they could be multiplied at length. Anything that improves the domestic status of manufacture in Europe perfects the exporting position of the products throughout the world. In effect, therefore, some of our loans to Europe, though possibly desirable in a general sense, result specifically in placing competitive burdens upon American capital and American labor in the sale of American products within the United States.

American funds loaned to European concerns may be, and probably are, employed throughout the world to some extent for the purpose of extending credits to the purchasers of European goods. American funds utilized in German metal industries, for example, may enable these industries to sell to South American customers metal goods on relatively long-term credits. Unless American firms competing for the same business are able to extend similar long-term credits, the German exporter has the distinct edge in the South American market, and this edge has been furnished by the American loan to Germany. One of the difficulties attending American exports has always been the disinclination or inability of American exporters to extend credits as favorable as those customarily extended by many European exporters. This relative disability of the American exporter is intensified if the American loan is employed by the European borrower, directly or indirectly, for the purpose of extending foreign credits on European exports.

Broadly considered, our heavy positive balance of merchandise trade rests partly on our export of capital. It is the combined influence of our foreign loans, the expenditures of American tourists abroad and the remittances of immigrants to foreign countries that enable the outside world to purchase from us so much more goods than it sells to us. Naturally this cannot continue indefinitely. A certain volume of American foreign loans has been indispensable to economic recovery of the world, but the time has come when thoughtful consideration should be given to the subject, in order that specific American interests shall not be jeopardized. An insolvent commercial concern may be shown to need a certain sum of fresh capital for reorganization; but more than the required sum of fresh money would be an injury both to the bank extending the credit and to the embarrassed industry receiving it. The same general consideration may be applied to the international situation. A certain volume of American capital is indispensable to the reconstruction and stabilization of economic processes in the world. Beyond this point it may simply serve the selfish ends of politics, high living and waste in the borrowing countries; and, in addition, it would tend to build up abroad competitive powers in a manner that American industries would regard as dangerous.

The Responsibility of Wealth

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S SYSTEM OF GIVING

By Aaron Davis

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, back in the 1870's, had occasion to inspect a New York seaboard plant for refining petroleum for export. It was a plant of the greatest contemporary efficiency and its creation had engaged the abilities of the experts of the day. A handling unit of twelve five-gallon cans was run under twelve taps. An attendant pulled a lever and five gallons of refined oil poured into the containers. Any slight spillage was troughed back to the reservoirs, and the twelve cans moved forward to the capping device and then on to the machine which hermetically soldered the caps. Before this last operation Mr. Rockefeller lingered for some moments. He turned to the manager of the refinery and spoke in the voice of one asking a high favor:

"Could you, perhaps, tell me the amount of solder employed in sealing these caps?"

The manager was justly proud that he knew his portion of their vast business to the minutest detail.

"Yes, sir; exactly forty drops to the can. That has been determined as the economic quantity."

"I see, yes—forty drops." And Mr. Rockefeller hesitated as though somewhat abashed to put another question. "Suppose, just as an experiment, we put through a few units using thirty-eight drops instead of forty to each can. Would you think well of trying that?"

The manager naturally thought well of it and gave the orders. But the sealing under the thirty-eight-drop formula produced a considerable number of improperly closed containers.

Mr. Rockefeller was still interested and tenacious of his original idea.

"Yes, I see. Thirty-eight won't answer, but as a favor would you care to try thirty-nine drops?"

The soldering machine was adjusted for the thirty-nine-drop quota and the cans started along. One unit of twelve containers came through properly sealed. Two—three—four—five, and still no imperfections showed up to condemn the saving of that fortieth drop of solder. Twelve hundred cans were closed on the new basis and the thirty-nine-drop quantity became the accepted standard for that job.

"That's all very well," said a woman who later heard the manager telling the story; "but I think it decidedly picayune for a man like Mr. Rockefeller, who has built up a world trade and must think in a very broad way, to worry his brain over little puny details like that fortieth drop of solder."

"Well"—and the manager was still proud of his own grasp of the infinite details of his plant—"you may be right, but here's another way to think of it. The saving of that drop of solder the first year increased the net profit for my refinery by about $50,000. The following year business was much larger and the saving was well over $100,000. To date, with the growth of shipments, the elimination of that fortieth drop has run into millions."

The dread of waste is an ardent quality in the character of those men who, by their own efforts, have collected monumental fortunes. Such passion for saving is sometimes charged to stinginess, which charge may be annulled at once by the philanthropies of the accused gentlemen. But the dislike of waste does exist with them, and must arise, unconsciously perhaps, from an appreciation of the economic value of any item upon which energy has been expended; either the energy of human labor in producing a commodity or the energy of Nature in creating raw materials. And having such an innate appreciation of values, it is natural that they desire to employ their surplus when they give it in a manner to procure the broadest beneficent energy.

Mr. Rockefeller has said, "The genius of the Standard Oil Company is conservation and coöperation." And the ideas of conservation and coöperation are preeminent in most philanthropic schemes which Mr. Rockefeller has initiated.

In John D. Rockefeller's book, Random Reminiscences of Men and Events, he states:

"I have always indulged the hope that during my life I should be able to help establish efficiency in giving so that wealth may be of greater use to the present and future generations."

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DREAM ON!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Old Town Old Timers

He Called Himself "Pawnee Bill" Every Year the Town Would be Visited by a "Pawnee Bill" or a "Kickapoo Charley," Who Would Sell Us Indian Medicine Made From the Roots of Wild Cabbage, and Liniment From the Bark of the Snake Tree. He Would Cure Farmers of Their Rheumatism Right Before Our Eyes. Them Were the Happy Days

Aunt Nancy Fillebrown. Aunt Nancy Went to All the Town Funerals, Her Mortuary Loyalty Continuously Sustaining and Soothing Her. No Matter What She Had Said of the Deceased in Life, She Was There When It Came to a Post-Mortem Respect. Thus, Everybody in Town Was Assured of One Mourner at Least

Preserved in Sirup

I DON'T care so much for ice-cream soda. One trouble with it is that you know when you've got enough; one of them generally takes my measure. And then the atmosphere of most ice-cream parlors is calm and frosty. No inducement to hang around. The smart young soda clerks are polite but distant; they don't seem to invite you to make bosom friends of them on a moment's notice. Their idea is that you came to have a glass of soda, and that you will then turn around and walk right out again. They would not know what to make of you if you anchored at the counter and ordered another after another through an evening, growing ever more intimate and affectionate, telling them all about your home life and how much you were making and how you could fight. Would they help you to sing a good old come-all-ye? They would not. How would one of them take it if you seized his honest hand and shook it for five minutes straight and told him that you liked him and if there was ever anything you could do for him, night or day, hand or pocket, let him just say the word? I can't even imagine.

Bert is different; he's a soda clerk in a hundred. He's a square-built soda-counter man with big shoulders and a

(Continued on Page 129)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Buster, Come Here at Once! I Simply Will Not Have You Play With Every Chance Puppy That Comes Along

"At Least You Might Choose One of Your Own Race That Has Some Claim to Gentle Blood

"Beans, I Do Wish You Would Take Buster in Hand! Why, I Just Found Him Playing With a Common Chinese Puppy"

"Yi, Dear, I am Inclined to Think Buster is a Better Picker Than You Are. While We Aren't Dead Sure of Our Line to the Mayflower, That Bird Can Trace His Ancestors to the Ming Dynasty"

Good hearty soup!

Doesn't it make you hungry?

Don't these fresh and tempting vegetables, hearty cereals, choice meat and flavory herbs promise a meal?

Thousands of people think of Campbell's Vegetable Soup as a meal rather than a soup. In fact, they say it's a lunch or supper in itself and very often eat it at these times, with very little else.

You know how comfortable and convenient it is just to heat such a real, filling soup and eat a satisfying meal without bothering about a lot of different dishes.

Fifteen vegetables, invigorating beef broth, strengthening cereals, fresh herbs grown on our own farms. How delicious!

12 cents a can

I'm certainly glad to compete;
All comers I eagerly meet.
Oh, it's now that I'll shine
With these muscles of mine—
Three cheers for the Campbell's I eat!

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

DULCARNON

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

Under the Midnight Stars They Went Home, Tired But Light-Hearted

"DEAD as a broken pot." The *gunguna* jerked open the breech of his pistol, blew into it a whistling note, ran the slide home again and patted the wooden stock.

"I never told him to fire. Never! I locked the safety catch."

In hurry and anguish of soul, Dan was aware that another voice babbled, repeating words. He could not move or think. Darkness and a chill descended; the bottom of the world fell out; nothing remained but funeral tapers and a gilt cap swimming in the void.

"He didn't know how to fire it. A bluff! I locked the safety catch. Do you think I'd trust him? Wouldn't have it happen—no, not for all your beastly treasure on earth."

The giddiness wore off. Mortally sick and faint, Dan roused enough to turn a blank stare in the direction of this chatter. He saw Birdekin sitting crumpled, with head in hands, weakly swaying from knee to knee, and moaning—a figure of defeat, of collapse, huge, broken, and clownish in its gay skirt. That, like all, was phantasmagoria. An echo of his own words from the past haunted him confusedly—an echo of his warning to Runa; they had chased wildfire, a putrid marsh light, a jack-o'-lantern which now led them plunging into the swamp of death.

"And his wife," he said aloud; "his wife, Leda, and the babes. Oh, why did ——"

He gave a shudder and looked elsewhere, though without purpose. The native in the stolen finery had moved, crept nearer toward the candlelight, and stood holding his black devil's toy before him, ready for use again.

"Look out!" said Towers wearily. "The firearm! Your man's covering you."

"Let him." Birdekin did not even glance up. "Let him shoot and be hanged. Much I care now."

Dan turned to leave. Nothing signified. Out beyond the passage, in the dark, he would go and find what lay there among heaps of rubbish and dust. The few seconds of time had been an age. He woke to the need of action.

"I must go look."

As he rushed away, the sound of a laugh checked him. It came from the punkah wallah, but was not that screech owl's merriment.

"When me they fly," said a well-known voice, "I am the wings. Come back, Danny."

Through his despair flashed a countercurrent, a wave of opposite emotion greater and keener than bodily pain, which left him shaken. "Come here."

The laughing murderer did not bend or slouch, but stood erect, a lithe brown youth; his nose had a clean edge, not the curve of a chestnut; and his eyes, brightening while he spoke, darted a familiar wickedness of black magic. He was Runa, very much alive.

"I am also the doubter and the doubt," said he. "Therefore, gentlemen, explain yourselves."

Birdekin, lifting a raddled countenance of grief, swore.

"Who is this one?" he cried. "What happened?"

Runa gave a shrug. Pert as any sparrow, he cocked his head to look the big man up and down.

"What, *fichtre*, indeed? My question came first." He drew off the French gold cap, then the blue scarf, and so, bare to a loin cloth, flung them away. "Those I took from your sentinel, under whom I fired one bullet into a roll of razais. He is running yet, for I opened the door. And then, *mes amis*? Why did you post him to threaten me with my own bit of ironmongery? Was it kind, eh?"

Towers had backed over something, chair or stool, and dropped on it, weak as a cat. He saw Birdekin rise glorified, shameless, with tears watering his red cheeks.

"La Flèche? Thank God we didn't kill you between the pair of us! He wouldn't speak out, this *hombre*. I only wanted to know if he was a friend of yours."

"A friend?" Runa came and rested his hand for a moment on Dan's head. "Are you upset, my old one? Forgive the trick," he begged in a quiet undertone of contrition. "I did not know what was going on here." Then he strutted up toward their enemy like a little brown chanticleer of Gaul preparing to clap wings and crow. "Friendship? Sir, you may or may not be capable of understanding what it is, the sacred word. But as a bystander you are convenient, for you can hear something which I have never had the courage to tell Mr. Towers. He is not only my best and dearest friend but the one man of this world whom I love like a brother—yes, more than my life and from the bottom of my soul. It is well for you that he has met with no harm tonight."

Like a small boy after a whipping, Birdekin rubbed his face on the cuff of his white sleeve.

"Good lads," he muttered. "Good lads. My aunt, what an escape all round! Blind man's buff." He stood beaming on them. "Put yourself in my shoes a moment. When I caught you down below, Towers, with your chart and all, it did look fishy, didn't it? Never mind now. Bygones are bygones. I was keeping guard here till you came, La Flèche, or trying to. Don't be too sure how little a bystander can feel. You're the boy I want to please. There's nothing in this house good enough for you, but you shall have it!"

He spoke with a kind of boisterous triumph.

"Ah, you flatter me. But," said Runa coldly as he eyed the bottles on the green cloth, "is it your own enthusiasm or the *barra* peg speaking?"

Birdekin let off a snort of indignation, loud as a horse coughing.

"Drunk, you mean?" He subdued himself with an effort. "Yes, very." He nodded, smiled and picked up from the table a pair of billiard cues, with a white ball. "Oh, very."

Holding the cues together parallel before him he let the ball run as in a groove to their tips. He balanced and grew still. Then like a miracle or a play along the edge of a moonbeam, the ivory sphere came gliding home on a single cue, rolled up his arm to the shoulder and was caught under his chin.

"A little dodge of Paul Cinquevalli's," he explained. "That will show you how drunk I am."

As though such a feat were nothing, he laid ball and cues on the table.

"I'll adopt your friend's method, Towers, and talk through you," he declared. "Young La Flèche here is a prince. That's what he is, a king of men. And you needn't call me maudlin. Some years ago, when I was at the end of my tether, a destitute bloomin' subject, half sick and more than half crazy, broken down, desperate ——" The speaker turned upon Dan fiercely. "Do you know what it means," he roared, "to be alone in the Far East, with an empty pocket, an empty belly, no credit and no health, just crawling on foot after dengue fever?"

Dave gave a nod.

"Part of it," said he. "Once."

"Well then you can guess!" cried Birdekin with passion. "You'd better be a scalded stray dog bumping a tin kettle after him. I hadn't a clean rag to wear; not one left. A grown man, too weak to shave, so feeble if you saw yourself in the glass you'd begin crying. A mass of dirt and sickness and the trembles. What's more, for lack of money to hire a law shark, I was in danger of the central jail and a job as white overseer of the carpet makers. Aye! What did La Flèche do, not knowing this pretty sight from Adam? Pass by on the other side? No, by Gog's Blakey, he got me carried in out of the gutter, out of the sun, paid my lodging and my chow, paid a medico, came daily to see me, and when on the hoof again lent me money to go on my worthless way. I swore then up and down to get even if it took a lifetime. I want him to know I'm a man of my word. He can believe what I'm going to say. You tell him so."

La Flèche had grown downcast, like one whose crime had found him out.

"I think it's all right, Runa," said Dan. "This chap could have broken my neck a while ago, and he didn't. I'm for him."

Birdekin tossed back his head and laughed. The great hearty reverberation did them good.

"Thank you. Here we are, throwing flowers one to another, wrong way round, like Midshipman Easy's duel, three-cornered. Now, my boy"—he appealed to Runa—"no more compliments if you'd rather not. An affair of business, cold blood. I owe you fifteen rupees. I owe you for some human language that kept the self-respect alive in a dirty animal. Here, let's all sit down."

Towers lifted a hand.

"Wait!" He rose, went to Runa and took the pistol from him. "Give me that."

Stepping toward the window, he threw with all the force of his long arm. They heard the weapon fly rustling through leaves and plump with a hollow splash into the water of the tank.

"Couldn't bear the sight of it," he growled, "after what happened."

Runa seized a high billiard chair, dragged it from darkness against the wall into candlelight, hopped up and sat throned above them like a naked young Egyptian monarch.

"You lay a cool hand on my property." He smiled. "But Mr. Birdekin will see that we act in good faith. It is now possible for him to break both our necks."

Continued on Page 39

SWIFT

A vital nation-wide service

Meat whirls to market!

Day in and day out, fresh meat travels across the country, from the livestock producing sections, where the packing houses are located, to the heavily peopled consuming centers.

The hot sun of summer, the bitter cold of winter, rain, hail, snow, sleet, have no effect. Regardless of the weather, meat leaves the packing plant in perfect condition and arrives at its destination sweet, clean, and wholesome.

In the United States and Canada, for instance, cars are loaded at more than 80 points—at 29 packing plants and at more than 50 butter, egg, and poultry plants. Shipments are made to more than 400 branch houses and to many thousands of small towns on over 500 "car routes."

This means Swift & Company's fleet of refrigerator cars must be constantly distributed in proper number to the 80 points where shipments originate. They must be sent to thousands of destinations by the quickest and shortest routes. They must be kept spick-and-span. They must be iced before leaving, and re-iced daily enroute.

We must have our own traffic experts to handle this work. Constant check is kept on every car on the rails. So efficiently and smoothly is the problem taken care of that no plant is without cars for shipment, no city or town is undersupplied.

The Swift refrigerator car is the symbol of a service that never fails.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 47,000 shareholders

© Swift & Co.

Alive with power

How AD-SORPTION cuts your cost per mile

ALMOST any oil will coat your cylinder walls, pistons, and piston rings with apparent thoroughness.

But this is not enough. There come times of extra stress—in starting, in a quick burst of speed, in a hard pull on a hill. There come times when the actual oil film is impaired.

Then comes the test of the real character of your oil. Then your engine requires an oil that actually penetrates the pores of the metal and clings tenaciously to the metal surfaces.

Certain highly complex compounds present in some crude oils which are selected for their lubricating value, instead of their gasoline yield, have this property of entering into enduring association with the molecules of the metal to be lubricated.

Scientists term this process "AD-sorption."

"Adsorption" develops a tough, semi-permanent lubrication surface independent of the liquid film—almost an amalgam of oil and metal. The adsorbed film cannot drain off—it resists heat—pressure will not displace it.

This definite characteristic of Mobiloil is your real protection against wear, loss of power, and annoying noise.

The "adsorptive" character of Mobiloil gives you an extra margin of protection against actual damage to your engine in case of unusual stress.

The Mobiloil dealer's position

A rapidly growing circle of motorists expect quiet power for more than the first few thousand miles.

The dealer who offers you Mobiloil has, with the aid of the complete Chart, equipped himself to supply you with efficient lubrication.

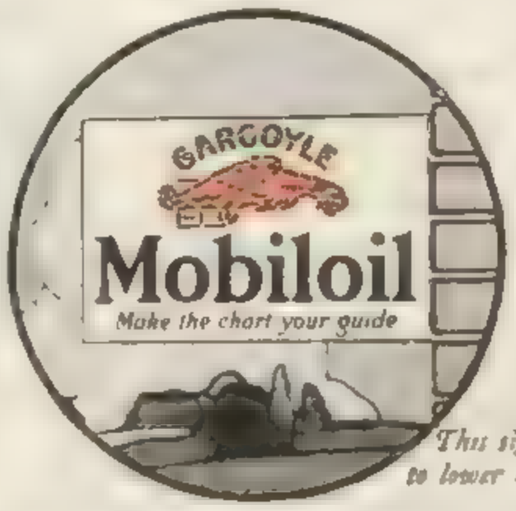
This type of dealer should clearly stand out in your mind from the class of dealer who merely supplies you oil at a profit.

The Mobiloil sign will guide you to the Mobiloil dealer.

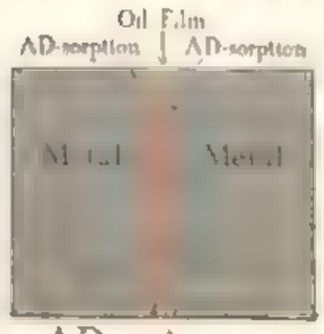
How to Buy

From Bulk 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump. *For Touring Convenience*—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry two or three under the seat of your car. *For Your Home Garage*—the 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with convenient faucets.

All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain, and Pacific Coast States.



This sign points the way to lower cost per mile



AD-sorption

The red line indicates the Ad-sorptive character of Mobiloil. See text for details.

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below. If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32°F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter

(Continued from Page 36)

The man of might gave a twitch to his colored skirt, lay back sprawling and viewed them with indulgence

"Bore you to death, more like," he answered. "Where was it we met, you and I, Towers? Aigo-Morto? Ah, no, I remember; at Les Saintes. I'd gone there to see an old circus pal of mine who took to the roads. By the way, it seems you're a bit of a wanderer too. A born wanderer?"

"Not exactly," said Dan. "You might say it was forced on me."

"I don't know but that's better," rejoined Birdekin, musing. "Fun was my undoing from the start—fun. But of all the cant and rubbish written, said or sung, this wild-free life, great-highway-romance jabber is —— Faugh! We know that kind of wanderer: he takes to it in selfish conceit and the end of him is bitterness. Amen, Selah." The fiery crop head wagged at them ruefully. "Satan rebuking sin. No more sermon. . . . We met at Li Santo, where I gave you a chit for La Flèche?"

"A playing card," put in Runa. "I have it."

"There's a long tale," said Birdekin, "behind the card. Not to keep you here all night, here goes: My people, whom I ran away from like a young fool, were neighbors at home of Caltrop's; and he himself, poor chap, was kind to me out here. After he died, his brother told me that you, La Flèche, had been to see him. Now by mistake, though honestly enough, a certain bit of knowledge having come into my hands—you know what—I tried to overtake you and pass it on, but failed." The speaker paused and hesitated, frowning; then he blurted out, "Meanwhile I had money left me, enough to live on."

Runa bowed suavely from his high chair.

"Good! A man of substance *qui a du quoi*," he murmured, "*qui a du quibus?* I congratulate you."

"No," said Birdekin sternly; "no cause. My people are dead and gone. All those years I behaved to them like a scoundrel."

The big red face hardened with momentary pain. His hearers exchanged a look which, rapid and stolen though it was, held an agreement, a clinching of their belief in the man.

"Let that go," he continued. "Yesterday afternoon, Towers, you were chaffing me about King Cambyses, weren't you? Fair game, of course; but hobby for hobby, is it more absurd to hunt down a few harmless traditions, run after the rainbow's foot if you like, than, for example, to go out with a gun and blow living creatures into cold meat? I can't think so. Fun? Sport? It's all in the shikar as you go, not in the bag at the end." Birdekin ducked his head among the candles, where he lighted a cigarette. "One thing, anyhow," he chuckled, blowing smoke through his nostrils like a dragon, "my hobby has never been dull. Queer company, strange doings. I could spin you boys a yarn or two that would make your great-grandmothers' hair curl—Arabian nights on the seamy side, underground. Did you ever hoist up a large flat rock and see the tribes of hundred-legged things, you wouldn't dream were there, start uncoiling and earwigging away? My life's been full of such turnovers. A waste of time, granted, but never dull."

The philosopher mused again, watching smoke drift into the darkness. A lazy tolerance filled his big blue eyes, which appeared to enjoy something far away, some comedy of the past.

"Unless you have been the same kind of fool," he declared, "you can't believe how many there are; all over the face of the globe. As for Cambyses, mark my words, one fine day before long, out in the blue, over the hot sand, some lucky bargee will dig him up. But here's the point, our point, that we're coming to. Unless you took part you'd never guess how many playmates I've had who firmly believe in Alexander the Great, Sikander Zulkarnein, and his private dump of treasure. A while ago, when I was the Handcuff King, juggler and strong man with the Golden European Traveling Hippodrome, no less, we used to sit under the wagons in the dark every spare minute and yarn about it; a little band of us, one Gulam Muhammad who sold *shrab*, a camp follower whose nickname was Nak Maddu, a sais, and a master thief with pockets down his throat. I furnished their tobacco. The sais, by the way, is the man you kicked out at this front door tonight."

Runa pricked up his ears.

"Your Nak Maddu," he interposed, "and your Mr. Gullet-Pouch are in jail."

"Where they belong," said Birdekin with approval. "The other pair I discovered hanging about these premises when I came here to find you, La Flèche, and didn't. As an unwelcome friend who knew too much I joined 'em and held the fort for you. Up till now they've had no luck at all in poisoning me."

He rose and flipped his end of cigarette through the window

"About myself, that's enough. The time has come, the walrus said, to pay you back those fifteen rupees with interest. Let's all go down bottom-side and I'll show you where it lies, what you're looking for. Debout, old man. Come on!"

Leaning sidewise, Runa began to fumble in his dirt-gray rag of loin cloth.

"*Attendez, attendez,*" he murmured. "I too have not been idle"

He brought out a twist of paper.

"Learned research. There you are," said he tossing it to Dan "A labor of the bookworm. *Dia*, how I cracked my brain like a walnut between great volumes! But we have it—the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl."

Towers unfolded and saw a rough drawing, like his own, of the bat-eared triangles

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "*Panjah*, bull's-eye! Good enough!"

Not for the world must his little chief know that he had seen this diagram before.

"You did the trick"

Birdekin spoiled a fair piece of acting.

"Why so?" he boomed. "It's the same as your map, Towers"

Runa laughed and hopped from his throne.

"Aha, you forestalled me? And you meant to say nothing?" Gleeful, radiant, he clapped his friend on the back. "That is like you, Danny."

In high spirits, he took command.

"Come now, all!" he cried. "It is fate, your midshipman's three-cornered duel again, for here in one room are three men gathered, separately, from the ends of the earth, to one conclusion. You share with us, Birdekin—a triumvirate."

The kilted rover wagged his head.

"Not I, my lad; not for any spoils. You heard me say I'd enough to live on."

Runa caught them each by a hand.

"Ah, yes, *le monsieur qui a du quibus*. I know. Virtue its own reward. But join us for greens, for the fun of the thing."

They shook hands all round.

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The Watching Was Behind, Somewhere, as if the Black Goddess in Her Corner —— Dan Swung His Head Round Quickly

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

"So? But for Yourself You Buy Most in the City"

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"I'LL tell you what," said I to Harvey Stroub, perceiving a clever solution, "let's take the house together. There's room enough for all of us, and our expenses will be cut in half."

"I think that will be just lovely," said Mrs. Stroub, brightening. "I do love this place; don't you, Mrs. Allison? I think your husband is awfully smart to think of that. But everybody knows he's a genius. Oh, Harvey, say yes!"

Harvey chewed his yellow mustache and stared at the artistic little railroad station across the square. He is an excellent fellow, but just a bit heavy.

"I like Eden Gardens too," he said in his accustomed drawl. "It seems to be a nice little home town, good stores and nice-looking people; just about the sort of place we've been looking for, I'd say—if we're willing to pay the price. Did that fellow say there was a 7:10 every morning? That would get me into the Pennsylvania Terminal at half-past eight."

"Every morning," said Mrs. Stroub eagerly. "Then it's yes, is it, Harvey? Oh, Harvey, say yes!"

He turned slowly toward her and looked at her without speaking for a moment.

"Remember the Mullens, don't you, Etta?"

"Oh, the Mullens!" sniffed Mrs. Stroub with a shudder. "Them!"

"Who or what are the Mullens, may I ask?" said Mrs. Allison humorously.

"People we used to know," said Mrs. Stroub.

"Haw-haw!" laughed Harvey, suddenly and shortly. He winked at me.

"Is it yes or no, Harvey Stroub?" said his wife, widening her pretty brown eyes. She looks like a gentle little thing, but she seems to be able to crack the whip over Harvey.

"There's nothing I'd like better," he said, hurrying a bit. "Don't you worry about me and Norman, Etta; we're pals from away back. Remember the time, Norm, when we boys were hooking apples from the fruit stand at the ferry in Edgecliff, and you went inside and woke up the Italian—hey, Norm?"

"Yes, and I remember that somebody gave me a bloody nose," I laughed. "Ah, yes, Harvey, those were the happy days! Eunice, you've often heard me speak of Harvey Stroub, haven't you? You've heard me speak of Blubberhead Stroub."

"Oh, my goodness, yes," said Mrs. Allison.

"And what did they call you, Mr. Allison?" said Mrs. Stroub, smiling.

"We used to call Norman 'Snitcher Allison,'" chuckled Harvey. "He was always hanging around the teacher. He wore a silver medal with 'Monitor' on it, and he was supposed to report any boy that didn't study his book while the teacher was out. He wouldn't study his own book at all, but would keep watching around till he caught some poor kid sneaking a look at him, and that kid would be put down for a lambasting. Ha-ha-ha!"

"My poor Norman," said Mrs. Allison, "did you have to do that? Aren't some boys dreadful? And did some tough boy bloody your nose? I'm sure he has lived to thank you. And I think it's lovely when boys keep up a friendship like that after they have grown to manhood. But we must go in and see the agent again, must we not?"

We climbed the stairs again to the second floor of the Hewson Block and reëntered Solomon Hewson's real-estate office.

"One of you decided to take it, hey?" said Mr. Hewson, beaming on us from his deep-set gray eyes. He chewed his tobacco with satisfaction, alternately and with comical effect elongating and telescoping his narrow and leathery face. He was a scrawny and commonplace old Yankee, ignorant and opinionated, but was of some consequence in Eden Gardens—"some pumpkins" would probably have been his phrase, though I don't recall hearing him use it. He owned the Hewson Block, a two-story brick structure that housed, in six stores and a few dusty offices, most of the trade and professional activity of the village, and had some thirty or forty thousand dollars out on bonds and mortgages.

"We're going to take it cooperatively, Mr. Hewson," I said. "The modern idea, you know—the abolition of competition. There's no sense in us taking two houses and paying you two profits when one house is big enough for all of us."

"You ain't worrying about my profits, are you, sir?" he said, putting his hand to his ear. He preferred to appear hard of hearing.

"Oh, not in the least," I said generously.

"Because I was going to say, sir," he added, going ahead with the momentum of an old man once started, "that folks get along a sight better when they worry about themselves and let their neighbors be. Neighbors get along better too. However, this ain't a two-family house in the first place. Thought you knew that, sir. Sorry you troubled to come back."

"We know it is not a two-family house," I said, "but we propose to live together in it, notwithstanding. You'll find that we're responsible people. Mr. Stroub here is a statistician in the employ of the railroad, and I am literary editor of the New York Star and Advertiser."

"Night worker, hey?" he said. "Had some night workers in a house of mine down by the tracks. Polacks, they were; slept in shifts. Everybody to their own taste, but what I say is pigging together in one house like that ain't American and self-respecting. That's my notion, folks, but you go ahead and don't mind me. Only, if you're all going to live together, I'm going to want a month's security; lost a month on them Polacks, besides cutting up the banisters for kindling wood. And then I don't know whether I care to let you the house."

(Continued on Page 54)

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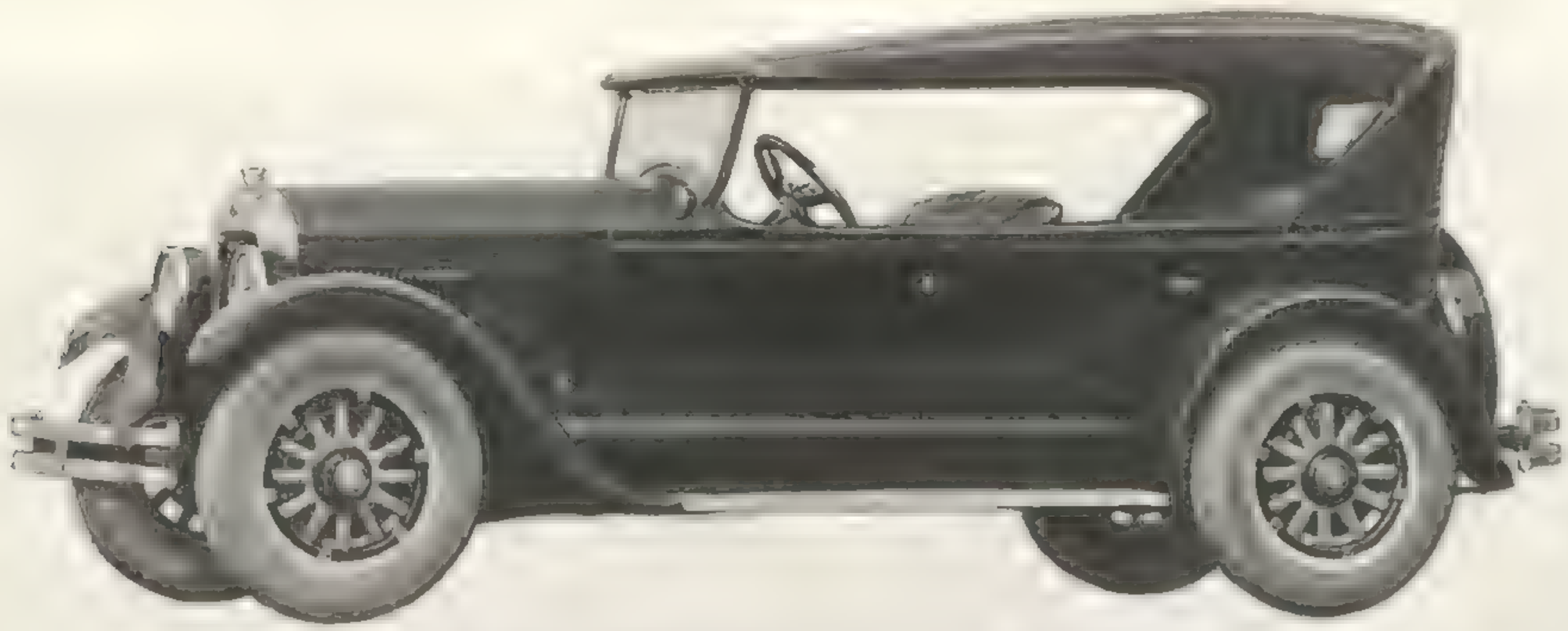

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THE HUPMOBILE EIGHT

MASCOT

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY B. DAVIS

THE first time Guffy said anything to me about Katy I said to him "Yes," because what he said to me was "Gee, boy, your sister sure is a wonder!" That was the first night he came up to the house after he came back from trying his luck in the West, and in those five years Katy had grown up. She was just the age when hunting a husband is life's greatest joy game. A little later in a girl's life husband hunting may get to be a serious business, but at the age Katy was then it is all happiness and have a good time. The husband-to-be is a by-product of the merriment

"Honest, Bill," Guffy said to me as we stood out there on the porch, "I never would have thought it. I've known you steen years, thick and thin, and if you had ever told me you had a sister that was the peach of the world I would have laughed at you. I wouldn't have thought it possible for a low-browed black-haired skinny little sawed-off gum-chewing runt like you to have a sister like Kate."

"No," I said. "I guess she takes after Noah's wife, or Eve, or one of her other far-back ancestors."

"Well, she sure is a wonder!" Guffy said.

"Anyway she thinks she is," I agreed, because you know how a fellow feels about a sister.

"And, say," Guffy said, "Listen, Bill! You won't be sore if I set out to make her mine, will you? Not that I care a hang what you have to say about it, you know. But you won't, will you? What I mean is, I'm going to win that girl, but you'll say a good word for me now and again, won't you?"

"What do you want to win her for?" I asked. "You're all right as you are, ain't you? What do you want to go and get all married up for? Here you are, back from the West, and I was counting on having some swell old times with you; and now you want to go and get married to my sister. I know how it will be—she'll tie you to her apron strings and have you locked in the house all the time, and when I ask you to come out for a little old party she'll say, 'No! Never! I know Bill—he's my brother and I know all his habits—you stay home with me!' Listen, Guffy—if you want to marry somebody go and marry somebody that ain't my sister."

"No, Bill," he said; "I'm going to marry Kate—if she'll have me. She's my mate, Bill. Say, Bill ——"

"Yes?" I said sort of hopeless, for I knew he was going to get mushy.

"You don't understand how it is with me, Bill," he said. "It's not only that she's such a wonder girl, Bill. It's not only that I fell in love over my ears the minute I set my eyes on her. Bill, there's something in my soul—if that's where it is—that tells me that girl is my mascot. She's my little good-luck witch, Bill. I feel it in my bones, Bill. Ever feel that way, Bill? Ever feel, when you were near a person, that everything was all right? You know what I mean—that as long as that person was near, you couldn't lose? Mascot! You know what I mean. Say, Bill, I know a place down on Main Street where we can get a snifter of prewar. How about it? It's early yet."

"I might go down and take a piece of gum," I said.

"Oh, pshaw!" Bill said. "You and your gum! Say, this is a time to take a real liquor. The night I met the queen of the world. Well, all right, then—come along and have a stick of tutti-frutti. I've just got to lift a glass to the star of womanhood with somebody. Bill, I love that girl! I sure do love that girl!"

Well, I said I'd go down to this Jerry's place with him, but I couldn't see anything but a mean sort of evening ahead, because he would be mushing about Kate all the while, but before I had a chance to go in for my hat the door opened and Kate came out with my hat. It was old stuff, and it made me sickish to hear her pipe up, "Oh, Mr. Guffy! I thought you had gone! Bill, you ought to have your hat on if you're going to stand out here in the cold!"

I knew what it meant—getting her chance to throw a few more hooks into Guffy and make him think she was one of these nice thoughtful ladies that don't want their dear brothers to catch cold. Swell chance that she would have brought me my hat if Guffy hadn't been there! But the minute Guffy heard her voice he turned around to face her, and that was when his heel hit the place where the end of a board in the porch is broken. He pawed in the air to catch his balance and didn't get it, and he went down the five steps backward and hit his head on the cement walk and went out. Kate screamed and went rushing down after him and gathered him in her arms as if she was doing a motion-picture act.

"Water, Bill, water!" she told me, but when I came back she was sitting on the cold cement with his head in her lap and he was back in the land of the living.

"My mascot!" he was saying. "My little good-luck mascot! My little four-leaf clover!"

Honest, he called her everything but his little horseshoe, and I guess he would have called her that if he had thought of it.

"You saved my life," he said. "If it hadn't been for you ——"

I don't know what would have happened if it hadn't been for her. I suppose he would never have come to again. If it hadn't been for the soft touch of her gentle hand on his cheek I suppose he would have remained unconscious until he passed out, huh? But what can you do with a man when he gets that way"

"Oh, for cat's sake!" I said. "Tear loose! Get up, you big elephant, and come out of the clinch if you're going down to Jerry's with me. What do you think you are, a lap dog?"

"He's wounded," Kate said, pawing his hair.

"You mean the cement walk is wounded," I said. "He didn't hit it with nothing but his head."

"This is where the pain is," Guffy said, picking up her hand and putting it on the back of his head.

"Ah, your poor head!" Kate said.

"Just having your hand on it drives the pain away," Guffy said. "Rub it some more."

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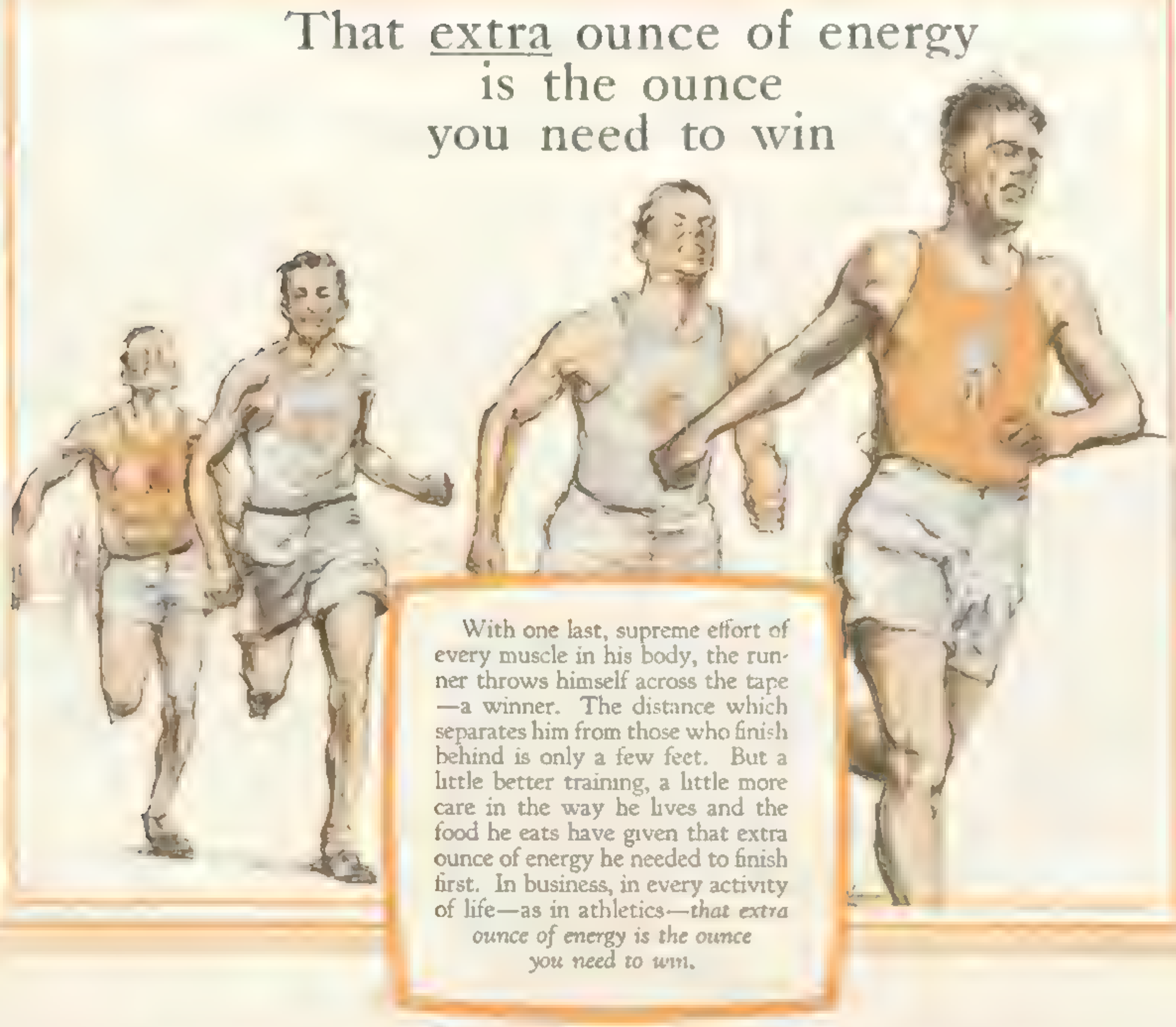
Honest, He Called Her Everything But His Little Horseshoe, and I Guess He Would Have Called Her That if He Had Thought of It



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Teamwork Behind the Firing Line

How the Back Field Helped the Forward Guards in the Great War

By James Westfall Thompson

There is now being issued from the Government Printing Office in Washington, for the Governments of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Belgium, the Report of the Military Board of Allied Supply upon the Allied armies under Marshal Foch in the Franco-Belgian theater of operations. This article is the first general announcement of the completion of this great work, which treats the Allied armies as one army, and the preparation of which was made possible because, by international agreement during the war, authority over the general staffs of the Allied armies in the matter of the coördination of army supply in the zone of the advance was placed in the hands of this board.

The board, at the end of the war, issued an order to the staffs of the Allied armies, under Foch, for a statement of their condition as of October 31, 1918, eleven days before the signing of the Armistice. For more than five years the staffs of the Allied armies have labored in coöperation to produce this report.

In order that the reader may understand how greatly things have changed in the handling of armies from the older days, it may be stated that this report shows that on October 31, 1918, Foch commanded a coördinated army consisting of French, American, British, Belgian and Italian soldiers in France numbering 8,516,678. He also commanded in Italy 3,031,179 men, making a great effective total of 11,547,857 men. Of this army the strength in the zone of the advance was 7,743,649 and in the zone of the rear 3,711,630. In addition there were 660,611 laborers and 1,528,520 animals in the zone of the advance.

When we turn from numbers of men to amount of supplies, we find a similar revolutionary change in the conditions of warfare. It is impossible for a modern army to live upon the country, as was the old-time practice. The armies would starve to death.

In antiquity and in the Middle Ages, army stores—to use the English expression—or army supplies—to use the American term—were unknown. Armies lived upon the country even during mobilization, and always upon the enemy country. Charlemagne is the only medieval ruler who made any attempt to provide depots of supply for his troops within his empire when they were called out, and once in the enemy country, they always lived upon the country. Even these supplies were meager—wood, food, forage; for every Frank soldier had to provide his own clothing and his own equipment of arms. Naturally, as all armies lived on the country, when nothing more was to be found to be consumed the army if in the enemy country retreated; if in its own, dissolved. A vanquished army always laid waste the country from which it was forced to retire. The devastation of the Palatinate by Louis XIV is a famous instance.

Pillaging as They Went

IN THE sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the practice of paying soldiery first came into vogue hitherto soldiers had mostly been paid in loot and plunder, and the right to pillage was almost a sacred one—we find commissary agents with the armies whose duty was to levy upon the country roundabout, whether their own or the enemy's, to heap up stores at fixed points and to establish provision trains to accompany the armies. The soldier was expected to purchase his necessities in food and drink from these commissary posts out of his wages which usually resulted in his keeping his money and preying on his own people upon the civilian population around him. In fact, pillage of the non-combatant population was the order of the day.

Gustavus Adolphus, who knew the value of strict discipline and who also always sought to conciliate rather than to antagonize the civilian subjects, forbade pillaging in the severest terms of pain of death, and established canteens in his army from which daily distribution was made. In the large cantonments the soldier was fed by supplies purchased from the people of the region, buying his necessities according to a fixed scale of prices. But at his death the old evil practices were resumed, and in the last stages of the Thirty Years' War the plunder of Germany by the Swedes was as great as that committed by the troops of Mansfeld, Tilly and Wallenstein.

In France, in the seventeenth century, considerable improvement of methods and S. O. S. was made by Louis XIII and Louis XIV. Already, before 1589, during the Huguenot Wars Henry III had designated certain places as étapes, or halting places—usually a day's march apart—where some supplies could also be found. In 1623 Louis XIII laid out four grand troop roads across the map of

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IT IS an old military proverb that an army marches upon its stomach. And yet if history is, as has been said, teaching by experience, the lesson embodied in this maxim has been but slowly learned. Many a war of the past would have been less protracted, and the loss of blood and treasure, the destruction of property and all the human anguish which attends upon war been less, if the wisdom of bitter experience had not been so long minimized or disregarded by generalissimos, field marshals and general staffs. Only during the Great War—and that in the last year of the war—in the face of impending disaster in 1918, was the lesson driven home upon the Allies that victory in war depends as much upon provision, concentration, transportation and distribution of munitions and supplies from the rear as upon the number and discipline of the soldiers at the front and the strategy and tactics of their commanders.

The classic object of all military study for centuries has been strategy and tactics. Until the nineteenth century little attention was given either to mobilization or supply. Napoleon in the Marengo campaign in 1800 and again in the Austerlitz campaign in 1805 gave a new dignity to the importance of the former; but he never got beyond rudimentary arrangements for the supply of his armies. Indeed, it was not until the recent war that the immense importance of service of supply—S. O. S.—was perceived. The Great War showed that the man behind the gun at the front was almost useless without the man upon the load of supplies at the rear being able to get to the front with his load of munitions and foodstuffs.

The truth is that mobilization, service of supply, strategy, tactics, if not coördinate branches of a single whole, are so interrelated and so interdependent that successful battle depends upon smooth interlocking and simultaneous operation of all four of these activities. The best general in the world cannot fight without troops; the best troops in the world cannot fight without munitions and supplies; and munitions and supplies cannot be provided without efficient machinery covering the whole area from the sources of supply to and over the whole theater of operations. The S. O. S. is the arterial system of an army.

Under modern conditions of warfare, strategy and tactics have become at once more complicated and more simplified. Railroads* and automobiles, powerful binoculars, telephoto lenses, field telegraphs and telephones, wireless and aeroplanes, though their invention has facilitated the rapid movement of larger bodies of troops in a short space of time, have also enormously widened the terrain of a battle, lengthened a battle front into hundreds of leagues and made possible the mobilization of a whole nation, with the result that often the benefits conferred by these inventions have been almost canceled by the creation of new problems or such enormous magnification of old conditions that the situation practically presents a new problem.

Great Armies of the Past

THE greatest of these problems, and of a magnitude and importance never before appreciated, is the provision and supply of millions of men spread over whole provinces of a country, and the fusion into one gigantic battle array hundreds of miles of a thousand separate engagements. It is this condition which has elevated the S. O. S. of an army to a plane of importance level with tactics and strategy.

Even at the risk of boring the reader it seems necessary at this point to give some statistics to illustrate the enormous increase in the size of modern armies when contrasted with those of former times. Alexander the Great conquered Persia and India with no more than 50,000 men. Hannibal fought Rome for twenty years with 60,000. Scipio Africanus conquered Carthage with 50,000. Caesar never had more than 80,000 during the conquest of Gaul and most of the time had only six legions, or 25,000. At Pharsalia, Pompey had 90,000 yet Caesar triumphed with 2000 cavalry and 22,000 infantry. Belisarius conquered Africa from the Vandals in 533 with 16,000. In 1494 Charles VIII of France invaded Italy with 9000 men at arms, 12,000 infantry and 40 pieces of artillery. At Fornovo he defeated 40,000 of the enemy with 9000 troops. Gustavus Adolphus was the terror of Germany with 25,000 men. Turenne, Conde, Luxembourg, the most brilliant of Louis XIV's marshals, never commanded more than 25,000 at one time. Condé won the Battle of Rocroi with 20,000 against 26,000 Spanish. At Nordlingen he had only 17,000. When Turenne beat the imperial army at Sinzheim he had only 9000 men and six cannon. At Enzheim he defeated 20,000 imperialists with his own 20,000. Frederick the Great won all his battles with never more than 60,000. At Soor he had 18,000 to the Austrian 80,000. At Leuthen he beat an army of 55,000 with 40,000. At Zorndorf he had 33,000 and the Russians 52,000.

All the great string of victories of Revolutionary and Napoleonic France from 1792 to 1808 were won with armies ranging from 20,000 to 80,000. Custine invaded the Palatinate and captured Frankfort with 20,000. Napoleon's army in the first Italian campaign in 1796 numbered 45,000. The expedition to Egypt was carried out by 40,000. At Marengo, Napoleon defeated 34,000 Austrians with 21,000 French. At Hohenlinden, Moreau, with 60,000 French, conquered 70,000 Austrians.

From the time of the Crusades down to the beginning of the nineteenth century there are but nine instances in European history of armies numbering 100,000 or more—the French army at Agincourt in 1415; the army of Charles V in 1532; that of Maximilian II in 1566; the army of Louis XIV when he crossed the Lower Rhine and invaded Holland; the French army at Malplaquet, where Marlborough won so crushing a victory; the army of the allies which invaded France in 1794 during the French Revolution; the Russian army of Suvaroff in Italy in 1799, and the army of the Rhine under Moreau in 1800.

Foch's Army of Twelve Million

BUT from 1800 on one observes a rapid increase in the size of armies. No soldier before Napoleon ever wielded such enormous masses of men as he. The famous Grand Armée of 1805—the Austerlitz campaign—numbered 241,000. In that engagement there were 67,000 French against 90,000 Austrians and 60,000 Russians. In 1812 Napoleon gathered an army of 477,000, but only 343,000 crossed the Niemen. In 1813 the combined forces under Napoleon aggregated 255,000, divided into four armies. At Lützen he may have had 115,000, at Bautzen 130,000, at Dresden 120,000, at Leipsic 180,000. The allies—Prussia, Austria, Russia—in 1813 had hosts of similar magnitude, divided into various armies. The Austrian army under Schwarzenberg was composed of 200,000; the army of Silesia numbered 80,000, the army of the North 90,000. At Leipsic Napoleon faced 300,000 of the enemy with 180,000.

When the allied armies invaded France in the spring of 1814 they were 390,000 strong. The combined forces of Wellington and Blücher in 1815 were 220,000. In 1859 the Austrians, with 217,000, were pitted against Napoleon III with 196,000. In our Civil War, General Grant had 160,000 around Richmond. In 1866 Prussia and Austria had each 250,000, but the former divided this immense mass into three armies, while the Austrians formed a single army. In the Franco-Prussian War opened in the summer of 1870, France threw 270,000 men into the field, the Prussians 340,000. At its close Germany had 800,000 under arms.

Before the invention of railroads and modern machinery, armies of immense size were regarded as a liability, not an assurance of victory. The brilliant Italian marshal Montecuculi, so long in the service of the Austrian Emperor in the seventeenth century, would have no army of more than 30,000. Turenne thought an army of 50,000 "a monster." Marshal Saxe said that no army of more than 40,000 could be effective. Saint Cyr, one of the best of Napoleon's marshals, said that an army of 100,000 "exceeded so much moral and physical strength that it was impossible for one man to command it."

How greatly things have changed in these latest times! The great increase of population not only in Europe but all over the globe, the enormous wealth of the nations which modern industry and modern commerce have created, the intensity of national sentiment, universal expression and conscription, railroads and fleet motor transport apparatus which shorten both time and distance, all these forces and factors have united together to revolutionize the art and practice of war today. If, as one has said, the art of war is "to live to march, to fight," since as formerly nevertheless modern armies are grown so great that the problem and the science of how to provision and maintain them are different from what they used were

*[illegible]

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"This kitchen I am very proud of," writes Mrs. F. M. Keyser.* "It was finished three years ago, the woodwork in white Valspar-Enamel and the linoleum with clear Valspar Varnish.

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"The woodwork has withstood the smoke and spatters of cooking for three years and still looks as good as new."

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

A CITY WORKER

The Meter Reader—and Those Who Would Fool Him

As Told by Himself to John Mappelbeck

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

WHEN I step into your kitchen and flash my pocket torch on the gas or electric meter for five seconds, and depart, you hardly think of my job as one with a spice of mystery and adventure. Most people think it's a job that lacks even intelligence. It looks so easy. People often try pull to get a meter-reading job for Jim or Gus after they've proved dumb-bells at everything else. But you not only have to train for indexing, as we call it, but compete with others in ability to hold such a job.

Why, some months ago one of our indexers, as meter readers are called, groped his way into an empty East Side cellar, and flashed his lamp upon what appeared to be a wax figure—but it was the body of a boy who had been murdered, and for whom the police were searching the country in the belief that he had been kidnaped.

The mystery and adventure of this work come in with the hundreds of meters that get hidden in out-of-way places with the passing of years in a big city, and a certain number of our customers—not so very many, on the whole—who try to steal gas or electricity, and sometimes succeed. Incidentally, this is just as much theft by law as stealing watches from people's pockets or silk stockings from a store, or any other form of larceny if you can go into court with the evidence.

One of our biggest gas meters, two hundred lights—we have them from three lights up—is as big as an office safe. Years ago it was placed in the basement of a mid-town office building, and handy to get at. But a subway came along on one side, and then a new building on the other side, and then a tunnel was built on a third side for pipes and wires. The fourth side is a blank wall. The meter held its ground until it was almost surrounded. Today we have only one man small and thin enough to crawl through the tunnel to read that meter. He has to be a salamander as well as a bantamweight, and hold his breath while he's passing within six inches of steam pipes. At the end of the tunnel he sticks his head up through a ten-inch hole and takes off the figures. If we ever get that meter out it will have to come through a hole in the subway.

One of Our Indexers Groped His Way Into an Empty East Side Cellar, and Flashed His Lamp Upon What Appeared to be a Wax Figure

When Gas Bills are Too Low

HOWEVER, that is a perfectly honest meter—not like some others, which people deliberately conceal. Under certain circumstances dishonest customers have succeeded in burying a meter so that it could not be read, and stealing through it the gas or electricity that they use, while a second meter in plain sight was read regularly. For each dollar's worth of gas or current recorded on the out-in-the-open meter, and paid for, ten dollars' worth might be stolen through the hidden meter. I can't tell you too plainly how that kind of robbery is committed. You wouldn't want to do it, I know—but you never can tell who's listening in.

But I guess I can tell you that one way to steal our service is first to steal one of our meters. The company keeps pretty close track of them. Each meter in a big city is numbered, and carried on the books with the street number and the name of the person who is to be billed for service. In the regular course of business it is almost impossible to get away with a meter—that is, while gas or current is turned on, and the meter is being read every month, and bills rendered. But in a big city it is always the unexpected that happens. I know a fellow whose job is keeping a list of New York grocerymen as near up to date as possible. He says that if a correct list were obtained at eight o'clock this morning, by noon it would show changes—some groceryman would be burnt out by that time, others in bankruptcy, others have sold out, and so on. It might be taken for granted that meters had been destroyed in a fire or explosion, and written off our books, when someone might have stolen one previously. And it might be that a meter still on the books, but inactive for years, and maybe buried behind tons of rubbish in a dark cellar, could be stolen.

There was the case of the saloonkeeper who had a stolen gas meter that he put up every month in a convenient position about the day the reader called. It was manipulated to show a small consumption of gas—too small, in fact; and that first directed suspicion toward him. For it is possible to estimate how much service a given customer can be expected to use, because we have records of thousands of houses, apartments, stores and business places, and know the averages pretty closely. An apartment has so many rooms, so many lights, such-and-such cooking arrangements for gas and so many outlets for electrical conveniences. A clothing store probably shuts up at five or six o'clock in the evening, leaving only the windows lighted, while a restaurant runs all night. A saloon keeps late hours, even an after-Volstead saloon, which this one was.

The saloonkeeper's gas bill was too small, and that aroused suspicion. While we were pondering the mystery another department of our company was working to locate an old missing meter. And the saloonkeeper had still a third interested party on his trail that we didn't know about. It took several weeks to get matters straightened out, and then all three of us closed in on the case at about the same time.

"Yes, and now where's your other meter?" our reader demanded after the saloonist had watched him read the dummy.

"That is meter No. 106933," said our other department. "It doesn't belong on these premises, but was stolen with plumbing fixtures from an empty house in Blank Street."

The prohibition-enforcement officers came in third, but they had the best case, because the saloonkeeper was operating a still in his basement, using twenty times as much gas as he paid for, coming through the hidden meter. Faithfully on the job for several years, it accounted for every foot that had been used, and enabled us to collect more than a thousand dollars from him as an alternative to a prosecution.

Sherlock Holmes Stuff

ONE of the commonest schemes for stealing gas or juice is known as the by-pass in our lingo—also a bridge or a jumper. That is, the dishonest customer makes a connection through which electricity or gas passes around the meter instead of going through it. You might think that any fellow with good eyesight would spot such a crooked device instantly. Not so! By-passes are worked out with the greatest ingenuity, and we have a constant battle of wits with the few people who contrive them. It is a war that will end only when gas and electricity are no longer used.

Some years ago an electric-utility company's readers became suspicious of a certain customer whose apparent consumption of juice was much larger than he paid for. They suspected a by-pass, but were unable to locate it. There was nothing wrong at the meter; naturally people who steal service in that way do not put the dishonest connection in plain sight and label it "This is a by-pass." The suspected stealing was being done by a property owner who had quite a large basement fitted up with his own service equipment. So far as the meter readers could see, in going in and out, without attracting attention, there was nothing wrong with the wiring.

But the wires ran off through a subcellar. That cellar was so carefully guarded that they could never get into it. They couldn't get in as honest meter readers, so they tried to get in as fire inspectors, building inspectors, board-of-health inspectors—regular Sherlock Holmes stuff. This didn't work either. Once or twice they gained entrance for a moment or two, but the by-pass, if there was one, had been so cleverly contrived that it could be found only by a detailed search.

Finally they worked out a successful scheme. A bottle was filled with gas drippings and dropped into the cellar. It broke, and immediately a strong smell of gas began seeping up through the building. Tenants complained, and a couple of "gas men" who happened, providentially, to be in that neighborhood, undertook to locate and stop the leak.

Of course they were electrical-utility men, two of the shrewdest heads working for the company, who were keen to locate an entirely different kind of leak. They found that the by-pass was rigged up so it disappeared at the turn of a hand. That property owner likewise paid heavy back dues.

This kind of stealing is facilitated by the inaccessible places where meters are put. In many cases the cellar is used, and in the winter the meter will be all but buried in

coal. I know at least one gas meter that can be read only at low tide, because it is in a cellar that is flooded at high tide, being near the East River. Water doesn't hurt a gas meter, because it has to be gas-tight, and therefore is water-tight. This is an exceptional case, but you'd be astonished to see how meters go on working faithfully and accurately for years in all sorts of unhealthy locations. Rats scuttle around as the meter reader flashes his light, and occasionally show fight. Dogs are a real menace; it seems as though a dog that never bites anybody else will go for a meter reader instantly. We have had cases in which a hostile dog gave warning of the meter reader's approach and held him long enough for a dishonest customer to conceal a by-pass.

With electricity there are certain dishonest ways of tampering with the meter so it runs slow. A gas meter is a bellows. A big gas company will use ten to twenty-five thousand sheepskins a year in making and repairing meters. The wattmeter that measures electricity is a tiny motor, running in jeweled bearings. I don't know why the Creator should have endowed so many crooked minds with mechanical ingenuity, but it is a fact that such minds have studied the intricacies of the wattmeter, and found methods of applying a brake to the motor, making it register less current than is actually passing through.

"Is it wise for us to tell people in an article how to steal service?" was a question raised while we were preparing this story.

"You don't have to tell them!" said my boss. "They find some way to beat every new safety device we install."

What a pity such ability cannot be directed to honest invention! However, you must remember that only a very small proportion of the company's customers resort to these dishonest methods, and the number is constantly growing smaller. Maybe people are getting more honest—or perhaps they are more afraid.

There is the hatpin trick, which consists of boring a small hole in the wattmeter and inserting a wire that slows down the motor. Another way of doing the same thing is to weight the disk of the motor with a lump of sealing wax or chewing gum. Still another is to bore a hole in the meter and introduce a few cockroaches, to breed and clog the works. Fortunately that kind of inventive genius is commonest among customers who use only a few dollars' worth of current a month, and principally foreigners. The profit isn't big enough to make such stealing worth while to big consumers.

The Honest Chinaman

In some difficult cases where electricity is being stolen, it is necessary to use what we call the flash. For example, a dishonest customer may have his own electrical plant, and also be wired for company service. Furthermore, he has a by-pass from company mains, and while using our service maintains that he is generating his own current.

There's a combination for you! The flash shows it up though. Some evening when his place is brightly lit, the company's current is dimmed for a moment—just a flicker. If he is really using his own current his lights are not affected, but if he is using stolen current his lights go down with the rest.

Oh, well, but we find many a customer who is a gentleman and a scholar. The honest folks outnumber the crooks by more than ninety-nine to one.

One of our collectors covering Chinatown found himself several dollars short one night when he turned in his cash and had to make good out of his own pocket.

Next month, when he was going through Chinatown again, the Chinese proprietor of a restaurant said, "Las' month you sholt money?"

"Yes—over six dollars," replied the collector.

The Chinaman handed him a ten-dollar bill, saying, "You make change, but did not pick up my money."

The pettiest form of larceny is the stealing of gas from the quarter-in-slot meters with bad coins or metal disks. These prepayment meters, as we call them, are usually installed where the customer uses so little gas and has so little credit standing that the purchase of a quarter's worth at a time is the best way to do business. Many of these customers use bad quarters or metal disks regularly, and honestly. When the gas begins to dim there may not be a twenty-five-cent piece in the house. So a few bad quarters are kept for the purpose, and used, and redeemed with good money when the collector comes around and takes them out. If the customer is dishonest he—or she—will leave all the bad coins in the meter when moving. I believe it is as much spite as dishonesty. There is so much cheap radicalism being preached around that a good many people seem to think that they are hurrying up the revolution of the proletariat by sticking the gas company for seventy-five cents!

An Expensive Foot Warmer

The meter reader, reporting to his district office each morning, is given a route to cover that day. Some routes have as many as five or six hundred meters, while others run as low as one hundred and fifty or two hundred, depending upon the neighborhood and the amount of walking necessary. One route may be the single side of a street for three or four blocks, with dozens of tenements, while another will be several miles through some residential section of the city with only three or four houses to the block. Each route is regarded as a day's work, and if one indexer does not cover it as thoroughly as his predecessors, the company wants to know why. A good many back calls are made to get entrance to meters where people were not at home the first trip, and in every route there are a few meters that must wait over until next month because customers are out of town. Generally the same indexer covers the same route each month, because acquaintance enables him to work faster; he knows the location of every meter, and learns where neighbors will admit him to premises when customers are out. On the other hand, as a check upon the indexer himself, to prevent collusion with customers—oh, yes, occasionally the indexer himself may be an accomplice in stealing service—he is sometimes switched from old routes to new ones. And there have been cases where customers complained when the old indexer was taken off, because he was so nice!

But a good many customers view the indexer with suspicion because he does his work so quickly. One glance at a meter is sufficient to read the dials. They look complicated to the customer, but we read them as quickly as you read the time on the dial of your watch. Customers complain to the company that the indexer stayed hardly a minute and did not get right up to the meter, and therefore must have guessed at it. Sometimes they take up the argument with the reader himself; just the other day a suspicious lady made me climb on a stove and stick my nose right up to the meter before she was satisfied.

However, the indexer is human, and makes a certain number of errors. It is not uncommon for him to read ten thousand when the dials really show only one thousand, and that causes a 900 per cent jump in the customer's bill and brings him or her down to the company's office boiling with indignation—if it gets through.

"Why, I never heard of such a thing. My bill has never been more than three dollars, and I've been in the same house fifteen years, and I think it's an outrage and a swindle ——"

But the billing department generally notices this startling increase first, and considers it outrageous, too, and sends the indexer back to read the meter again before the bill is rendered. In fact, the billing department takes almost a fatherly interest in the customer's monthly bill. If it suddenly jumps above a reasonable average the indexer may be at fault, and inquiry will forestall a complaint. And if it suddenly falls below the reasonable average the customer may be stealing service, and an investigation is started.

Sometimes a sudden and apparently unreasonable jump in the customer's bill calls for real detective work. Not long ago an indignant householder complained of a heavy increase in his bill for electricity. The meter was tested, and found correct. Although he made the complaint in winter, when more current is used, we couldn't find any variation in the family's habits to account for extra consumption of current—no late parties or anything of that kind. In the end, we discovered that a servant girl, sleeping in a chilly attic room, had been taking the electric iron to bed with her every night to keep her feet warm! It was suggested that her employer buy a hot-water bottle, as cheaper and safer.

In another case a newspaper editor working nights complained of a twenty-dollar gas bill, several hundred per cent increase over normal. The indexer sent to investigate got to the apartment around breakfast time, and was admitted by a maid. Besides being interested in the meter his attention was attracted by numerous glasses and ash trays scattered around the parlor, and that night he passed by, to find the apartment all lit up; and a little discreet inquiry showed that the editor's wife had been giving a good many gay parties lately—nothing naughty, but cards, cocktails, Welsh rarebits and other entertainment that burnt the gas at both ends.

In bygone years, when the customer questioned his bill his suspicion invariably fell upon the meter. Today it is common to hear the customer denounce the company, but declare his firm belief in the accuracy of the meter. In Greater New York one electric-utility company has something over 500,000 meters. Last year it tested 138,364 of them. But only 2210 were tested on complaint from customers. And only 195 in the whole 138,364 were found fast, while 83 were slow, working against the company. The rest were correct. Incidentally, the meter tends to grow slow as it gets older.

Testing Meters for Errors

The largest gas company in Greater New York has more than 1,100,000 meters out, and tests on complaint between 100 and 200 monthly, of which nearly half are found correct, and the rest about evenly divided between fast and slow. Before a gas or watt meter is installed in this city it is tested three times—first by the manufacturer, second by the gas or electric light company, and finally by the state utility commission, which puts its official seal upon it. So the customer nowadays seems to feel that he is being given a square deal by the meter. Furthermore, in this state, when a meter is tested on complaint, if found correct or slow, the customer pays for the test; this two-to-one proposition probably makes people cautious.

It's a funny thing, that few people realize—and one that favors the service thief—that the gas and electric light company brings its product to the customer's building line, puts in a meter to measure that product, and stops right there. The customer complains that the gas pressure is weak, and investigation shows that the piping is plugged with rust. The customer sends in a hurry call for a trouble shooter; his electric lights have gone out. Twenty lights have been piled onto one poor little circuit originally meant to supply three or four, and it has been burned out. In either case he is astonished, often indignant, when we tell him that his own equipment is to blame—not our service.

This has a distinct bearing on the meter reader's work, making it harder. For example, an apartment house is built for fifty families, each of them using gas and electricity. There are one hundred meters to be read twelve times a year. They could all be put in the basement, and read together

Continued on Page 50

HOW MUCH does Sprinkling Cost You?

The rate you pay for water is not all—consider the wear on your hose.

Cheap hose may cost you $5.00 or more a year. We have records of Goodrich hose that cost the user less than thirty cents a year.

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Buy hose 5/8" size (Inside Diameter)—just right for free flow of water and easy handling—fits any faucet.

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Watch This Column

HOOT GIBSON

The name of that manly young screen star, HOOT GIBSON, always suggests to me the irrepressible spirit of youth, the odor of sage, the thunder of hoofs and courageous men. In both his new pictures, ***"The Saddle Hawk"*** and ***"Let 'Er Buck,"*** HOOT has ample chance to show his skill on the hurricane deck of a bronc and his rollicking, infectious humor. They are splendid, clean stories, acted in picturesque surroundings.

"Let 'Er Buck" was enacted at the Pendleton (Ore.) Round-up, that great Western classic which draws thousands of people. It shows many of the world's championship contests in roping, bull-dogging, broncho busting, Indians and cowboys in fast riding feats of skill and strength. Marion Nixon and Josie Sedgwick, fast-riding beauties, are in both casts.

See these sparkling Universal plays now being shown: HOUSE PETERS in ***"Raffles,"*** E. W. Hornung's celebrated detective story; ***"The Man in Blue,"*** a policeman's love-story, starring HERBERT RAWLINSON and MADGE BELLAMY, REGINALD DENNY in ***"I'll Show You the Town"*** from Elmer Davis' popular novel of the same name; VIRGINIA VALLI in ***"Up the Ladder,"*** from Owen Davis' fine play. Look for all of these. And write me your opinion of them.

"The Phantom of the Opera" has the spot-light in the screen world. It is a greater success than I dared hope for. Its magnificence and mystery are beyond description. LON CHANEY'S acting of "The Phantom" is a revelation even for that versatile man.

Winners of the slogan contest for ***"The Phantom of the Opera,"*** which we promised to announce today, are First prize, $250—J. W. Stork, 722 Battery St., San Francisco, whose slogan is, "Get the spirit—see The Phantom." Second prize $100—S. MacLevy, 331 S. Main St., Henderson, Ky., whose slogan is, "A mystery thriller to thrill millions." Third prize $50—Charles M. Smith, 128 Spruce St., Modesto, Cal., Millions agree it's the play you should see."

The ten winners of the $10 prizes are: A. P. Sitton, Tularosa, N. M.; J. H. Talbert, Norwich, Kan.; Robt. G. Griffin, New York City; H. E. Babcock, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Neva B. Vinson, Tallahassee, Fla.; C. I. Winograd, Los Angeles, Cal.; S. Metz, New York City; Mrs. Jee Gilbert, Austin, Tex.; Harold J. Danger, Rochester, N. Y.; Kenneth D. Stern, Avondale, Cincinnati, O. Also checks have been mailed to the winners.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send for the beautifully illustrated "White List" booklet, which comes without cost to you.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 48)

To save money in piping and wiring, however, they are put in each individual apartment, and two indexers have to visit fifty separate apartments each month and invariably make several back calls.

Now when the folks try to get an easy meter-reading job for Jim or Gus, they may be right in thinking that it isn't a job to put a strain upon the intellect.

I'll admit that taking off the dial figures and writing them in a book is simple. Only, that isn't all there is in this job, by a long shot!

The indexer goes into all sorts of places. He learns intimate things about those places—which are none of his business. He has excellent opportunities to be dishonest himself—and must be trustworthy. In a certain range he must be able to answer questions about gas or electricity and do little technical chores. Therefore the company gives him quite a stiff preliminary training.

When I first went into gas work, several years ago, they started me in the repair department, overhauling meters, where I got a thorough knowledge of the inside and outside of the thing I was to trail a town. Then they set me installing meters, and, after several months of repairing and installing gas stoves and appliances. Then followed a spell of we call no-gas work, which means job investigating complaints. On top of came a period of locating and repairin leaks, after which I was made a sure-en indexer. But it is the fellows who o. the highest standing in this prelimi work who are made indexers, and not e candidate succeeds in graduating from exacting school.

MASCOT

(Continued from Page 42)

So I went down to this Jerry fellow's place and waited an hour or so, and then I gave it up for a bad job and went home again, and I expected to find those two mushies still sitting on that cold cement, but they had moved up to the top step.

"Does your head feel better now?" I heard Kate say.

"A little better," Guffy said. "Rub it again."

So I walked around the house to the back door and went on in and up to bed.

"And I've got to listen to that sort of stuff for six months or a year," I said to myself as I stuck my gum on the bedpost and got into bed. It was bad enough to lose a chum the first week he got back from the West, but to have to live in a house where that love stuff was being billed and cooed back and forth was a little too much. I lay awake awhile thinking it over. I saw that Guffy was as good as gone, and the only thing I saw for me to do was to hustle and help him get a job as soon as I could, so he could get married and get it over with and take his lovey-dovey stuff out of the house.

I spoke to the boss down at the garage where I work and he said he did need a man right then. The boss had got a notion that there might be money in running the ten-ton truck he took from Tom Casey for that unpaid gas and oil and repair and tire bill, and he said he would put Guffy on the truck. I didn't have to hunt Guffy up—he came in about 9:30 A.M. to tell me what a wonder girl Kate was, and I shifted him over to the boss before he was able to tell me more than ten times that Kate was the mascot of his life.

"Didn't I tell you?" he said when I told him the boss had a job for him. "I might have pounded the pavement in this man's town for a month and not have found a job, and here I meet Kate last night and there is a job waiting for me this morning. Bill, that girl is going to bring me all the luck in the world."

"I hope so," I said. "You can see the boss right now; don't let me keep you."

He went into the office and ten minutes later he was on the big truck and driving out of the garage to get a load of crushed bluestone at Herty's yard. Two minutes later, as he was driving up Main Street, he saw Kate on the sidewalk and gave her a wave of the hand, and the big ten-tonner did a skid and ran across the street, knocked down an electric-light pole and broke a gas-light post off at the base. Guffy did three turns in the air and landed with his face against the stub of the gaslight post. They had to get the pulmotor from the gas works to pump the gas out of him, and my boss was standing over him, waiting to fire him, when he opened his eyes. He opened them and looked up and saw Kate.

"My mascot!" he said. He was mighty weak, but he put a lot of feeling into it for a man as weak as he was.

"And I don't want you to put foot in my place ever again," my boss was saying to him at the same time; and the pulmotor man was saying, "You ought to go to the hospital until you're all right again."

"He'll not go to a hospital," Kate said. "Not while I have a home! Come, Mr. Guffy."

Guffy got to his feet. He staggered a little at first, but Kate got him by the arm and led him toward the other side of the street, and they were about in the middle of the street when the runabout came around the corner and got him. Luckily it was a light car and going slow, but it tossed him ten or twelve feet before it ran over his legs, only one of which was broken and, as the doc from the hospital said, as nice and clean a simple fracture as any man could want to see.

He was out of the hospital in two weeks and I will say he looked fine. He came around to the garage and I went outside to talk with him, the boss having given strict orders about Guffy.

"Kate home?" Guffy asked me.

"Not if there's anywhere to go," I said, "but she might be if all the picture houses are closed. You ain't going up there, are you?"

"Well, I thought I might," he said. "I feel as if I ought to thank her, Bill."

"Thank her? What for?" I asked him.

"Saving my life," he said. "Twice, if it comes to that. I told you she was my mascot, Bill, didn't I? Well, look how she happened to be right there when I let that truck get loose from me and ran it into that pole and all. I might have been killed, Bill. I was right in line to be killed, Bill, hitting a post like that and getting all filled full of gas, but Kate showed up just in time. Just in time to save my life, Bill. And look at that light runabout, 1918 model, that jammed into me when I was crossing the street. It might have been a ten-ton truck, Bill. It would have been if Kate hadn't had me by the arm. Look where I would be now if that had been a ten-ton truck hitting me and then running over me."

"Yes; or a steam roller; or a railroad train," I said.

"Well, not a railroad train. Not on Main Street," Guffy said. "But it might just as well have been a steam roller, like you say. Only it wasn't. It never would be, not with Kate around. I can feel that, Bill. In my bones. The luck is always going to be with me when Kate's standing by me. You think she's up at the house?"

"Well," I said, "the picture houses don't open in the forenoon and about now is when she does her facial wash, or whatever you call it, and maybe she might be at home. Only, Bill, if a storm comes up try to get out of the house. I don't want her to save you from being struck by lightning and have the house burned down. I've got a good pair of Sunday pants up in my room I don't want to lose."

"Always the bright little kidder, ain't you?" Bill said, and went his way.

When I went home to lunch it was set in the kitchen as usual, but Kate wasn't there.

"What's the matter?" I said. "Didn't Guffy come up here? How come he didn't stay to the eats?"

"The chandelier fell on him," ma said.

"What chandelier?" I asked her.

"The parlor one; what other one have we got?" ma said.

"What was he doing?" I asked. "Was he chinning himself on it or hanging by his knees?"

"He wasn't doing anything on it," ma said. "He was standing under it, looking at the snapshot album and waiting Kate to come down, and when she cam the room it fell on him."

"What hospital did they take him t I asked her.

"The same one," ma said. "He wa injured much, but the ambulance man s they could sew up his scalp wound bet there. If he had been losing much bl they would have sewed it up here. It lucky Kate came down just when she c because he turned when she came to door. If he hadn't turned, the point on bottom of the chandelier would have pier his brain."

"Yes," I said, "Kate is his mascot."

"That's what he said," ma said.

Well, frankly, this love business is right in a way and I'm not a man to thr a monkey wrench into any sort of machi ery, and I'm not crazy to try to upset a happiness of my chum and my sister unle I see it is all for the best to do so, but I d say a few words to Guffy the second d after he got out of the chandelier affair easy. I went up to the hospital to say the too. It seems they took the stitches in h skull cover and bandaged him up so that h looked like a Turk or something and the turned him out on the street, and he wen to the first telephone he could find an called Kate up to thank her for saving h life again.

I guess he said some merry words abou the bandages on his head and how the made him look, and Kate said he woul look like a million dollars to her no matte how he was bandaged—or something lik that. Anyway he said he was glad she fe that way because he had been planning before the chandelier fell on him, to ask he to go to a show in the city, and now he sti had the nerve to ask her if she did feel tha way. So Kate said she certainly would b pleased to accept the kind invitation.

The next evening they got on the 7:1 train at Upper Westcote station and th train started, and three seconds later th train jumped the track and jammed into freight on the siding, the first wreck on ou line in fifteen years. It was as neat a sid swipe as you ever saw, and only one pa senger was hurt—the end of a two-by-fou on a flat car came through a window an jabbed Guffy in the shoulder, just breakin his shoulder blade neatly, and then th whole damage was done and over with. S they took Guffy back to the hospital, and suppose when he came out of ether he wa weeping because he couldn't be holdin Kate's hand and telling her how lucky it wa she was with him and had saved his li again.

So the next morning I went up to th hospital and had a serious talk with Guff

"I don't want to butt into your affair Guffy," I said, "but I feel it is only fair t Kate to do so on this occasion." I went a him that way because I knew that was th only way to start if I wanted him to liste to reason. "I want to ask you if you thin us this is fair to Kate," I said. "Are yo playing fair with the girl? Are you actin as a real man should?"

"I hope so, Bill," he said, turning whit "The only thing in the world I care a har for is her happiness. What do you mean?

(Continued on Page 52)

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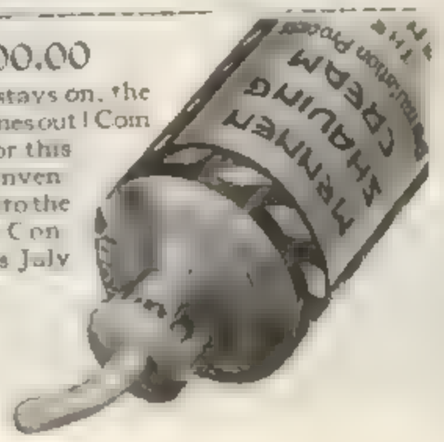

(Continued from Page 50)

"Well, Guffy," I said, "I'm Kate's brother and she hasn't any father and I sort of feel my duty to her is to speak out on this subject. I don't think you're giving this business the thought you ought to give it. The way you are acting you are going to ruin that girl's life."

"I'd die first," he said.

"Well, ruin it is what you're going to do," I said. "What sort of husband do you think a man would make when he is in the hospital all the time?"

"Well, not so good," Guffy admitted.

"I'll say so!" I said. "A girl who is married to a hospital hound like that would have no life at all. She wouldn't have her husband at home where he ought to be, and she'd have to work and slave to pay his hospital bills, and she'd have a miserable life—bawling her eyes out and going without the movies and everything! What I mean to say, Guffy, is that you've got Kate all wrong. You say she's your mascot, but you can see for yourself she's your jinx. She's your hoodoo. Every time you've gone near her you've got one kind of a wallop or another. Has it failed yet?"

"I've had a streak of bad luck, if that's what you mean," Guffy said, "and I've had some accidents."

"Yes," I said, "and how many did you ever have before you met Kate?"

"These things run in sets," Guffy said. "They start in on a man and they keep coming for a while, and then they stop. Unless a man has a mascot. Then they ain't ever as bad as they might be. If that two-by-four had hit me in the face, or a little lower down, where my heart is ——"

"Guffy," I said, "I don't want to pester you about this, but you've got the wrong slant entirely. I tell you here and now that for you—whatever she might be for another man—Kate is a jinx. She's a born jinx for you. I knew it in the beginning. You're not cut out for each other. You're not made to be married, you and Kate. There's nothing in either of you that, joined together, would make happiness. I know you both, Guffy, and I know what I'm talking about. I've known you since you and I were babes, and I've known Kate since she was born, and you're the last man I would have picked for her, and she's the last girl I would have picked for you. Just now you're neither of you sane—you're love crazy and you can't see straight. Folks get that way. But they ought to listen, then, to folks that know the facts."

"Meaning you," Guffy said in a way I did not like.

"Yes," I said, sticking out my chin at him, "meaning me!"

"Bill," he said, "I'd hate to quarrel with you, but if you come between me and Kate, you can go to the devil."

"All right, if that's the way you take me, I'll go to the devil," I said, "and as for me I'm through with you. I want no more to do with any man as blind as you are. And when it comes to going to the devil, you go to the devil yourself!"

With that I went out of his room and if it hadn't been a hospital I would have slammed the door, and I thought—as I left the room—"Here's another nice thing his precious mascot has done, lost him the best friend he ever had or ever will have!"

But I thought no more along that line because just outside the door I came face to face with Kate. She had a big bunch of flowers and a bag I could see had oranges in it, and she said, "Oh, I'm so late! I've only three minutes to spend with him before visiting hours are over!"

She went into Guffy's room, and immediately I heard her scream and a big racket in the room. I turned and rushed in, of course.

Nothing had happened except that a big section of the plaster ceiling had fallen on Guffy, knocking him cold again. I caught a nurse in the corridor and she grabbed an interne somewhere and they worked over Guffy and brought him back to life, but he was mighty near the edges of things, and they put Kate out into the corridor.

On the way home I talked to her in straight plain language. I told her just what she was doing to Guffy, and I showed her case by case how she was hoodooing him every time they met.

"Have sense," I begged her. "Think it over. Every time you've met him he has got his, hasn't he? And you know it, now I've told you. I dare you to go back there and walk in on him. Something will happen as sure as fate—the hospital will fall down or a bottle of vinegar will explode and kill him or a safety pin will leap out of his bandage and stab him to death as sure as you are alive!"

"Accidents will ——" she began.

"Say, listen!" I said. "I've known that lad all my life, and accidents never happened to him before. He's been the luckiest guy on earth. And now look what you're doing to him. You're his jinx. Leave him alone, Kate, for cat's sake! Keep away from him. Send him off. You know you're not built to be Guffy's wife. If you stop and think it over you'll know there's no man in the world less suited for you. You'll fight like cats and dogs as soon as you're married."

She walked along beside me for a whole block, thinking it over.

"I don't see that it's any of your business, anyway, Bill," she said then. "Who I marry is my own affair."

I saw it was no use. You can't pound sense into a girl's head when she is in love.

"All right, then," I said; "I wash my hands of it. If you want to ruin him and break all his bones and kill him, have it your own way. But don't ask me to come to your wedding; the church steeple will fall on the lot of you. You can do as you like and I can't stop you, but I did think you had some sense."

So I waited to see what would happen next. If I had been in Guffy's place I would have skipped the town the minute I got out of that hospital. I would have put a thousand miles between myself and Kate the soonest I could, and I would have steered clear of her all my life.

But the very day Guffy got out of the hospital he came down to the garage and hunted me up.

"Well, Bill," he said, "here I am again. They can't keep a good man dead. Kate up at the house?"

"You keep away from Kate," I said.

"I couldn't do that, Bill," Guffy said. "If they chained me to the post office I'd go right ahead up to see Kate and I'd drag the post office along with me, unless the chain broke."

"You keep away from Kate," I said.

"Now, Bill, be reasonable!" Guffy said. "There's nothing in this fool idea you've got. You just let a few little accidents get your goat. Now I feel in my bones ——"

"Yeh! You feel in your bones she's your mascot," I said. "And I tell you to keep away from my sister. And keep away from me. And you keep away from that house. I own that house and I tell you here and now to keep out of it and away from it, and away from me. I don't want to have anything more to do with you, and if you set foot in my house again I'll have the law on you."

"Oh, if you feel that way about it ——" he said.

And he went away. When I got home I asked ma if Guffy had been to the house and she said he had not.

"I didn't know he was out of the hospital," ma said.

"Well, I've ordered him to stay away from here," I said. "Let him go his way and we'll go ours. The world is big enough for all of us if he keeps far enough away. If he don't it ain't. I'm not going to have him meeting Kate."

"You're the head of the family, Bill," ma said, "but I sort of liked Mr. Guffy."

"I'm not as big as he is," I said, "but when we were kids I licked him as often as he licked me, and I'm not afraid to try it again if he comes hanging around Kate, and you can tell him so. And you can tell her so too."

"You grow more like your father every day," ma said.

"And, at that," I said, "my father had enough sense in him to know the difference between a jinx and a mascot."

The next I heard of Guffy he had got him a job over at the Red Star Garage, and I went over and told him straight out that he was through with Kate.

"And furthermore," I said, "you may think I'm a black-browed runt and not such a much because I choose to chew gum instead of sopping up this prewar stuff that Jerry mixes in his own cellar, but I've licked you before and I can lick you again, and if you come fooling around Kate you'll get yours. You'll get it good and plenty too. My father was a little man, but in his day he could walk from one end of town to the other with a chip on his shoulder and there was not a man in town dared knock it off. That's all I've got to say to you, Guffy. If Kate's a fool I'm not, and I'm not going to have her marry a man so besotted he thinks a jinx is a mascot. I've seen a plenty of these marriages where the minute a man is married the hard fortune piles onto him twenty story thick, and it's nothing but sickness and trouble, and some poor man like me has to support the whole family for him."

Guffy said nothing. He tapped idly on a tire with a wrench and looked at the floor.

"I'm speaking for your own good," I said, "and for Kate's good and for the good of all of us."

"I think she's a mascot to me," he said.

"There you go again!" I said.

"I'll always think so," he said.

"Then think and be cursed to you!" I said. "But keep away from her! This is fair warning."

I went back to the garage. A machinist in a garage has plenty of time to think and I thought a lot about Guffy, but I knew I had done the right thing. It was not as if Guffy was the only man in the world; there had always been plenty of men about Kate and there would be plenty again, and Guffy would be none the worse for having no ceilings fall on him, as I well knew.

You only need a firm hand in these affairs. I've figured the thing out for myself pretty carefully, and at the time of life where Kate and Guffy were the person is not so important as the thing itself. Love is what folks of that age fall in love with, and if one goes another comes. All the young men are princes if they come prancing, and all the young girls are queens if they come smiling. The love-until-death business that is eternal one evening will end the next in a tiff over nothing, and the one-and-only of evening before last is forgotten for the one-and-only of the present evening, and no harm done. It was hardly a day before Kate was gadding around with this Mary Dorgan chum of hers, rushing off to the pictures, stopping the night with each other and everything the same as before Guffy showed up, back from the West. And I could not see that Guffy was weeping his eyes out either. The Red Star Garage is a good garage and a busy place, and a good man has a chance there to show how good he is. I kept a keen eye on Guffy. No more ceilings fell on him after I told him to keep away from Kate.

As a matter of fact the boss came to me one day and asked me what I had done to O'Leary's five-ton truck the last time it was in the garage for repairs.

"I did what a man could," I told him. "That truck should have been junked three years ago."

"You ought to know," he said, "for you've been doing the repair work on it all the while, but O'Leary don't know it, and that man Guffy over at the Red Star don't know it, it seems, for O'Leary took it there, and Guffy has made it like new. The whole twenty of the O'Leary fleet has gone there now, and that's one customer lost because you know about as much about a machinist's business as a cat knows about radio."

"We've got all we can handle anyway boss," I said.

(Continued on Page 54)

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(Continued from Page 52)

"All the work, but not all the money," he said. "Have you ever heard of Wintermute Oil?"

"What is it?" I asked him. "A new heavy gravity?"

"It's a new gold mine," the boss said. "Do you remember that little red car that we put the balloon rims on? Man named Ransom? He's been selling O'Leary some stock in this Wintermute Oil Well Company, out in Texas or somewhere, but he shifted his car to the Red Star when O'Leary went there. All he did, Bill, was sell Harrity, of the Red Star, a bunch of oil stock as big as a house at a dollar a share."

"There's a new sucker born every minute," I said.

"Only," the boss said, "this time the oil stuff went up to seventeen dollars a share in one week after Harrity bought it. He put four thousand dollars in it, and four times six is twenty-four, carry the two; four times one is four, and two is six. Harrity has made sixty-four thousand dollars because you don't know a scored cylinder from a cord tire, that's all! And, if it gives you any joy, that man Guffy put four hundred dollars in the stuff himself and has made above six thousand."

"It'll not last him long," I said. "I know Guffy of old."

"Well," said the boss, "the Red Star Garage may bust, but it's not a habit it has. If it does bust, Guffy's money will be gone, for he bought an eighth interest with his six thousand dollars."

I said nothing to that.

"Harrity is going to Florida," the boss said, "and Guffy is to be manager of the garage. They tell me he's to pull down five thousand a year for that, and the garage paid thirty per cent last year."

I could figure that for myself; it would be eighteen hundred. That would mean Guffy was good for sixty-eight hundred dollars a year.

"If you knew a cotter pin from a wheel spoke I might be the man that's going to Florida," the boss said.

I said nothing to that either.

"What we need around this place," the boss said, "is a mascot"; and he went back to the office.

For a few minutes I was pretty sore. It is all right to say that a man don't dislike another man's getting ahead in the world, but when two start even, as may be, there are thoughts when one has a big wad of luck and the other hasn't.

"And but for me," I said to myself, "that man Guffy would by now be torn to shreds by a flywheel or shot to the moon in fragments by a can of gas. And that's the way it goes! One tells a man to beware a hole in the road, and he steps on the gas and shoots by you and wins out by ten miles' margin."

I wasn't so happy.

"The next thing," I said, "Guffy will be one of these self-made millionaires, and sore at me all his life because I threatened to beat him up. Oh, well!"

I turned back to the job I had in hand, which was a sweet black one mussing with cracked gear case, and the wrench had just slipped, skinning my knuckles, when I heard someone say my name. I looked up and it was Guffy.

"Hello, Bill!" he said.

"All right—hello!" I said.

"How'd you like a real job?" he asked me.

"Over at the Red Star, I mean. I'm going to be boss over there and I'd like you there with me."

"Yeh!" I said. "I heard all about it. Some luck, I'll say."

"I'll say it was luck—pig-headed luck," Guffy said. "You know that talk we had about mascots and jinxes, don't you, Bill?"

"Yeh!" I said.

"You know what you said about not getting a jinx instead of a mascot, don't you, Bill?"

"Yeh!" I said.

"Well, you were right, Bill," he said. "What a man wants in this life is a mascot. And I got one, Bill."

"Yeh?" I said.

"I sure did!" Guffy said. "You know that day you came over to the Red Star and bawled me out?

"Kate and I went out and got married that night, Bill."

"Yeh?" I said.

"I told you she was my mascot," he said.

My knuckles were bleeding pretty free, so I squirted some gas on them—it's a good thing to stop any poison. Then I put the can on the floor and felt in my pocket for a piece of gum.

"All right," I said, "have it your own way. If she is she is, and if she ain't she ain't. It's nothing in my young life. But how do you account for all those accidents, hey?"

"Luck!" he said. "Bull-headed good luck, Bill. If I hadn't had Kate I wouldn't have got slammed into the hospital and I'd be working where you are. I told you she was my mascot."

"Yeh, you told me," I said. "Let it go at that. What'll you pay me over there at the Red Star, if I go over to you?"

I wasn't going to give him any satisfaction; you can't talk sense to a man like Guffy when he's in love and all. No use trying.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

(Continued from Page 40)

We quieted the crusty old codger's fears for his stair rails, and he finally brought out the leases, but he got that month's security. He was a bigoted individualist; he had that distrust of cooperative effort that one encounters so frequently in men who have made money under the obsolete and wasteful competitive system.

Neither the Stroubs nor we had any furniture. They, like us, were newly married, and had been boarding while looking about for a little home; we had been domiciled in a two-room furnished apartment in Greenwich Village. We had everything to buy for the new house, but it was just fun to do it. We bought the dining-room and living-room sets, getting them on the deferred-payments plan, and the Stroubs furnished the bedrooms and the kitchen. There were odds and ends that we proposed to buy jointly at a later time—"So as to have something to fight about," was our merry way of putting it.

When the time came to leave the dear old Village, it was a wrench. Our apartment in that quaint little remodeled stable in Jefferson Mews had been our first home after Eunice had put her hands into mine; I had installed her there upon our return from our honeymoon in Bermuda. I should have dispensed with the honeymoon, let me say quickly, as a gesture of revolt against bourgeois conventions; but Eunice insisted on it, saying—an instance of the competitive urge wherewith capitalist society is impregnated—that a girl friend had gone to Bermuda on a honeymoon and that we must do likewise or forever after hold our peace. But how we did revel in our own little home when, having complied with the tribal custom of public parade, we were free to elude further surveillance! Eunice, new to life in the Village, could not marvel enough at the row of little windows high up in our living-room walls, and at the patina of commingled whitewash and cobwebs which incrusted the rugged beams overhead. The atmosphere of the old stable had been sedulously preserved. The landlord, our first visitor, mentioned this atmosphere in accents of apology and said he would see what could be done about it. We were so affable to him that he was shortly entirely at ease, and he confided to us then that the real object of his coming was to inform us that the rent for the following month would be seventy dollars instead of fifty, and he supposed it would be all right.

And now we were going away from the little apartment in Jefferson Mews; going away, too, from our circle in the Village. I should miss those gorgeous talks in Makrow's rooms, talks for which the nights were all too short, and wherein epic novels and gripping dramas were adumbrated so convincingly that nothing remained undone but the writing. We had not belonged to the gayer set; our friends had been men and women of genuine artistic aspiration. None the less, Eunice, her initial reverence for artists fading, had come to look upon them with a certain contempt. Eunice loves music far more than I, and she reads sentimental fiction with delight; but she is in no way creatively artistic.

"They talk a lot," she said, "but they never do anything. Norman, why don't you stay in tonight and write some of that novel you've been telling them about? It sounded like a lovely story."

"Don't bother me about that novel," I said. "I'm sick and tired of it. I'll dash it off sometime, I suppose."

"Dash some of it off tonight," she urged. "Go on, dear, and I'll go out to a movie."

"I tell you it doesn't appeal to me now," I said. "It doesn't interest me any more, and a man can't write a story he isn't interested in. Don't you know even that? Besides, I've got a slashing good idea for a comedy. I'm running over to Teplow's studio to talk it over with some people. There's a man over there tonight that wrote a play once, and had it produced, too, and he'll steer me right."

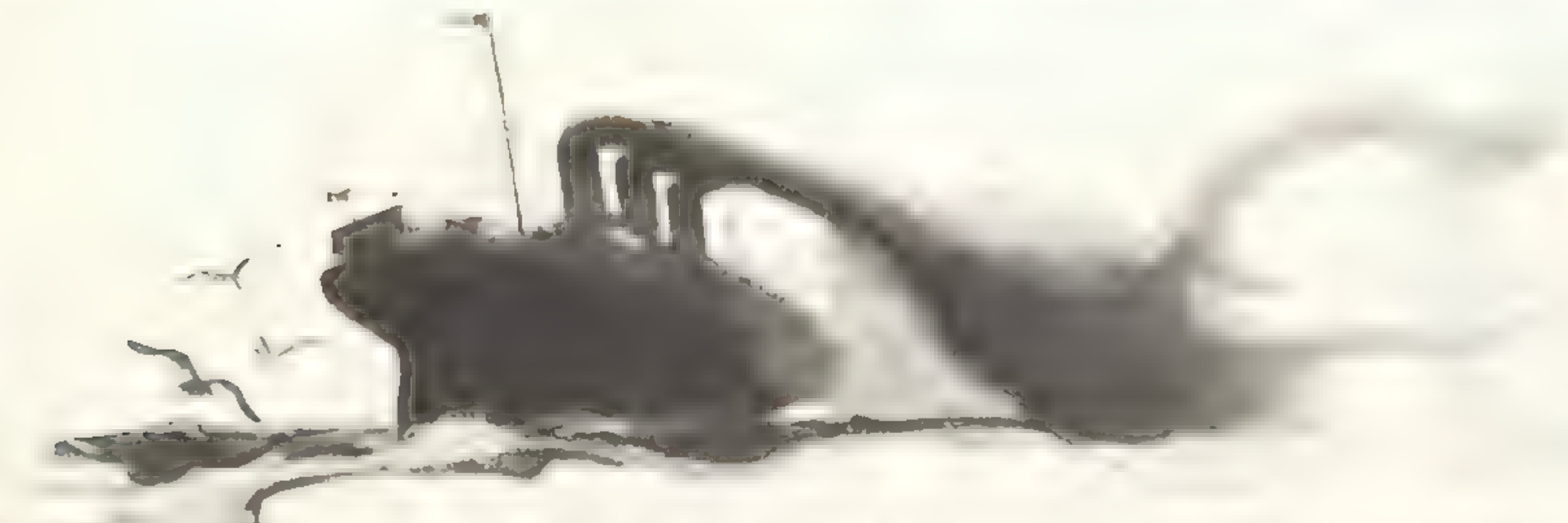
"You'll need somebody to steer you if you are going to stay long with those loafers over in Teplow's," she said. "You will drink gin and talk about your play very cleverly, and you will be coming home three abreast tomorrow morning. We have no home life, Norman. I was willing to live here if it would help you, but all you do is write a little piece for the paper about a book, and then you visit around and drink gin and talk about what you're going to do. Flirt, too, I shouldn't wonder, with some of those lady geniuses. We've been here eight months now, and I'm tired of it; I've told the landlord that we're giving the apartment up on the first of the month. We're going to live among real people."

"You can tell the landlord, madam," said I grimly, "that you've changed your mind and are going to stay. You can't come between me and my work, and don't think it. I have not the slightest intention of leaving the Village, and you can make the best of it."

I quelled her with a gesture and stalked out. I was sorry to be obliged to show the iron hand beneath the velvet glove, but she had forced me to do it. Women are born tyrants; unless husbands check them from time to time with a menacing show of masculine strength and resolution, there is no limit to the authority they come to wield.

But to resume. We and the Stroubs, whom we had encountered while house hunting, moved into the pretty bungalow at Eden Gardens. It was one of a row of twenty, identical in architecture, put up by the Eden Improvement Company—Schwartz & O'Toole—in the year following the Armistice, and promptly foreclosed on and taken over by Solomon Hewson. They had failed to sell. They were cheap enough, and were in that respect worthy examples of the saving to be had from cooperative effort, but their sameness had repelled possible buyers. I will confess with candor that I, too, had found the monotony of the architecture distasteful, but then my criterion was that of the artist, and art is necessarily individualistic; though, even as to that, one must not fail to observe that in

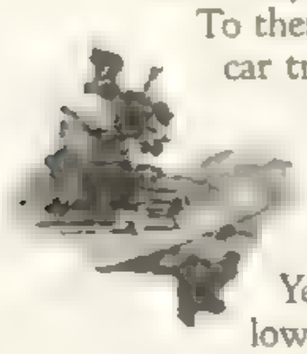
(Continued on Page 58)



The Freedom of the Seas— On Land

ROVERS of the land—these Paige-Jewett travelers. They answer the irresistible call of distance by going wherever they choose—and always getting back.

To them the common obstacles of motor car travel are unknown.



For the land is an open main for cars like these. They while away long miles with the freedom and certainty of an ocean liner.

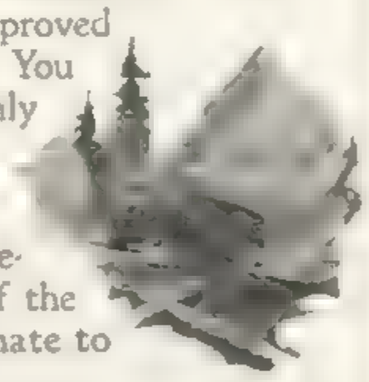
Years of such freedom of travel follow the purchase of a Paige or Jewett. And as each new trip takes you farther than you've ever driven before—satisfaction in the ownership of such a car becomes something you want to talk about—so others can enjoy it.

There's power beneath Paige-Jewett beauty that you've never even dreamed of. Power that carries you over a mountain pass or through the rough, winding road to camp—always in high—always with the same certainty.

And this marvelous Paige-Jewett power does not wear out in a season or two. It holds its vitality unimpaired through long years of constant use. Because it comes from big, powerful motors that pull these sturdy cars smoothly, steadily in the hardest kind of going.

You seldom think of shifting gears—and on those rare occasions when you do slide into second—it's a simple, effortless movement—thanks to the new Paige-Jewett clutch and transmission. Velvet smoothness at this vital point!

And you experience the very ultimate in comfort. Balloon tire ease is improved by new type spring construction. You ride roughest roads, conscious only of a slow, cradle-like motion.

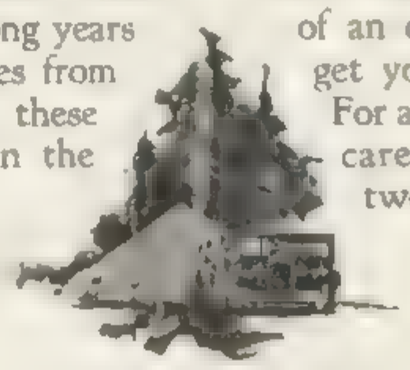


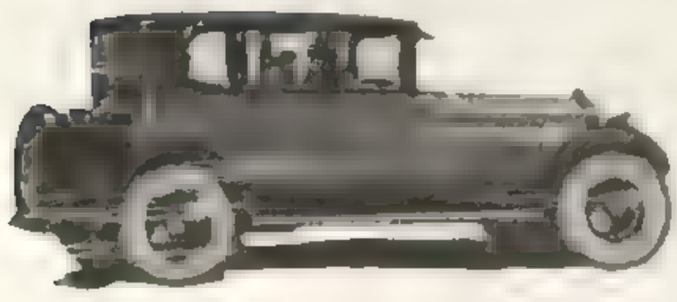
Think of an all-day drive that leaves you fresh to enjoy an evening's pleasure—a drive so full of the joy of living that you almost hate to stop.

Something new, you say? Decidedly! Unknown until Paige-Jewett engineers produced this superior type of motoring in the New Paige and the New Jewett.

And there's little need for service. Paige or Jewett need but the ordinary attention you would give any fine car—to keep it fine.

So this year—you can go where you've often dreamed of going—with the freedom of an ocean liner. Paige or Jewett will get you there in spite of hills or miles. For all of the qualities necessary to long, care-free travel are built into these two cars—and built in to stay. (550)





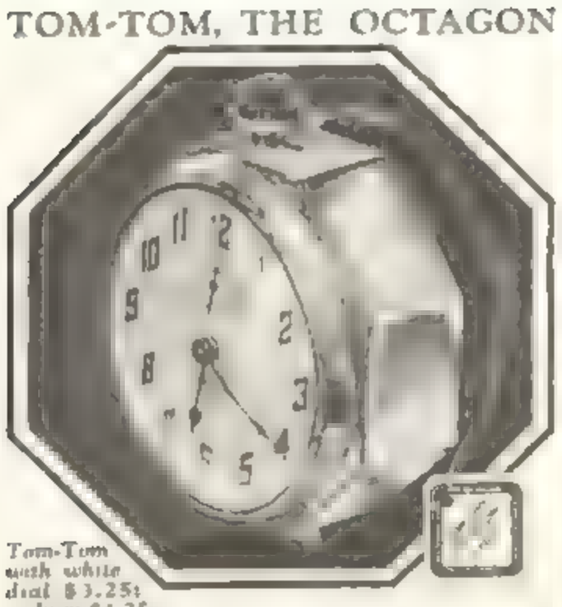
Paige Brougham
$2195
f. o. b. Detroit, tax extra

Jewett Coach
$1260
f. o. b. Detroit, tax extra

PAIGE 6 JEWETT

Built by the PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY · Detroit, Michigan

TOM-TOM, THE OCTAGON



Tom-Tom with white dial $3.25; radium $4.25.

"Snap out of it," says Tom-Tom, and out you come

YOU can't snuggle down for another forty winks with Tom-Tom prodding you. He'll keep on insisting—a dozen times if necessary—till you're out. Twelve clamors in ten minutes, at half-minute intervals . . . pleasing clamors like a best friend's cheery calls.

Tom-Tom's a mighty quiet ticker too—not the least intrusive, and ticking true for 40 hours after each winding. His time is always dependable. When he says it's time to get up, he's right. He has to be, for he's the daddy of a whole line of True Time Teller wonders.

Tom-Tom's a handsome fellow. His distinctive, thin, *octagon* case has a decorative value unusual in alarm clocks. And how the eight sides of that highly polished case play up lights and shadows! The bowed glass front lets you read time easily at almost any angle. Cubist numerals beneath it—special top-ring—Tom-Tom is the utmost in perfection.

See Tom-Tom at your dealer's. See Tidy-Tot, an exact replica of Tom-Tom, only smaller. Same octagon shape, repeating alarm, unnoticeable tick. See Tip-Top, the handsome new octagon watch.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.

Tip-Top, the octagon watch

White dial $1.75; radium $2.75

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centers of artistic endeavor, such as Greenwich Village, the drift is to coöperation.

Our first evening together was reassuringly jolly. The mattresses and bed linen hadn't arrived, and we had to eat delicatessen truck, so that a little mutual forbearance was needed; but it was supplied in plenty. I joked Harvey about forgetting the mattresses, and he came back at me with a quip about my failure to notify someone to hook up the kitchen range, and we were all as merry as grigs. Harvey sang us a song—he had a fine voice, or so I thought at the time—and I told them my Yiddish-dialect story about the insurance man, and that sewed them up with stitches of laughter. When we retired, it was long before we resigned ourselves to slumber on the bare springs; jokes were shouted to and fro. Harvey referred to the living room as No Man's Land because it divided our bedchambers from each other, and I crept out and threw Eunice's shoes at the Stroubs' door in mimic bombardment. There had been, if I remember aright, a bottle of Scotch opened during the evening, but that had nothing appreciable to do with the universal good feeling. The night had its element of discomfort, but we were still smiling in the morning, and we breakfasted on canned soup and soda crackers with gusto. I was sure we should get along very comfortably.

The Eden Gardens Coöperative Store has been the subject of recrimination. Some of my good neighbors, oblivious of the part taken by them in launching the enterprise, have stated with more or less ill will that I was the motivating spirit. I have rejoined, and do rejoin, that I supplied nothing but the brains and the expert knowledge, that the condition and the will to action were already *in esse*. They have said that I pretended to know everything, to which I must retort that it is the bounden duty of a literary editor to know everything; it is his province. Fortunately for them, I had been called on but recently to review a treatise on coöperative enterprise, necessitating a summation of the author's bulky book in a few witty lines, rebuking error and indorsing sound doctrine. Perhaps you saw the review in my column, In Other Words. It drew much favorable comment from a number of persons who had had theretofore not the remotest interest in coöperative enterprise or information leading to a belief.

It may well be that I suggested the terms "exploitation" and "coöperation" when my neighbors were striving ineptly to express their reluctance to pay sixty cents a dozen for cold-storage eggs and eighteen cents apiece for small heads of lettuce, and their determination to do something about it through the instrumentality of mass action; sensitivity to *nuances* in words was to be looked for in me, not to say discounted. The project, for that matter, was initiated at a meeting of the Eden Gardens Association in the hall on the second floor of the Hewson Block, and I was not even a member with a vote, but merely a bidden guest; and I do believe that its consideration was not part of the agenda of the conference. A Mrs. Ireton—a lady who was renowned locally, if not acclaimed, for her interest in village affairs—had risen to her feet and had said that she was tired of listening to gab, and that what she wished to hear was "What we are going to do about that Dago robber downstairs in the grocery store—mentioning no names."

A round-shouldered and shabbily dressed gentleman who was sitting beside me, and who had been dozing and tapping his mouth theretofore in token of boredom, sat up at once and registered interest. He followed, with evidently rising indignation, Mrs. Ireton's recital of the wrongs which the community had suffered at the Latin hands of the groceryman, the damning parallel which she drew between the prices charged by this local grocer and those which the New York Star and Advertiser published daily as fair. The mention of my own newspaper drew me into the debate, and I aided the speaker from time to time by interpolating remarks, which were well received. They intrigued especially this gentleman who sat by me. He scanned me closely, drawing back so that his view might be complete, and when Mrs. Ireton showed signs of fatigue he said to me, "You seem to know all about the grocery business, mister; you better get up and make a speech too."

"If that is the general wish," I said, rising to my feet with diffidence.

I won my audience with a few well-chosen words of introduction—having a ready and lucid flow of thought, I am equally at ease when standing on my feet and vice versa—and then proceeded substantially as follows:

"The legitimate office of the middleman, whether he be a greengrocer, an editor, a banker, or what not, is the bringing together of the producer and the consumer with a view to the benefit of each. I, for instance, produce literature. There is nothing, except an absurd convention and police regulation, to prevent my going out upon the street corner and telling my tales there to what congregation my uplifted voice may draw, following the fashion of the colorful Orient, and taking my full requital of praise and cash. If I employ an editor to gather an audience—and I may say that it was an editor who admitted to me, and even urged upon me, that the way of the Orient might be mine—it is that he may act as a conduit, transmitting my message ungarbled, accounting to me in full.

"In like manner, the whistling farmer, leafing over his cabbage and ejecting the predatory worm, might deposit upon your doorsill that identical cabbage and have of you ten cents, or, it may be, eight or nine. If now a convention, not to say a conspiracy, permits the greengrocer and his confederate, the produce merchant, to step into the path of that cabbage, arresting it, holding it till it wilts in the pitiless heat of the market place, is there warrant in good sense or good morals for them to charge you twenty-five cents or even thirty for that precise cabbage, and then giving a single nickel to the farmer who has cared for that cabbage night and day over a term of many months, and telling him to go and whistle? Is it a better cabbage? Is it another cabbage than the one you could have had directly of the farmer? No, my friends, it is not even the same cabbage, and you know it."

There was a rumble of applause, but the chairman frowned; he had evidently his share of that unwillingness to cope with stark economic theory that is characteristic of the American business man.

"Just a moment, just a moment," he grumbled. "What is all this anyway?"

"The gentleman is dead right!" cried Mrs. Ireton, her eyes gleaming with conviction.

"Let him talk!"

"I thank you," I said. "Let us consider the action to be taken by society against the middleman who betrays his trust, whose ideal is not service, but who bends his every energy to paying the least possible pittance to the producer and to extracting all that the traffic will bear from the consumer—against the middleman, in a word, who is in business to make money. It is for society to see that he does not make money. Why else have we governments and lawfully constituted authority? Are we going to permit some of our people to roll in wealth while others grovel in poverty? Friends, when a man is detected in the act of making money—that is to say, in the act of converting an undue share of the nation's wealth of his own private use—he should be treated like any other criminal. But enough of this.

"As to the specific problem in reference to which you have asked my advice; if this grocer is charging you too much, battening on your needs, you have the recourse of not dealing with him. Elude him, boycott him, rub him out! Coöperation is the new idea in industry and commerce, friends. You have the organization here; I advise you to institute a coöperative grocery, buying directly from the producer, doing away with middlemen, saving all profits. My friends, I thank you."

"Just a moment, mister," said the chairman, rapping on his table to still the noise. "You want us to go into the grocery business. Will you take charge of the store?"

"I regret to say," said I, "that I am in no position to do that; I have my own affairs to attend to. I dare say that you can get very reasonably a man conversant with the petty details of merchandising."

"I thought so," he said with a supercilious smile. "However, as this idea seems to find favor with many here present, I think it might be well to appoint a committee to consider and report. . . . Yes, Mr. Muzzi?"

The round-shouldered man who had been sitting beside me had the floor. I learned with surprise that he was the local grocer.

"After hearing what the gentleman got to say," he said in a hoarse voice, "it wouldn't be no use for me to tell you people that I ain't making a million down in that store. He knows better, and now you know better. Well, you always did know better. All I've been hearing from certain parties in Eden Gardens is about what a crook and a robber I am, and I got feelings just like anybody else. I would rather be friends with everybody, even if I don't get rich. So what I say is, if you want to go in the grocery business I am going to close up; and to show there ain't any hard feeling, I will manage your store on a salary and you can have all the profits and get rich. You can have the business; that is all I got to say."

"We couldn't ask for fairer than that," said the chairman. "Talk to the committee, Mr. Muzzi. I'll appoint our new friend, Mr. Allison, Mrs. Ireton and Miss Stack. And now let us get back to the proposed community house."

There now is an unvarnished account of the incident that led to the establishment of the Eden Gardens Coöperative Store, and if anyone can say that I acted in other than an advisory capacity, I am ready to bear the onus. I am answering, you understand, the criticism of those Eden Gardeners who conceive of commerce as an effort to make profits; as to the others, those who know that coöperative enterprise is not directed to producing dividends, I am content to rest on the record.

The handsome offer of Mr. Muzzi was recommended conditionally by the committee, and he was eventually engaged at one hundred and seventy-five dollars a month. This figure, his own, was based on the salaries paid managers of chain stores in neighboring communities. I was opposed to deciding by this rule of thumb a problem so intricate and endlessly ramifying as that of a just wage, but I was overruled. I had to contend at all times with my associates' unsophisticated reliance on current usages and trade customs; I wished to begin *ab initio*, in a true and radical spirit of scientific inquiry. They did not grasp the elementary fact that our current commercial system is the result of capitalist conspiracy, and that whatever is must necessarily be wrong. I do believe, and I have striven to be just, that all they cared about was to get cheaper groceries. I did, however, carry my point in the matter of giving up the store in the Hewson Block and opening the depot in the basement of Mr. Muzzi's own house. The trade was secured and would come to the new establishment, and there was no sense in spending eighty-five dollars a month in display and advertising. Muzzi lived on Berks Avenue, at the other end of town from us in Tavistock Road.

We raised five thousand dollars by issuing two hundred shares of stock of a par value of twenty-five dollars apiece. The two hundred residents of public spirit did not quite exhaust the membership of the association, and I suggested that economic pressure be brought to bear upon the recalcitrants by refusing them the privilege of

(Continued on Page 58)

DODGE BROTHERS
TYPE-B SEDAN

The Type-B Sedan is widely favored as a practical family car.

Smart in appearance, easy to drive and sensibly equipped, it appeals to the good judgment of substantial people everywhere.

What men like—and why

Did you ever cruise on a sporty thirty-foot yawl—or whip up a tumbling mountain brook with trout flashing in every pool?

Do you like the feel of a flannel shirt on a cool spring morning, tramping upland cow paths with a pipe and a dog?

If men really lived their own lives, there would be many vacant chairs at bridge tables, lonely flappers, more sporting goods stores and fewer tailors.

Under their shapely, modish lines and all-around elegance, there's a lot of this out-door, *he* quality in Packard shoes.

Patterns and shapes never verge toward the effeminate. There's a meatiness, a solidity about them which promises sturdy comfort to feet that have pounded stadium turf or crashed through the undergrowth of a Canadian forest.

Packard style is more than show-window polish. It's the style of fine, slow tanned leather, moulded by hands skilled at the work for a generation—style that stays under punishment.

The dealer who knows most about fine shoes is pretty sure to sell Packards. Try a pair. They'll be good chums.

$8 *to* $10
A few styles higher

Packard

Rugby Model

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
Brockton, Mass.

(Continued from Page 56)

trading in the Eden Gardens Cooperative Store. But the chairman, Mr. Petty, said, "They'll bitterly regret their mistake, no doubt; but meanwhile I suppose they have a right to live."

I was urged to take an active part in the management of the store, at least by serving without pay on the board of twelve directors; but I felt that I had given quite enough of my time and thought to the project. I attended the first monthly meeting of stockholders, however, at which meeting a dividend of fifteen cents a share, or in excess of 7 per cent per annum, was paid, demonstrating irrefutably the soundness of the enterprise. The failure to pay dividends thereafter was chargeable to inefficient management, with which I had nothing to do. I did my share in cross-examining the directors and demanding of them a good and sufficient explanation of why another fifteen cents, or, at very least, a dime, wasn't paid on the stock, when I had come all the way from Tavistock Road, and other members there present had come miles and miles. We made them sweat. I told them what I thought, and without mincing words, that they weren't giving enough time and attention, and were leaving things altogether too much to Mr. Muzzi, who was a mere employe.

And that man Muzzi was a sad surprise. I'm a good judge of human nature—can size a man up, in the colloquial phrase—and Muzzi had seemed to me as industrious and obliging a poor fellow as one would want to do with. That was the common opinion of him too; or so it was said to have been despite his high prices, after he had shown his true colors. He would do anything to make or please a customer, would run two miles with a quarter pound of butter in his hand any time, and broke the law by keeping open every Sunday morning. But no sooner was he established as an employe on a salary than his spirit of service evaporated, and he showed that all his previous efforts had been dictated by nothing better than arrant selfishness.

Eunice said to me, "Norman, go out and get this list for tomorrow's dinner, will you?"

"Why can't Harvey go?" I said, looking up from my book. "He never does a blessed thing around the house. And how is it that you're always stuck in the kitchen? I tell you what it is, Eunice, these people think they're our guests."

"S-s-s-h!" she warned.

"Good evening, Etta," I said cordially, seeing that Mrs. Stroub had come in. "Where does that big husband of yours hide himself when there's something to be done around the house?"

"Harvey's gone down to get some liniment to rub on his neck," she said. "The poor boy strained it looking into the furnace for clinkers this morning."

"Don't you be afraid of Harvey straining himself with work, Etta," I laughed. "Of all the lazy, work-dodging hounds that ever stood in shoe leather, Harvey Stroub is the biggest."

I remembered later that she gave me an unkind look; she seemed to seek offense where none was intended. I had spoken in perfectly good humor, even laughingly; nothing was farther from my mind than to be in any degree discourteous, though I had ample provocation.

I went to the store in Muzzi's basement. His was a daylight cellar, and he had boarded off the front half and fitted it up with shelving so that it was not half bad.

I said, "Let me have a can of—a can of—what's the word, Muzzi, for something that comes in a can and has five letters and is used for dessert?"

"Stra'b'ries?" he guessed inanely, tapping his pencil against his teeth.

"No, of course not. Five letters! The first one is a 'p' or a 'q,' or else it's a 'b.'"

He glanced at the list.

"Oh, borax!" he said. "Mrs. Allison wants something to throw in the sink."

"Now, my man," I said patiently, "pull yourself together and try to think. Is a dessert something to throw in the sink?"

"How do I know, Mr. Allison?" he said. "You ought to know what you eat in your house. But I got no time to guess puzzles, really, I ain't. You work it out while I wait on these people. Or maybe Mrs. Allison would give you the answer if you called her up; there's the phone if you won't forget the nickel. . . . Yes, ma'am?"

I left him, having no time to argue with him, and went down to the Hewson Block at the station, a half mile from our house.

I entered Bauer's butcher shop; my errand there was to buy a pound of meat for the Stroubs' dog. I didn't like the commission, because it was my custom to buy all our meats in Fulton Market in New York, a place convenient to my office, and I was not sure of a gracious reception in Bauer's; and again it seemed to me that the Stroubs might at least attend to the provisioning of their pet.

I stood about in the shop for a while, and then I said, "Mr. Bauer, pardon me, have you any meat here that's fit for a dog?"

I had waited, as I say, and when I spoke it was politely; but Bauer ceased carving a steak and looked under his black brows at me; the customers present registered interest. "All mein meat iss fit for a dog, mister," said Bauer.

"Oh, no, indeed, Mr. Bauer," I said quickly. "You mistake me, I'm sure. I asked because I didn't know. You see, we buy all our meats in the city, but we don't forget you when we want dog meat. Let me have a pound of your best, please."

He seemed wroth and I wished to placate him. A shopkeeper is always glad to sell of his best. His gathering frown disturbed me, and when he slapped a gob of meat down before me I looked at it with simulated surprise and gratification, appearing to marvel at its quality, and said, "Is that really dog meat, Mr. Bauer?"

"It is good beef, and it will do for your dog, aind't it?"

"But I have no dog," I said. "And if I did, I shouldn't feed him meat such as that; it would be a shame. I'm buying this for a friend who is living with us."

"So? But for yourself you buy meat in the city."

"Exactly," I said, glad to be understood. "But we know where to come when we want dog meat, Mr. Bauer. So this is dog meat, is it? It looks to me like good beef. How much is it?"

"It aind't for nothing," he said, suddenly angered. He struck the meat from the counter with a blow of his fist. "Mit rowdy jokers I don't do no business. Please go oudt. You could buy meat for your friend where you buy for yourself."

He stalked away, having given a characteristic example of Teuton mentality, that amazing inability to assimilate an alien viewpoint that has been pointed out by so many shrewd observers. Because the dog was not mine, he would not let me buy meat for it. It was a revealing experience, one of the sort that objectifies national psychologies. I had been a champion of Germany theretofore, as became a liberal; but I wrote a letter that night to the Star and Advertiser urging the sternest measures in dealing with that wrong-headed nation; and in the following week the French Army invaded the Ruhr, horse and foot. It was a terrible responsibility for me to assume, but my conscience was easy.

That was the sort of obstruction I met from the tradespeople of Eden Gardens. The rationale of Muzzi's disobligingness was slave psychology; he was one of those low-minded men who do not give of their best when they are not working for themselves; and the fact that I did not trade in Bauer's store was a facile explication of his boorishness. But one learns to reject obvious explanations and to contemn proximate causes, else one pretends to stultify much of modern science. When one has a harrowing dream nowadays, one does not look into one's diet and resolve to eschew whipped cream on caviar; one cross-examines one's aunt to discover what repressions one labored under in one's days of toddling infancy. And so if I could have induced Bauer to submit himself to laboratory experiment and to give me meticulously his case history, I could have told infallibly why he had refused to sell me a pound of dog meat. But one must be discreet in offering to interpret a layman's dreams; perhaps Bauer would not have called at my house every morning thereafter, but my experience with Mrs. Allison was dampening. Ever since I had expounded to her the theory of the subconscious she had insisted on telling me her dreams before breakfast, and when they had to do with me I was submerged in hot water for the rest of the day. A little knowledge, as Professor McInty observed in his great work, When Dreams Come True, is a dangerous thing.

But—*revenons à nos moutons*—it had been my custom to buy our butcher's meat at Fulton Market and to bring it down nightly, this because of the financial saving and also as a blow against the capitalistic system of production for profit; if we would each do his little, we would bring the whole system crashing down. I was heartened by the evidence that the want of our custom troubled Bauer. I canvassed our neighbors, offering to shop for them while I was buying for ourselves, and shortly I was alighting from the 5:15 with quite a hamper. The cost of a Sunday roast at Bauer's shop was especially onerous. I arranged for the use of the store's truck on Saturdays, and I was at one time, and at no negligible sacrifice, supplying the Sunday dinner tables of no less than ninety-five Eden Gardeners. I am frank to say that this assault on Mr. Bauer's swollen profits did not cause him to reduce his prices. That should demonstratively have been the effect, but, with that unreckonable individualism which is so constant a stumbling-block to scientific method, he merely reduced the volume of his purchases and raised his prices. Still, we had set afoot here another promising coöperative enterprise, and it should have taken over and carried on to common advantage the trade in meat products in Eden Gardens.

Mrs. Ireton took the chief part in waging war against the local baker. She had long been selling cinnamon buns at the local work exchange—a coöperative institution, by the way, which has succeeded in no mean degree in discouraging new tradesmen from invading our village and proceeding to exploit us by opening stores—but it was her cake sales for charity that made the local baker grow acrimonious. He said there were too darned many worthy objects in this village, with the ladies holding a cake sale every second night and selling stuff for two dollars that he could sell for forty cents and make money, and if they didn't cut it out and come down to doing business on a business basis, and no favors asked or received, he would very soon have to ask them to cook cakes for him and give him a benefit too. Mrs. Ireton said it was a reflection, and that it would be a nice state of affairs if they couldn't be charitable without asking a Heinie baker, and that she would be in the work exchange from four to six every afternoon and would sell all baked goods brought in without charging anything.

Reverting to the coöperative store and considering the difficulties in which it became involved, I have contended and do contend that those difficulties were occasioned by an abandonment of the cooperative principle, and not by its application. Had we coöperated in taking losses as we cooperated in taking profits, we should have been invincible to all assaults which capitalism could direct against us; but too many of us were mere opportunists, adhering to coöperation when it promised to cheapen living, abjuring it when it threatened to increase the family budget. The business of the store fell off lamentably; whereas it had begun with a gross turnover of four hundred dollars a day, its sales had declined almost overnight to thirty-five and forty dollars.

"Our prices are too high," said Muzzi when I had got him from under the new

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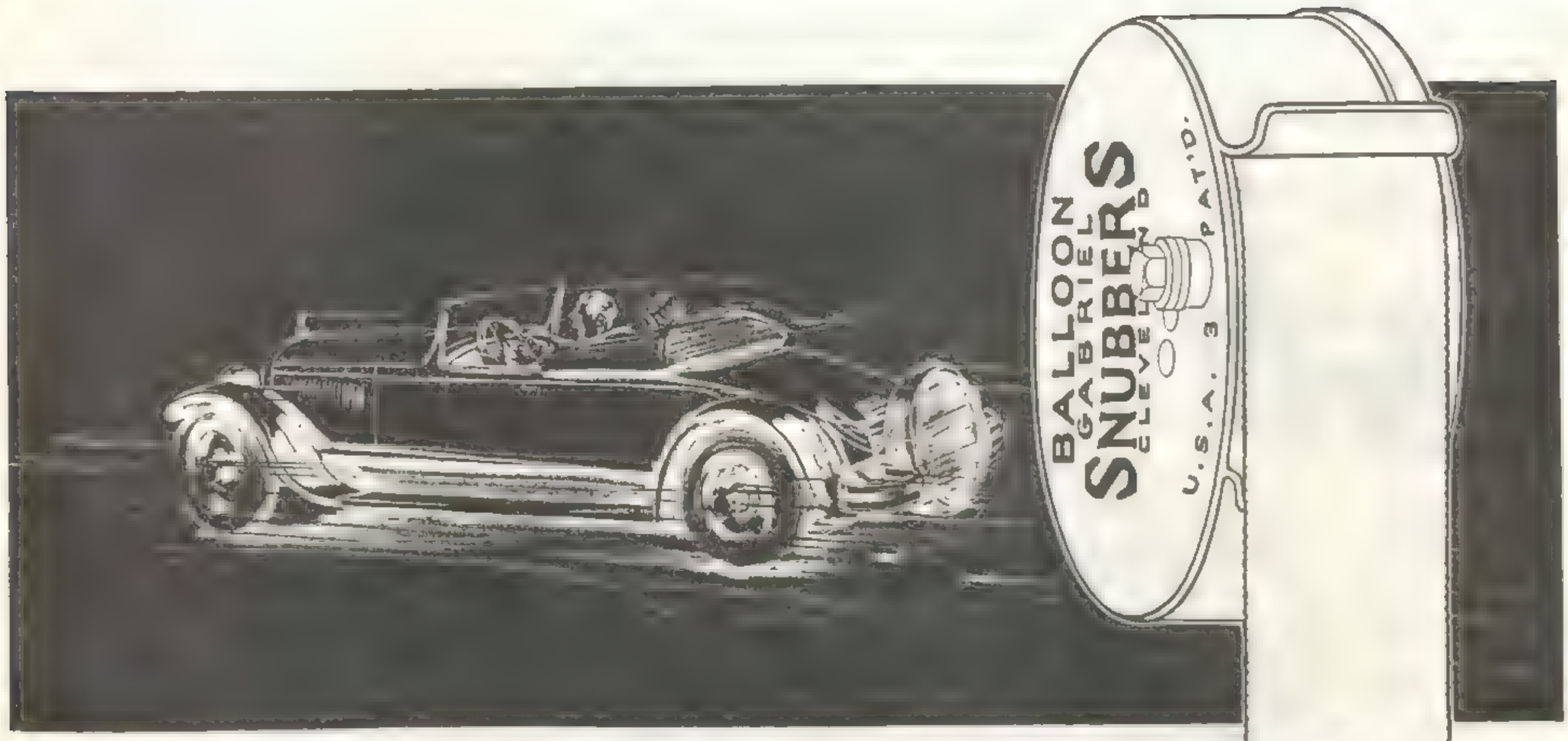

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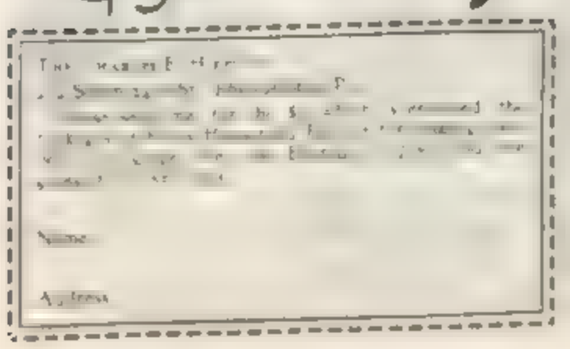

(Continued from Page 58)

roadster that he was buying on deferred payments.

"That's absurd," I retorted. "We've bought six months ahead so as to provide against any increase in wholesale prices; we took that salesman's advice when he told us to stock up. Farsighted, I call it."

"Farsighted enough to need glasses," he chuckled. "Wholesale prices have fallen in dry groceries about 20 per cent. Don't you know that Lyman Brothers, the big wholesalers, have failed? And when you add freight and overhead, you can't blame the people for not wanting to give us two dollars for a set of groceries they can buy for a dollar and a quarter in a New York department store or in the chain store over in Valley River. . . . Say, isn't that boat a little beauty? Hop in and I'll take you for a spin."

"You don't seem to be worrying much, Muzzi," I said.

"Why should I?" he said lightly. "Won't you come? So long then, Mr. Allison."

Though I was in no way chargeable with the predicament in which the coöperative store had found itself, I did not refuse to give it the benefit of my best thought. I was prepared to offer constructive suggestions at the next meeting of the Eden Gardens Association.

"We must bear in mind," I said at the meeting, "that prices are rigged by the mercantile interests, and we must not permit them to stampede us into abandoning principle for the sake of a temporary and specious advantage. We must continue trading at the store, paying its necessarily excessive rates until prices in general go up again. Or else we can reduce the prices and levy an assessment on the stock. It's really very simple."

"But I was told that I would make big profits if I bought a share," protested a lady subscriber. "If the store is going to lose money, I want my twenty-five dollars back."

"And it isn't the prices alone," chimed in another, "but it's tramping all over town to do one's shopping. We have to go out to Berks Avenue for groceries and up to Tavistock Road for butcher meat and —— Not but what it's awfully nice of Mr. Allison to go to all that trouble for nothing."

"That point is readily taken care of," I said capably. "And I realize that a cellar in a dwelling house is not an ideal location for a grocery store. We must feel our way along, benefiting by experience. I would suggest that the store be moved into that vacant shop in the Hewson Block. It's central and commodious ——"

"You mean the store that Muzzi moved out of?" interrupted Mr. Petty with an ironical intonation.

"Sorry, folks," said Solomon Hewson, rising to his feet and working his jaws with saturnine satisfaction, "but there won't be no store in the Hewson Block."

"How's that, Mr. Hewson?"

"When I was a young fellow," said the old tike through his nose, "there wasn't no stores in Eden Gardens at all; there only was this new coöperation. Folks going over to Valley River in the buggy would bring back things for the neighbors. Then a general store was opened by Jed Berringer, and everybody was proud of Jed and proud of the store, and said old Eden Gardens was looking up—Mud Meadows it was called in them days. And everybody traded at Jed's store to be neighborly and to help him make out.

"Well, more people moved in, and finally I took a chance and put a note in the bank and built the Hewson Block. People said I was crazy; said Mud Meadows wouldn't stand for nothing so up to date as a houseful of stores and offices. I thought for a while they were wrong, but now I expect they knew best. There ain't no business in Eden Gardens for stores, so I'm going to take a good offer I got and knock out the partitions and rent the whole building for a Bologna factory."

"Oh, come, Mr. Hewson, you won't do that!"

"Won't I just?" mumbled the old fellow obstinately. "Bauer & Burnkrant tell me they're going to quit—can't make out with everybody grudging them a living. All I see to this coöperation I'm hearing about is trying to get something for nothing. People get all they can for what they have to sell, but when it comes to paying the other fellow for what he has to sell they want to coöperate against him. They want laws to keep down his prices, but they don't want laws to keep down their prices. I ain't saying nothing against coöperating like us farmers used to in the old days, when there wasn't nothing else to do; but when there's good stores and people are fixed like you are, going into the city every day and free to trade where you like and use competition, I say this coöperation ain't anything but covetousness, envy and sloth."

"If I may make a suggestion," I said smoothly, "why can't we satisfy Mr. Hewson by taking over the butcher and baker stores and combining them with the co-operative?"

"I fear that plan won't be popular under the circumstances," said Mr. Petty, stilling a murmur of comment. "But perhaps Mr. Allison will volunteer to operate the butcher shop after Bauer gets out."

"I like that!" I said, aghast at his cheek. "Don't you suppose I have my own affairs to attend to? You might at least have the grace to offer me the four hundred a month that I'm paid by the newspaper."

"Bauer would do it cheaper than that," said Mr. Petty.

"Then let Bauer do it," I said indignantly.

These people had evidently been with me because I had worked for nothing; they had no animus against capitalism.

"And, I suppose, the same thing goes for Mrs. Ireton," said Mr. Petty. He glanced about until someone gave the information that Mrs. Ireton was on a week's visit to friends in Worcester. "Let us then have an understanding that we'll support these stores for the sake of the village. Will that do, Mr. Hewson?"

"No, it won't do," grumbled the stubborn old man. "Mr. Chairman, there's altogether too many people in the world nowadays that don't know nothing and never seen nothing, although they might be well-learned gentlemen. Brought up in steam-heated flats, they were, with everything made for them, and they don't know how things came about, so they want to start everything over from the beginning and see for themselves. Bloody Rooshians, I call them. I'm not going to let them gum up my business any more; I want to know I'm going to get my rents. This association is got to guarantee Bauer & Burnkrant a fair profit every month, good or bad, and they can have all they make over that; and if that ain't agreeable, I won't rent them the stores."

"Absurd!" I protested. "It's worse than abject surrender. It's an attempt to tie us hard and fast to the capitalistic system of production for profit and not for use."

"Let that matter rest for a day or two, Mr. Hewson," said Mr. Petty. "I wish to direct the consideration of the association to a written offer we have received from Mr. Muzzi to take over the coöperative store. The secretary will read the letter."

But I had heard enough. I got right up and went home. If they were going to turn their backs on coöperation merely because they had failed to make a success of it at first try, I would let them find their way out as best they could. Any person of sense could perceive what had caused the failure. In the first place, they weren't thoroughly conversant with the grocery business, and secondly they hadn't given to the store the undivided attention and tireless effort which any private shopkeeper gives to his business. Granted that necessary technical knowledge and that unstinted application, the coöperative store's success would have been nothing short of glittering. As it was, the business was resold to Muzzi, and he is now conducting it. He has reassumed his civility, and his greed for profits keeps him from riding in his automobile except on Sunday afternoons. I got up and went home, as I have said.

Our relations with the Stroubs had become strained. We had deferred to them in every way, but they became quite impossible. The points of friction between us were trifling, picayune, but the net result was discord, and that is no trifle.

Now, for example, we drink coffee for breakfast and tea with dinner, as is altogether fitting and proper; but the Stroubs insisted on reversing the natural order and drinking tea with breakfast and coffee with dinner. I had reviewed mentally the possible causes of antagonism before I had suggested that we should live together, and I had hazarded the incompatibility that inhered in our salient and incurable differences—difference in religion, in racial stocks, in politics, in avocations—the Stroubs are of Teutonic stock, are Evangelical Lutheran, are Republican in politics, and so on, whereas we are none of those—but it had never occurred to me that they might be so lost to good taste and so unamenable to advice as to insist on drinking tea for breakfast.

When the matter first presented itself, I tried to pass it off lightly, and I said, "What possible difference can it make? Do try drinking coffee with breakfast, Mrs. Stroub, and I know you'll come to like it. Why, it's really the only thing to drink for breakfast!"

"I know it's very nice," she said, confessing right there that her prejudice was indefensible, "but I want my tea, and I'll just run in and make a cup."

And then the use of the bathroom was the occasion of strife. I dress ordinarily in the bathroom of mornings, because it is warm. Harvey's habit was to dress in his room, and then he would go to the bathroom and fling up the window to look at the thermometer, and the place would become as cold as charity. I think he was malicious about it. I spoke to him in a nice way again and again. But when they came home one evening and found a tramp dog asleep on their bed, they were very nasty about my excusable inadvertence in leaving the front door open, and they went on to say that it was all very well for us to be careless, since we had nothing, but as for them, they had valuable papers.

I refused to take offense, and joked them about their papers, hoping that they would see that their papers were of no importance whatever; but they grew even more angry.

And then Harvey's relish for his food annoyed me; perhaps I shouldn't speak of it. His table manners were conventional—I could not quarrel with them, even after the closest examination—but the business of eating preoccupied him so; he settled into his chair with such expectancy and looked at his dish with so rapt a gaze, and masticated with such evident enjoyment. I am myself a delicate eater, inclined to indigestion, and grossness revolts me.

Harvey, too, had a slowness in speech and in thought that irritated me damnably. I would offer a topic for discussion, something to toss about and let its facets flash, and Harvey would catch it and hold it, so to speak. He would inaugurate a thoroughgoing dissertation upon some minor feature of the topic, punctuating his agonizingly slow talk with clicks of his tongue, and I was forever snapping the topic out of his mouth. He never showed anger, any acrid remarks were made by Etta, but he was always there, always receptive, always stopping things dead, never resilient. Etta's selfish care for his comfort annoyed me. She always managed to put him into the best chair and under the best light. All I heard from her was Harvey, Harvey, Harvey. It is not as though I demanded anything for myself or were at all hard to get along with. I can get along anywhere, and with anybody; but I do like to have

(Continued on Page 62)

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"A Census of Home Equipment" by Mary Sherman, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 60)

some place somewhere where I can relax and be myself.

The logical result of the Stroubs' inconsiderateness was a division of the household. Two dinners were cooked; we sat on our side of the table and they sat on theirs; they had their chairs and we had ours; an invisible but inviolable wall was in the living room.

I returned from the meeting and found Eunice on the porch. I told her what had happened, and then went into the house and to the kitchen to get a piece of pie; I eat a cut of pie before dinner, as an appetizer.

"Hello," I called, "where's the pie?"

"Harvey ate it this morning while he was mooning around the kitchen before breakfast," said Eunice.

"He ate pie before breakfast? Good heavens! Well, if he ate that pie, he can go right out and get more. But look here, Eunice, where are all the dishes and pans?"

"I was afraid to tell you, Norman, but the Stroubs have gone. They took all their things; there was a note pinned to the front door when I got home. Now, Norman, you mustn't blame yourself."

"I blame myself?" I said. "What in the world for? So they've gone, have they? I'm delighted; now perhaps we can begin to live like civilized people, in our own home, suiting ourselves. It was a mistake to try to live with the Stroubs; nobody could live with such peculiar people. You know, Eunice, they had the same trouble before; they shared a cottage one summer with a family called Mullen, real old friends, and they've been at daggers drawn with the Mullens ever since. The Stroubs can't get along with anybody; that's about the size of it. Eunice, there isn't another family on God's green footstool that we couldn't have got along with. I'll speak to Mr. Jennings tomorrow about coming out here and sharing expenses with us; he's a nice fellow, and his wife is perfectly charming."

"You'll do no such thing," snapped Eunice. "I'll never live with anybody again, not even with my own family."

"I don't wonder at that," I said merrily. "By George, Eunice, anybody that can live with your family deserves a war medal!"

"Oh, I don't know that they're any worse than your family," she flared back. "I've heard how you used to carry on."

"Now see here, Eunice," I said sternly, "I want one thing understood here and now: You keep your infernal tongue off my family. If you want to talk about anybody, you talk about your brother, Irving; there's a fine loafer."

But she kept it up, and our makeshift dinner wasn't so pleasant. She threw up to me some things I'd told her in strictest confidence about my family, and I tried to show her reason by quoting some things she'd told me about her own people; but she grew increasingly bitter. I have no patience with people who can't stand to hear facts. Harvey, for instance—I suppose I shouldn't mention this—had struck me on the nose with his balled fist that very morning because I had said a few things to Etta for her own good, and quite calmly and amiably.

Eunice jumped up finally in a tantrum of rage and flew into our chamber, purposing, I imagine, to throw herself onto the bed and sulk. But she came out immediately, her petty spite forgotten in the face of an overwhelming catastrophe.

"Norman," she said tremulously "Norman, dear, there is no bed! It's gone "

"No bed?" I echoed, going to her and taking her in my arms consolingly. "By George, the Stroubs took the beds! What on earth shall we do now? This is perfectly terrible, Eunice. There, Eunice, be brave now; I'm right here, dear. I'll sleep on the floor tonight, and you may sleep —— "

"On the mantelpiece, I suppose," she sobbed.

But it was her last gibe. Her arms were around my neck and her poor worried head was on my shoulder. It is the hope of comforts and joys to be shared that brings man and mate together, but it is the sharing of common sorrow that keeps them so.

"We have each other, sweetheart," I said, sitting in the best chair for the first time in four months and drawing her down with me. "And while we love each other, we'll never stop coöperating, because each of us must seek the other's good more eagerly than his own. That's why we couldn't get on with the Stroubs—because they were so utterly selfish."

"And we have the table, too, fortunately," she said a few minutes later. "Go get the leaves out of the closet, Norman. I'll put down the blankets and the sofa pillows, and we'll manage."

We slept on the table that night. It was an extension table with supernumerary legs, and was a most adaptable piece of furniture. When fully extended, it could accommodate the company at a Thanksgiving dinner; when the leaves were taken out again, it was a handsome library table; and when the sides were let down, it was the very thing for bridge. But its legs were far in from the sides, and it stopped much short of becoming a stable four-poster. We got onto it together, after several attempts, and when we lay carefully back, side by side, it ceased to buck and to seesaw.

"Sleep well, dear," I said, reaching out cautiously and taking Eunice's hand in mine. "Try not to dream, and don't change about without remembering what a job we had to get here or we'll land in a heap on the floor. Good night, dear."

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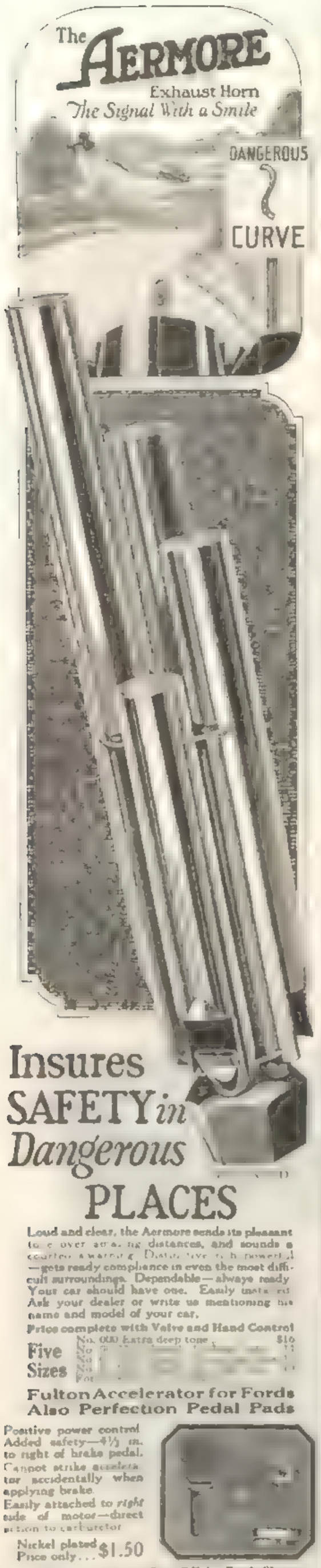

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Automotive Equipment

TEAMWORK BEHIND THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from Page 44)

France, with stations. Twelve years later we come upon a really remarkable ordinance of Marshal Schomberg dealing with the matter of depots of supply. This system was much improved by Louvois, the great minister of war of Louis XIV. The commanders of these posts, however, were civilians, traders, merchants, contractors, a fact which opened the door to an immense amount of graft.

The condition was not improved during the eighteenth century, and was abandoned during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars—1792–1814—when the armies of the republic and the empire overran all Europe. In most of Napoleon's campaigns the armies lived upon the country. Every trooper carried with him only a few days' supply of rations in his haversack. This system, of course, was favorable to rapid movement and partly accounts for the swiftness of Napoleon's marches. But it was always hard upon the country.

Not until 1807, after the conquest of Prussia, and when his armies were in occupation of East Prussia and Poland and among a population hostile though subdued, did Napoleon issue orders for the formation of supply trains and the establishment of food and munition depots along the main roads of Central Europe. The measures were taken too late to be effective. The breakdown of the system in 1812, owing to its enormous extension into Russia, combined with its incomplete organization and incapacity to bear the tremendous weight imposed upon it, was partially responsible for the collapse of his Grand Army after Moscow.

The design was right but its formation and execution imperfect. The Man of Destiny bitterly realized this in the terrible three days' Battle of Leipsic in 1813, where he truly said that if he had had 30,000 more cannon balls he would have won. The same weakness of service of supply nearly paralyzed the operations of the allies against him in 1814.

The hunger and privation then endured by the soldiers of Blücher and Schwarzenberg were largely due to inadequate facilities of supply. As it was, thousands of horses starved to death for lack of hay. At one time even Emperor Francis I, and all the ambassadors of the allied powers attendant upon him, were without food.

General Payot's Axiom

Contrast this penury of foodstuffs with what the Allied armies were provided with on October 31, 1918. On that day the Allied rations totaled 1,592,648,000 pounds of food. The forage for the animals was in like proportion.

The Great War for the first time in history raised the question of service of supply to an importance equal to that of strategy and tactics. As General Payot, the great French authority on army supply, has said:

"It remains a fact that no study of past wars and no instruction in any military academy had ever brought out to a sufficient extent the vast importance which governments and commanders in chief should attach to the collecting of the material requirements of a great war. Even in purely military works one is struck by the minor importance attached to the organization of the service charged with supply. In the various headquarters the officers who handled these special questions were sometimes considered as belonging to an inferior category. . . . It would seem that in the past the questions of food supply, ammunition supply, supply of war materiel and means of transportation were only a minor consideration of the staff, as compared with questions concerning the maintenance of life, maneuvering and fighting of armies.

"Nevertheless it was always perfectly evident that if the numbers of men that the commander in chief had at his disposal proved the basis for the decisions which he took, these effectives could only be proportionate to the means—personnel, matériel and supplies of all kinds—which he was able to assemble, to transport and to distribute. . . . Preparation for war must therefore not be limited to the maximum mobilization of combatant strength, to the concentration of this man power with a view of employing it in battle; but it must also include the provision of the means which will be required by such forces, the concentration of such means, as well as their transportation and their distribution to the field of action."

The Great War resulted in the mobilization of all the nations engaged, both of nations of soldiers in the field and of millions of noncombatants behind the lines in France and dwelling in lands across the seas.

Since the experience of the Great War it may be laid down as a military axiom that, in the words of General Payot, "a provident government should devote itself to the organization of its resources in the same manner that it provides for the proper training of its citizens for battle and for the utilization of its armed forces in carrying out the execution of its war plans."

Unnecessary Defeat

Unfortunately, the truth of this axiom was long in being perceived and understood by the Allies, and complete organization and combination of all sources and energies of supply were not attempted until after the entrance of the United States into the conflict. Each belligerent preserved its own independent system of S. O. S. There was little articulation between them, and each system differed in detail from that of another. It is true that some partial and tentative measures of coöperation or pooling of resources had been made earlier, as the arrangement in August, 1914, for joint purchase of wheat and flour; in December, 1917, for joint meat purchases—hides were later included—and by the autumn of 1917 Great Britain alone was buying all explosives used by the Allied armies. But no one intelligence directed the whole; no one system of provision, concentration, transportation and distribution prevailed.

If there is an example in history of the truth of the old saying that "United we stand, divided we fall," or of the ancient Roman maxim, "Divide and conquer," it is afforded by the precarious situation of the embattled millions of troops in the trenches in March, 1918, when, as General Dawes has written, "imminent and complete disaster impended." When in that month General Foch was at last given supreme command of all the Allied forces, it was as the result of the crushing defeat of the British Fifth Army, which was wiped out in the tremendous German drive at that time.*

But the sting in this catastrophe is less in the defeat than in the fact that it was unnecessary. In his highly interesting Journal of the Great War—one of the most valuable sources we have for the history of the war because of its intimate and technical knowledge, and one of the most vivid narratives to read for it is written with a natural literary art—General Dawes has penned these weighed and measured words:

"Out of the study of the war in its larger aspects . . . there arises the first of many generalizations, to wit: The stupendous and unnecessary loss of life and waste of wealth, man power and material due to the selfish resistance among the Allies to an earlier central control of military and supply operation. When in March, 1918, Foch . . . was finally conceded the central control of Allied army movement . . . to the support of this army no Allied reserve could be called because bitter opposition to even such a partial measure of central control had thwarted a plan of the Supreme War Council, suggested by Foch and Sir Henry Wilson. . . . The attitude of opposition toward any release of national power by one Ally to another, over either operations or supplies, was essentially the same on the part of all."

On March 21, 1918, came the great German attack against the British and French armies in France, which were under separate commands. Lacking a central command, no provision had been made for the proper stationing of reserves to be used in a counter attack if the Allied line should be broken. The German attack was launched at the junction point of the British and French armies. What happened was a natural result of a divided command. The German army broke through at the junction point, the French army falling back upon its line of communication toward Paris and the English army retreating upon its line of communication toward the Channel ports, thus opening a gap of about twenty-six kilometers. The British Fifth Army, which received the brunt of the attack, was practically wiped out. The Allied cause hung in the balance. Only a central command could save the situation, which threatened annihilation unless national and individual pride of authority gave way to a common necessity. Accordingly Marshal Foch was then made commander in chief of the Allied armies.

Spirited Opposition

The contribution of General Pershing to this result is one of his permanent contributions to the world's history. The Allied effort had been brought to this critical situation by four years of fighting without the military unification of the front line. At this time of crisis, on April 13, 1918, General Dawes wrote to General Pershing suggesting that the system of coördination which General Pershing had advised for the coördination of the supply procurement, in force in the American Army, be suggested to the Allies; and that an analogous control in the three Allied armies be put over their supply activities in the zone of the advance—in other words, that there be a military unification of the rear of the armies to match the military unification of their front under General Foch. General Pershing adopted the plan in principle and appointed General Dawes as his representative to urge it upon the English and French governments.

The contest for the adoption of the plan was one of the most bitter in the imperfect history of Allied coördination. General Dawes presented the plan to the French cabinet and to a delegation from the English Government and military officers. It was opposed by the English. The first conference resulted in the agreement of the French and Americans, but with the continued opposition of the English.* General Pershing was most active at this time in his efforts with the English. "The British

(Continued on Page 66)

*"The instinct of property universal in mankind makes difficult all questions of coöperation in supplies. I have related in the comparative ease with which necessary coöperation was secured as distinguished from supply coöperation. Perhaps the answer is this: That necessary coöperation was dictated not only from motives of self-preservation but as well because in the broader sense it was for the protection of supplies and property and the property interest therein sought to be safeguarded by a system in the lending of men to save them, and the battle line far away, as well as here and there [illegible]." Dawes Journal, p. 72. September 18, 1918.

*"The assumption of Haig's command nearly wrecked the [illegible] Napoleon. [illegible] in which it is directed without the [illegible] and apprehension. The evils of [illegible] are everywhere apparent. Prince Schwarzenberg, after much difficulty and discussion, was appointed C-in-C., above all, placed in a position in which he is invested with scarcely more than a nominal authority. [illegible] Fourth Edition, Volume I, page 344.

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Portland, Oregon
Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Ltd.

Jantzen

The suit that changed *bathing* to *swimming*

(Continued from Page 64)

possess the defects of their qualities. . . . I do not want to criticize English obstinacy," wrote General Dawes in his Journal; "thank God for it. It saved the Marne; it is saving the Channel ports. . . . But that obstinacy must now be broken."

Finally General Pershing saw Clemenceau and procured his signature to an agreement to coördinate, by a board of one from each army, the supply activities in the immediate rear of the French and American armies. The board, when in unanimous agreement, could issue orders to the general staffs of the French and American armies.

"It is a desperate time; it must come," wrote General Dawes in his Journal on April fifteenth. "Let the Germans advance ten miles more, and there will be no argument then. It will be done immediately. It will have to be done then. Surely, then, it ought to be done now. If it is the best step for relief after disaster, it is the best step now to avert it."

In this conference General Dawes evidently stirred up the animals.

"By vigor and direct and forcible statement," he writes, "I soon dissipated the formal atmosphere." Again he writes: "Nothing is slower than an Englishman to move in matters involving a possible loss of authority. But when he does move, and when he gives his word, he stands by it through thick and thin."

General Dawes then went to England with the memorandum of agreement signed by Clemenceau and Pershing, and through the aid of Paul D. Cravath and Dwight W. Morrow, Americans who were in England, procured the signature of Lord Milner, representing the British Government.

Some days later, when the terrible tension created by this condition had somewhat relaxed, General Dawes could look at the matter philosophically, and wrote:

"My experience in working for coördination teaches me that the coördinator must himself coördinate his mental activities with others. To seek to display authority is to embarrass progress. Reason must be kind. A good reason carries one farther than a general's stars."

General Dawes' Method

Elsewhere we get another glimpse of General Dawes' effective method:

"By smoking cigars, by great emphasis, by occasional profanity, no matter how dignified the gathering or impressive the surroundings—my disregard of the conventions was studied and with a purpose. It was not only to save precious time by dissipating that atmosphere of self-consciousness, but by having the session start in comparative acrimony the foundation was laid for a natural reaction to conciliation.

"We did not realize the enormous obstacles in the way of it, having their root in individual selfishness and ambition. When a man looks at a proposition involving the common interest only from the standpoint of how it will affect his own authority, he is a hard man to persuade—in fact, you cannot persuade him. . . . It has been my long, weary and ungrateful task during the past few months to state the necessity for certain great steps of Allied self-preservation over and over again so clearly that selfish opposition to it has to unmask itself and put off the disguise and pretense of an opposition based upon sincere purposes. . . .

"The French, delaying their appointment on our board . . . explained it to me as caused by the fact that several men wanted the place. . . . Yesterday I had appealed earnestly . . . stating the folly and wickedness of delay.

"No wonder the Allies have not coördinated better on the battlefields. No wonder it took terrible defeats to bring about military unification at the front. To achieve real leadership in the army, intelligence, energy and ambition must—with other things as well—be united."

Thus was created the Military Board of Allied Supply under the chairmanship of Gen. Jean Charles Marie Payot, assistant chief of staff of the Fourth Bureau French Army. The other members were Brig. Gen. Charles G. Dawes, representing the American Army; Major Gen. Sir Reginald Ford, representing the English Army; Major General Merone, representing the Italian Army in France; and Colonel Cumont, representing the Belgian Army. The board had control of the coördination of the rear of the Allied armies in the zone of the advance during the last four months of the Great War.

The Board of Allied Supply

Limited as it was by the necessity for unanimous consent of the members in what it did, it is marvelous what was accomplished during the last four months of the war. A few paragraphs from General Dawes' official report will shed light:

"The ammunition at the Front was pooled between the French and American armies. The motor-transport system of the three armies was coördinated and an inter-Allied motor reserve created. The first composite study of the forage system was made, resulting in balanced rations. . . . For the first time since the beginning of the war the board prepared a map showing the complete installations of the rear. It coördinated methods of handling 60 cm. railway, material and personnel. It secured information as to the common situation of inter-Allied reserves of railway material and personnel. . . . It secured allied agreement for the construction and maintenance of second-line telegraph and telephone system. . . . It provided for the regulation of gasoline supply. . . . It investigated the labor situation in France. . . . It solved the wood emergency and railroad-tie situation. . . . It prepared the study setting forth the ration and other demands of the various armies. . . . It carried on schools of instruction for officers of motor transport and railroad-regulating officers. . . . It secured a coordinated and comparative study of the supply systems of the Allied armies in France for future military study."

In his—General Dawes'—Journal, headed, "To the future student and historian," we read: "Largely for your assistance as well as because the information is of practical use at present for our armies, I am taking steps to have the Military Board of Allied Supply gather together information as to the present military status of the three armies in regard to their supplies, transportation, lines of communication installations, etc., as of date October 31, 1918.

"I hope one or more of you will be able to clearly demonstrate from these data the overwhelming advantages in Allied cooperation of a military unification of supply as well as of combat operations. The work of the board, of course, has already demonstrated many of these advantages. But you should be able to show that if from the first the Allies could have united their rear activities as well as those of the front, the war would have been won long ago.

"You should also be able to show that the central control of the rear of any Allied armies is as important as a central military control of their combat movements.

"Practically the Allied combination was a League of Nations operating just behind the Allied line of battle."

At the last session of the Military Board of Allied Supply, General Dawes secured the issuance of orders to the three great armies in France, French, British and American—and also to the Belgian and Italian armies in the country—for the preparation of this record of their respective services of supply from the beginning of the war, covering questions of policy, changes in policy and the reasons therefor, all for preservation in the records of the board. No literature of the armies exists that is more instructive and illuminating than this. The historical importance of this gigantic report is very great and its influence upon governments both in peace and in war is destined to be lasting.

The volumes are printed in Washington by the Government Printing Office. Volume I is in two parts, text and map and charts. There are 577 closely printed pages in Part I and 189 maps and charts in Part II. Volume II contains 1122 pages of printed matter. The appendices and index are yet to be added before this volume appears. The writer of this article has worked from unbound page proofs.

A Gold Mine for Historians

In the foreword which he wrote for these volumes, General Dawes truly said, "These volumes are unique in the literature of war." There is nothing like them for any other war waged in history. Such statistics do not exist for the Napoleonic Wars,* or even for our own armies in the Civil War. Their historical importance is beyond words.

The immense labor involved in preparing this gigantic report—how gigantic it is only one who has read it knows—has not been in vain. These great volumes are not only a mine of information for generations of students of history; they will also become a textbook at West Point and the war colleges abroad. Our Government, by the National Defense Act as amended June 4, 1924, has changed fundamentally the business organization of the War Department. It would extend inordinately the length of this article were I to attempt to analyze and discuss this revolutionary statute. Fortunately it is unnecessary, for Mr. Samuel Taylor Moore has already done so in the Atlantic Monthly for October, 1924, under the caption "The New Preparedness."

*The navy, victualling, ordnance and other expenditures are now beyond the reach of statistical analysis.—Silberling, British Financial Policy During the Napoleonic Wars, Quarterly Journal of Economics, February, 1924, p. 222.

The Most Wonderful Time In her Life

A GIFT WITH HEART-BEATS THROBBING WITH THE LOVE OF THE GIVER

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FRALINGER'S, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
Five Stores on the Boardwalk

THE KIND DUKE

(Continued from Page 7)

living, and searched the recesses of the vanity bag. A suggestion of terror crept into her eyes; her fingers delved feverishly in the folds of silk.

Finally she leaned back in her chair and said in a low tone that carried nevertheless to the ears of Rollo, "Oh, are you sure it comes to half a crown? I'm most awfully sorry, but I've got only two shillings in the whole world."

"Poached egg on toast, one and a penny; bread and butter, fourpence; pastries, sevenpence; coffee with cream, sixpence; total half a crown," gabbled the waitress as a matter of form.

"Well," said the golden-haired guest bitterly, "there's my wrist watch. It's worth more than sixpence, although I should be glad to keep it. You see, I could pawn it for a couple of pounds. I know, because I've done it before."

"Pity to leave your watch, miss," agreed the waitress, tapping her teeth with her pencil. She glanced across at Rollo. The bankrupt looked steadfastly out of the window.

Rollo got up from his chair, crossed the intervening linoleum, and began with some shyness, "I couldn't help hearing. If you would allow me—merely a trifling sum—could hardly object even from a stranger ——"

He produced two half crowns and handed them to the waitress, who took them approvingly. In the Auditorium Café, half a crown is a gracious tip. The bankrupt lady looked at Rollo with the expression of a Christian who has been saved at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour from peculiarly fierce lions.

"Thank you very, very much," she murmured. "Of course I shall look upon it purely as a loan. You must allow me to return it later on. My name is Peggy Dane, and care of Simpsons', the theatrical agents, will always find me. You see, I'm on the stage, but at the moment I haven't got a job."

"May I?" pleaded Rollo, and sat down at her table.

Even to the heartbroken there seemed something remarkably attractive about Peggy Dane. She had youth, vitality, sympathy, good looks, willingness to please; one felt some more friendly atmosphere than mere formal politeness.

"'Course you may," she answered, smiling at him contentedly. "But you don't look a bit well—awfully down on your luck. I should have thought the Savoy or the Carlton was more in your line than this place. Don't tell me that you're broke as well."

A shadow of real pain came into her eyes, for of what use is a penniless male to a bankrupt girl?

You can do anything with a man by kindness. Rollo realized in his aching heart that this girl was kind and it seemed a long time since a girl had been kind to him. One could hardly count Miss Coxworthy, though no doubt she would have been kind had the opportunity occurred. He sunned himself in the sympathy of Peggy Dane and explained.

"It's not my bank account but my heart that is broken. I came here because I had an idea. But it's a long story and I'm afraid it would bore you."

Peggy glanced swiftly at the remanded wrist watch.

"It's only four o'clock. I've got a voice trial at a quarter to five, but it's at the Folly Theater, just across the road. Do tell **me about everything. I should love to hear."**

By 4:30 she had heard, with the omission of names, the whole sad story, the great idea of doing good to girls, the mooted scheme of buying a café where hard-working damsels might nourish themselves cheaply and suitably. Peggy Dane envisaged everything with understanding eyes.

"And so I suppose I had better have a word with the manageress," ended Rollo, with the air of a man about to explore unknown continents.

The manageress extended to him the portly benevolence of the fat. For all she knew, he might be mad, and on the other hand he might not, so she beamed vaguely and said:

"I don't know whether the place might be for sale, sir. A nace little business as you say and a very nace type of customer; very nace, indeed. Very glad to hear how pleased you are, sir, and I hope Milly saw you had everythink you wanted. If I were you, sir, I should 'op on a bus and go and see United Commercial Enterprises, Ltd. We belong to them. Southampton Row, the address is."

"You never told me your name, did you?" murmured Peggy when he returned.

"Rollo," said the duke vaguely. His mind ran at the moment on business.

"Rollo what?

"Rollo Armiger Custance Molyneux. I—you see, I'm the Duke of Jermyn."

Peggy Dane had achieved the chorus girl's Valhalla and met a duke without even knowing her footsteps to be upon the golden road. She gathered up her possessions and rose to her feet.

"I must go," she announced. "Don't quite forget me, will you? You've been an angel and I like you very much."

Rollo paid his bill, tipped the waitress a second half crown and escorted Peggy down the stairs. A short, smart stocky figure in chauffeur's uniform sprang to attention. Ex-Bombardier Gregg, late of the Royal Artillery, hand swinging to cap in the gunners' salute, opened the door of the car. Peggy shook a mournful head.

"Since it's only half a dozen steps, I won't trouble you. Good-by, duke. Thank you over and over again."

She clicked across the road on high heels and slender ankles. Rollo stepped thoughtfully to the driving seat of his 1912 Blitz. Gregg wound the starting handle and the engine fired instantly. In another second they were booming like a young tank in the direction of Southampton Row. Rollo drew up delicately outside a monstrous building wherein hived United Commercial Enterprises, Ltd., and an aged taxi driver on a rank jerked his thumb at the ducal vehicle.

Addressing his companions, he said, "One of them 1912 Blitzes. Now there was a back axle, if yer like. Fifty 'orse-power injin too; a man felt 'e 'ad somethink underneath 'im in those days."

The noble owner descended, entered, observed that the lift was out of order, and began to climb heavenward, revolving in his mind how he should discuss the question of a business he had not made up his mind to purchase. Never, in point of fact, did his eyes light on anyone connected with United Commercial Enterprises, Ltd. Instead he encountered a young woman, ordinarily of pleasing appearance, whose face showed itself distorted by rage. She wore a blue coat and skirt, a black cloche hat, and struggled violently with a large piece of cardboard. This she managed to tear in half even as Rollo paused opposite her, a trifle breathless from stair climbing, and surveyed the scene with melancholy interest.

"My dear young lady," he said gently, "if I may ask the question, whatever are you doing?"

"It's quite obvious I'm not making jam or hemming dusters or broadcasting twilight talks on tea-time topics," snarled the young woman. "This is cardboard. I dare say you've heard of cardboard. I'm tearing it up. Why am I tearing it up? Because on it I painted a poster design representing the twelfth suggestion for a poster to advertise Biggs' Bottled Soup. They don't like it. They didn't like the other eleven, and this is the last poster I shall ever submit to United Commercial Something'd Enterprises Limited. I'll starve, or be a mother's help or turn a barrel organ before I go near that fat, fish-brained, odious man who thinks he knows a poster from a sheet of wall paper. I'll ——"

Rollo extended a hand for the two pieces, fitted them together and gazed eagerly.

"As it happens, I might be going to buy a poster. What exactly does this represent?" he inquired.

The gifted creator of what he held in front of him dragged a cigarette case from a side pocket, lit a cigarette and replied:

"It represents father coming home tired after a day's work, ready to thrash his son George and murder baby, and mother running to offer him a plate of Biggs' Bottled Soup. Note the startling way in which father's face exhibits at the same moment murderous intentions toward baby and dawning happiness at the sight of the soup."

"So this is father!" murmured the duke.

"Yes, that's father. Clever of you to grasp it. I admit he is a little cubist in treatment, yet undoubtedly father nevertheless."

Gravely he restored the fragments to their creator.

"You remind me so much, in your very justifiable annoyance, of someone else," he explained with controlled sadness. "She is at the bottom of my proposed business enterprise, and the poster, and my coming here and talking to you, and, in short, of everything. Forgive my incoherence, but today I have been extremely distressed and upset. It was a kind of quality in your voice that brought it all back. I can't see you very plainly on these stairs, and the illusion is almost perfect."

"I have come nearer to romance in my time than to remind a man of someone else; but put my feelings well on one side and tell me more. What did she do and why do you want a poster?"

"She broke my heart, but it's a long story and there's something singularly detestable about these stairs. Come and have dinner with me somewhere. I've got my car outside. We can dine in a grillroom, just as we are."

They found the aged taxi driver concluding his lecture to the more youthful fry on a car built in the days when cars were cars. The young woman drew her brows together.

"Is that the car? It looks strange, as though it were laying its ears back. Is it angry with me?" she asked.

"It is not a this year's model," replied Rollo a trifle coldly, and helped her into the front seat. "My dear Gregg, if you would kindly start the engine, we might get away before the old gentleman takes the collection."

In the grillroom of the Restaurant d'Or, Gaston himself came forward to do the honors. A little cloud of waiters hovered about them with mute yet special blessing. The young woman considered her host with shrewd, hard eyes.

"Why do they love us so?" she inquired, and Rollo answered half in surprise, "But everyone knows me here. François, the proprietor, and my father were young men together. I've been coming here ever since I can remember."

"You see," explained his guest dryly, "they have the advantage of me. You never told me your name."

"More I did," murmured her host. "I'm the Duke of Jermyn, but my friends call me Rollo. Now would you like cream of lobster and grilled sole, and a cutlet, or the wing of a bird, and an ice, or shall we leave it to Gaston? He knows more about food than anyone in the world except François."

She did not answer at once. He looked up and saw a girl with a clear-cut, half-defiant face, in a rather shabby blue suit, looking at him in cynical amazement.

"Thank you," she said very politely. "I think you choose an excellent meal. My name is Marta Stevens. I'm an unsuccessful artist. I didn't guess you were quite so

Continued on Page 73

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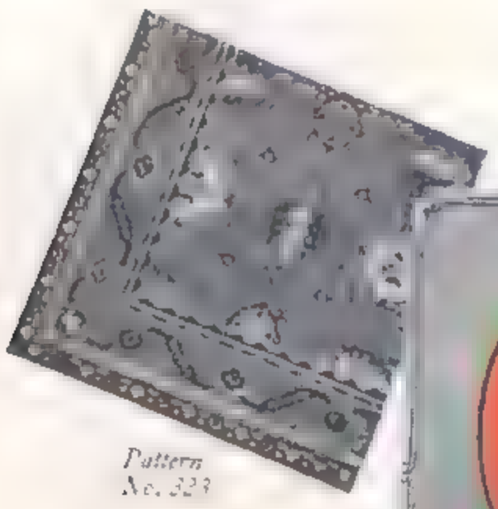

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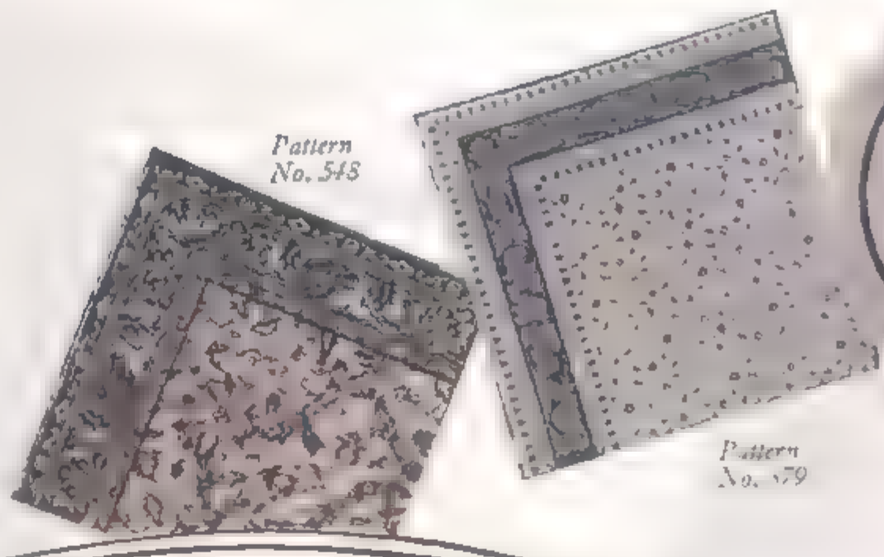

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
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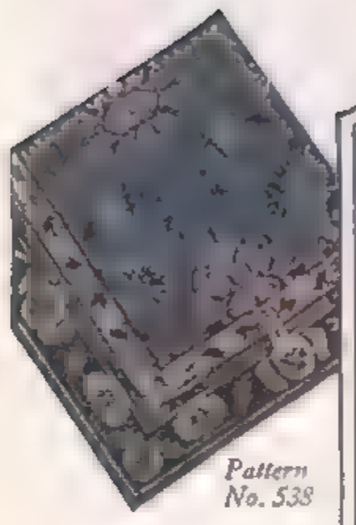
Pattern
No. 538

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We want every purchaser of Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rugs to be able to readily identify the genuine material, and to enjoy the confidence and security that come from receiving the utmost value for her money. That was why we put the *Gold Seal* on Congoleum Rugs many years ago.

We knew that these modern, sanitary rugs set a new standard in floor-covering value. Thus we had no hesitancy in pledging ourselves to the unconditional money-back guarantee that is printed on the *Gold Seal*.

Today we still put the *Gold Seal* on Congoleum Rugs and By-the-Yard because the quality and durability are more exceptional than ever.

Unless you are familiar with the complete range of Congoleum patterns you have not fully realized the decorative possibilities of these popular money and labor saving floor-coverings. Famous designers of America and Europe have created exclusive patterns of charm and distinction for *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. Every type of room—every possible color scheme—has been amply provided for.

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Don't be satisfied with any "just as good" floor-covering. Insist that the material you buy bears the *Gold Seal* on the face of the pattern. Only then can you be sure of getting Congoleum quality, beauty and service.

Popular Sizes—Money Saving Prices

6	feet x 9	feet	$ 9.40	1½	feet x 3	feet	$ .90
7½	feet x 9	feet	11.10	2	feet x 3	feet	.90
9	feet x 9	feet	14.05	3	feet x 4½	feet	1.75
9	feet x 10½	feet	16.40	3	feet x 6	feet	2.60
9	feet x 12	feet	18.75				

The patterns illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in designs to harmonize with them.

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

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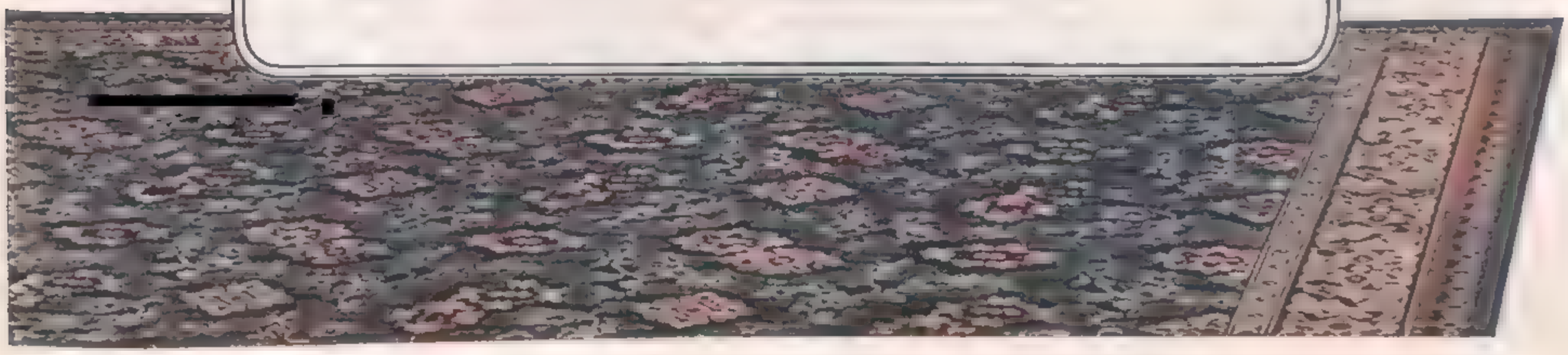

WAGES

A COOLIE works ten or twelve hours a day. If he carries all he can, he moves *one* ton *one* mile in *one* day. For that, he receives twenty cents. "Cheap labor," you say.

Not cheap labor. Not at all. For in America, we move *one* ton *one* mile for less than *one* cent.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 68)

exalted. I must have said a great many things for which no doubt I ought to apologize."

"Not at all," declared Rollo. "I'm a very unsuccessful duke. I live obscurely on a relatively small income; I can't do anything to add to it; as a lover I'm a failure, and a girl has just chucked me straight out into the gutter. I assure you, Miss Stevens, you excel me in every respect. A failure is always pitiful, but a duke who is a failure is ludicrous as well. When I consider the magnificent altitude of a worm as compared to mine, I realize how low I have fallen."

"Tell me about it, if you care to," suggested Marta Stevens in one of those little cooing voices.

Her unhappy host squared his shoulders and took a deep breath.

"Well, no names, no pack drill of course," he responded, and for the third, if not the fourth, time that day poured out anonymously the bitter story of Frederica's cruelty.

Marta Stevens listened with supreme tact, eating her good dinner as if at once ashamed of mere hunger in the face of a life tragedy, yet too well-bred to refuse what was set before her.

"You mustn't be too hurt," she counseled at last. "Girls are peculiar. Often they don't mean what they say. I should have thought—forgive me—you were too attractive to cast aside like that, supposing she ever had the least affection for you. I don't mean to be impertinent in any way."

"So someone else said," admitted Rollo, remembering Miss Coxworthy. "However, I don't believe it. I must be essentially a bit of a rabbit. What have I done with my life beyond a little soldiering? Some fellows have become world famous at twenty-six. You must remember I'm not a mere boy."

"What is fame?" demanded Miss Stevens, who had not achieved it, scornfully. "Mere bombast and bunk. It needs a foul commercial mind, which, thank God, neither of us possesses."

Rollo smiled sadly. The incense of their cigarettes mingled with the fragrance of their coffee. In the Restaurant d'Or one found shelter, comfort, warmth, soft lighting, companionship, reverence and acres of gold-leaf decoration. Outside were ravening, bitterness, jealousy, strife, and cruel young women. He sighed and gathered himself together.

"May I give you a lift home, seeing you've been so decent and sympathetic?"

"Thank you. I live in a sort of studio—220 Velasquez Square, Chelsea."

A bill, gratitude of waiters, farewells, Gregg, the gunners' salute, the swung starting handle, the boom of a twelve-year-old engine. Marta Stevens nestled under the rug at Rollo's side. Gregg drove with the subconscious ease of the old hand whose mind can afford to be elsewhere. Two score pedestrians owed their lives to this faculty. They halted in the gloom of Velasquez Square and Rollo handed the lady to her doorstep.

"I hope," I declared, "that this will not be our last eting. You were extraordinarily dec. to dine with me."

"Thank you," returned his guest, looking mysteriously attractive, as young persons in *cloche* hats do in a bad light. "I shall love to be asked out again some day."

"You can drive," said the duke to his minion as the door clicked. "Take me straight home and don't bash the gears about more than absolutely necessary."

Gregg, measuring the abyss of his master's grief by the depth of this uncalled for insult, hid under his speckless uniform a heart that bled freely for the sorrows of the great.

IV

SO ROLLO came home. He entered the public hallway, opened his own front door, closed it between him and the world, turned into his sacred and personal library-smoking room and sank in a deep armchair. Faint sounds came of Gregg reversing the car on its way to the garage. Rollo glanced about him with a sardonic smile.

"My slum in Pimlico!" he murmured, as one quoting the classics. "Perhaps Frederica was right. I can't quite imagine her in this place."

Mentally, he surveyed his domain, the ground floor and basement of a vast old Victorian house converted into apartments. The ground floor comprised his own rooms; the one in which he sat that faced the street, a vast and lofty chamber done in leather and old oak; there followed a guest room, bathroom, and a pleasant sitting room and a bedroom, both giving on the veranda overlooking a small conventional garden. The basement, except his tiny dining room opening into a conservatory, remained the province of ex-Bombardier and Mrs. Gregg, a perfect chauffeur-butler-valet and a supreme cook.

"It doesn't amount to much, not for a girl—for the girl—for a girl like —— Oh, damn!" he continued. His mind contemplated for a fleeting moment Jermyn Court in the parish of Jermyn Regis, in Somerset, its mansion, its park, its herd of fallow deer, its lake—all let to a war profiteer. Rollo shook his head sadly.

"One's got to face facts. I took an awful knock this morning and that sends one into a sort of delirium. I can't buy the Auditorium Café; I should be insane to mortgage my nest egg. For the rest, I've only a 1912 car that I keep because the tax is low, and a little over a thousand a year. After all, I must live. But I don't want my plan to fail. It seems such a beautiful revenge to do something for girls when a girl has completely done for me."

On the reading table at his side stood whisky and soda. He mixed himself a drink, sipped it dreamily and lapsed again into thought. The faces of Muriel Coxworthy, Peggy Dane and Marta Stevens drifted before his mental vision. Slowly his troubled brain gave birth to the idea.

"Why not?" he murmured at last. "I'm not rich enough to help limitless hard-up girls, but here are three I met by chance or fate or a miracle. They shall be my sisters or godchildren, or friends—anything impersonal—and I'll give them a helping hand. It must be distinctly understood that this isn't a flirtation. We'll always go out all together; fortunately the car just holds us. They shall tell me their joys and sorrows and love affairs, and I'll approve or disapprove of their young men. We shall be awfully happy." His eye, wandering to the writing table, rested on Frederica's photograph, and icy fingers seemed to steal over his heart. "We shall be awfully happy," he repeated firmly; "four nice, jolly, happy, sensible people, with no nonsense about us and the best intentions all round."

The door opened to admit a comely female figure, black gowned, white capped and aproned, the figure of Mrs. Gregg, model of the domestic virtues, in her middle forties. She grieved inwardly, she who had served the family from girl to woman, to behold the duke pale and sorrowful, still in the clothes of the morning, drinking whisky and soda in solitude, but she only said, "I beg Your Grace's pardon, but has Your Grace any instructions for tomorrow?"

"No," replied His Grace, "none whatever, thank you; I shall go down and stay at the golf club all tomorrow and the day after, but the next day I'm asking three girls to dinner."

"Very good, Your Grace."

"Give 'em the sort of fluffy dinner girls like, and they can drink some of the Barsac, unless they prefer mineral water."

"There are only four bottles of the Barsac left," said Mrs. Gregg in a grave voice, consulting a sheet of paper in her hand. "The cellar is getting a little low. It would be as well to send an order to the wine merchant if Your Grace approves."

"Very well, I'll leave it to you, Mrs. Gregg. You know what we generally have."

Again the comely figure consulted her list.

"I regret to say that the house linen is in need of replenishment. Rightly speaking, we need sheets, tablecloths, dusters and pillow slips. I don't know if Your Grace would like to choose these or leave them to my discretion."

Rollo sighed heavily, for life is an expensive matter.

"You get them, Mrs. Gregg, but don't absolutely wallow in it, for heaven's sake. I can afford a sheet or two, but not hand-sewed or embroidered or anything. I'm trying to save up for a starting and lighting set for the car. The old lamps were all very well in the Stone Age, but not for 1925."

"And lastly, Your Grace," pursued Mrs. Gregg relentlessly, "there's the matter of the boiler for the hot-water system. I'd no opinion of it when we took these premises, but the landlord said it could be done up as good as new. Well, done up it was, but never satisfactory, and now it's almost give out altogether. I had the engineer in today, and he agrees it's a matter of a new boiler. Owing to its being a repairing lease, I'm afraid we shall have to do it ourselves. I instructed him to send an estimate and keep it as low as possible."

"In the name of fortune, what does a boiler cost?" moaned the duke. Mrs. Gregg shook her head.

"I couldn't exactly say, but ten or fifteen pound at the very least, what with fitting and the men's time, Your Grace."

Rollo stretched out his hand for the decanter.

"Frederica was quite right. What could I marry on," he murmured, "when even the price of a boiler upsets me? Thank you, Mrs. Gregg. I suppose we must just carry on. Make it an amusing dinner, but not terribly expensive, if you don't mind."

He slept, he rose, he breakfasted, wrote his three dinner invitations, and, in the spirit of a mourner after the funeral is over, went away to play golf.

Muriel Coxworthy, a favorite with her boarding-house chambermaid, received Rollo's letter while making her neat toilet for the day's battle. She ceased dragging a comb through her bobbed locks and tore open the aristocratic envelope.

The crest on the note paper intrigued her and she wondered vaguely what the motto, "*Primo arulso, non deficit alter*," meant. She read a friendly little note inviting her to dinner, "with one or two other people," and passed instantly into a daydream. In a sense, this phrase disappointed her, and yet it held comfort. She knew, alas, that all men are not to be trusted, particularly when the man is a duke and the girl a humble typist. She knew that a wise girl does not go unchaperoned to a bachelor's abode. She felt that a tête-à-tête meal in such forbidden surroundings might hold untold romance and yet be most inadvisable. Her common sense, both natural and acquired, rejoiced that temptation to dine alone with a duke at his private residence had been withheld from her. At first she thought of telling the other girls at the office, and then she changed her mind. She wondered a little how to reply, for the invitation was not in the third person; she did not know him well enough to say "dear Rollo," "dear sir" was impossible and "dear duke" sounded wrong, somehow.

Finally she compromised by omitting the salutation altogether. She wrote:

"Thank you ever so much; it's awfully kind of you and I shall love to accept.

"MURIEL COXWORTHY."

She took her little black evening frock and on the way to the office left it at the cleaner's for express cleaning. She also bought very new and very thin silk stockings. Thank heaven, she possessed already a pair of rather sweet evening shoes.

Peggy Dane, inhabiting rent free, in her unfortunate penury, the tiny flat of a girl friend so lucky as to be starring on tour in a revue entitled Kisses for Two, a flat in the chaste neighborhood of the Fulham Road, scuttled out of bed as Rollo's note fell on the hall floor, and scuttled back with it in triumph. The texture of the envelope attracted her. She lit a cigarette and opened it hungrily. A similar invitation met her

(Continued on Page 75)

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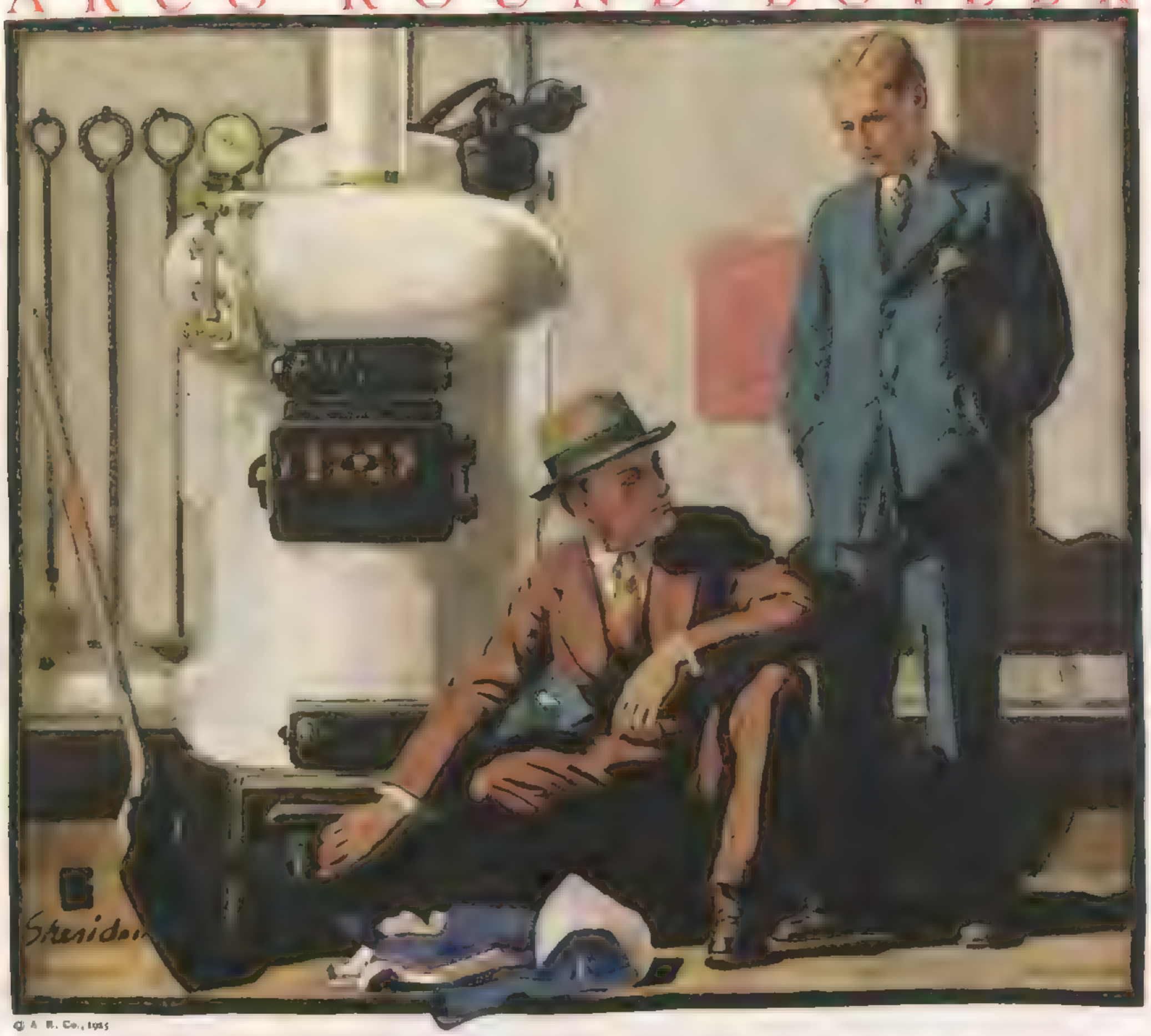

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(Continued from Page 73)

eyes. She propped herself up with her pillow and weighed the evidence.

"The boy is mad, but nice," she said at last. "Nobody else would write on his private note paper in his own writing, signed with his own name, to a strange girl, and a chorus girl at that. Someone ought to tell him so, only I can't afford to. One has to do the best one can for oneself, does not one? I must make the most of him, poor lad. After all, he's got to learn. Fortunately, I've a frock for him; I'd better subdue it a little on account of the one or two others. Wish we were going to be alone."

Later she wrote in reply:

"*My dear duke:* How topping of you! Delighted to accept. All news when we meet. Yours sincerely,

"PEGGY DANE"

Marta Stevens, drifting about her studio in a kimono, with one eye on a boiling egg and the other on coffee in a percolator, heard the ineffable plop of a fat rich letter and retrieved it at the hazard of her breakfast. She perused Rollo's request for her company at dinner and laughed a little ironically.

"Can I be a vamp after all? Was it my hat, or has the moon turned blue?" she asked herself. "Marta, you had better accept. Not every unsuccessful artist finds a ducal patron. Now, have I a clean sheet of note paper, a respectable envelope and a stamp?"

She found all three and wrote:

"It's awfully good of you and I accept with pleasure. Frankly, I never expected to hear of you again, but I'm glad I have.

"Yours,

"MARTA STEVENS."

She spent the rest of the day stenciling purple roses and green leaves on a tango-orange one-piece evening frock.

On the evening of his dinner party, as Rollo stood in front of the mantelpiece waiting for his guests to arrive, he felt at the same time depressed and exalted. The sitting room overlooking the garden was well enough in its way, furnished with a few beautiful pieces taken from Jermyn Court. Yet not thus, he felt, had his ancestors awaited their friends; nevertheless, a worthy and admirable sentiment had inspired this dinner party, whereas in the history of the Jermyns there were, alas, one or two more or less regrettable incidents.

Typically enough, Marta, the rebel genius, arrived first. Rollo observed that the skin of her arms and shoulders displayed that extreme fairness peculiar to her auburn coloring. The stenciled gown worried him a little; but after all, a girl can wear anything if she can get away with it. Marta had the unstudied carelessness of a foal in a meadow or a nymph on a water lily.

Next came Muriel in her little black frock, shy on the surface but adventurous of soul. If the exigencies of business imposed on her an artificial solemnity, the spirit of the conquistadors lurked beneath it. She faced without blenching a duke on his own hearth.

Late, yet triumphant, Peggy curved into the room in the wake of Gregg. She had the impossibly perfect finish of the stage, being waved, manicured and powdered to a miracle, looking like one of the female guests in the cabaret scene of a revue. Gregg announced dinner and they threaded a devious path basementward to the black-and-gold dining room.

Each girl, secretly a trifle disappointed at possessing only a third share in the one available man, bristled slightly at each of the others beneath a disguise of happy laughter, the claws half bared in her little rose-leaf paws. Rollo exerted himself to be an attractive host and the perfect Gregg served wonderful food such as girls love, all hors d'œuvres and creamed soup and chicken done in an exciting way, and iced sweets and little dishes of candied rose leaves, salted almonds and other delights. When at last they retired to the sitting room Rollo drank solemnly a glass of the kind of port he had no intention of wasting on any mere girl. Then, squaring his shoulders, he rose and joined his guests over coffee and cigarettes.

Gregg had departed; the three guests sat grouped after their own choice; only the fall of a cinder in the grate or the tinkle of a coffee spoon against a cup broke the silence. Rollo sat facing them, cigarette between fingers, and a wistful smile crept over his face.

"If you'll forgive me," he said at last, "I want to tell you why I asked all of you to dine here just with me alone. You don't know it, but I met you three one after the other quite by chance on the same day. I told each of you separately how a girl had broken my heart. I was very miserable. I nearly bought a café that would probably have ruined me. The reason was ——"

Carefully and clearly he explained his reason. One dark, one fair and one auburn head turned to him with frozen attention.

"But now, Muriel and Peggy and Marta—for I think we know one another well enough for Christian names—I have a much better idea. I shall never fall in love again, or marry, but I like all three of you very much and I want you to be my godchildren. You shall tell me all your troubles, and I'll do what I can to solve them, and we will be four nice, happy, jolly, sensible people."

The duke developed his idea at great length. He failed altogether to note a faint yet perceptible chill in the mental atmosphere. Three charming expressions became more set; three slender forms sat more rigidly in three chairs.

"Well," he ended, "and what do you think of my suggestion?"

"Charming, R-Rollo," stammered Muriel after a brief pause.

"Top-hole!" declared Peggy, looking at him out of half-closed eyes.

"Wonderful!" drawled Marta with hardly veiled sarcasm.

Silence fell, and prevailed. Then, in unspoken agreement with her fellow guests, Muriel rose.

"I think perhaps I'd better be going; it's getting rather late," she murmured. Peggy, rising also, pleaded an early appointment in the morning. Marta associated herself with the others.

"I'll take you back in the car, all of you," insisted Rollo, ringing for Gregg. "It holds us all comfortably."

There followed the gathering of vanity bags, the draping of cloaks. Rollo shepherded his bevy of godchildren out onto the pavement, where stood the car, her brasses winking under a street lamp.

"Do let me sit next to you," pleaded Peggy, and bounded into the front seat. Rollo helped the others into the back.

"It will be quite warm with the hood up," he explained.

Gregg had left the engine running. From the driving seat, Rollo surveyed his flock.

"To be quite fair, I'd better take you home in alphabetical order of your surnames. That means Muriel goes home first, Peggy second and Marta last. We might stick to that arrangement always."

"It wouldn't be fair; Marta would always be left alone with you," objected Peggy.

"Well, I don't see that it matters, but we can begin with each of you in rotation if you prefer it," returned Rollo a little coldly.

They left Muriel with gay farewells at her Hampstead boarding house and Peggy at her tiny flat. Then Rollo drove Marta, who moved forward to sit beside him, to her studio in Chelsea.

"Do come in for one moment," she insisted; and sighing, for in happier days he had been accustomed to hear this from Frederica, he obeyed.

The studio impressed him as a wild place, with whitewashed walls, a lofty skylit roof, a curtained-off apartment that he assumed to be a bedroom, and rows of canvases bearing unfinished sketches. Marta pushed open the damper of a stove, flung off her cloak, offered him a cigarette, took one herself, and curled up in a chair draped with a leopard skin.

"Of course," she said, "you know you're crazy, don't you?"

"Certainly not. What makes you think I am?"

"How can you imagine three girls not quarreling over you?"

"Am I so fatally attractive?"

"Considering your social and other assets, I imagine so."

The duke flicked cigarette ash onto the floor and buttoned an exceedingly well-cut dress overcoat.

"I have made the position perfectly plain," he declared. "I have ruled out sentiment and insisted on being just friends. Why import difficulties that don't exist? Surely girls are more sensible than you give them credit for being. You might all be my nieces or my sisters. I will take care that there shall be no foolishness of any sort. Really, Marta, you ought to have better sense."

"Perhaps I ought. Well, those that live longest will see most. Good night, Rollo, my kind godfather—or is it uncle? I've enjoyed myself immensely."

She stood on the steps to see him off, the cigarette in her hand glowing like a firefly. Rollo drove back slowly and himself put the car into the garage. He walked the few yards to his home, deep in thought. At the hall door he paused in amazement. By the curb stood, gleaming in crimson and silver, the smartest little coupé in London, whose chauffeur, in uniform to match, saluted gravely.

Returning the salute as in a dream, Rollo fumbled for his latchkey and opened his own door. A soft glow of light came from the library; entering, he stood lost in amazement, like a strayed wanderer in Paradise.

In his own armchair, coffee and cream at her side, a book on her knee, her white shoulders and dark head caressing the unfeeling leather of the chair, in frock and hose and shoes of gold, sat Frederica.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three stories by Mr. Baily. The second will appear next week.

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After Bill put a tough, lustrous coat of Effecto Auto Enamel on his old bus, he realized the intrinsic value in an automobile, the dingy old paint of which had simply been tiring his eyes.

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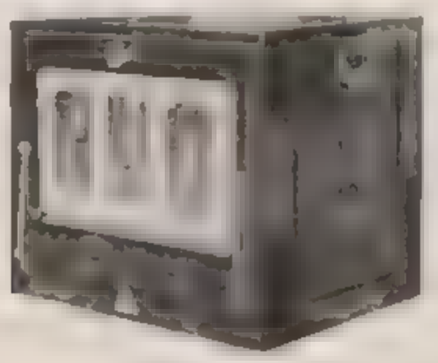

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RED HOT DADDY

By Newman Levy

Being the way Mr Goethe might have written the first act of Faust had he been familiar with current fashions in musical comedy

SCENE—FAUST'S *study*

Opening Chorus by Students, Villagers, etc.

CHORUS: Old Doc Faust is a red hot daddy:
Old Doc Faust is the jazzin' lad
Old Doc Faust he can shake a wicked slipper;
For a bird that's nearly eighty—oh, he isn't so bad.
So, come, Mister Saxophone, play that haunting melody;
An' come, Mister Trombone, and give us a tune;
Let us hear that clarinet throw in a dash of indigo;
Old Doc Faust is coming here soon.

[*Enter* DR. FAUST. *He is bald and has a long white beard. He leans heavily on a cane.*

SONG

FAUST: Oh, I used to be a villain with the ladies;
Yes, I used to be a cut-up with the dames;
In the days that some call "salad"
I could trill a merry ballad,
And I used to be a bear at kissing games.

CHORUS: Yes, he used to be a bear at kissing games.

FAUST: But alas, those good old days are gone forever,
And my ancient heart is filled with grief and woe.
I would sign up with the devil
If he'd let me dance and revel,
As I used to do so many years ago.

CHORUS: As he used to do so many years ago

FAUST: It's pretty tough to have a pair of feet that are eighty years old and a heart that's not a day over sixteen.

[*Exeunt* CHORUS, *singing "Old Doc Faust is a red hot daddy." Thunder and red fire. Enter* MEPHISTOPHELES. *He is fashionably dressed in a frock coat and silk hat. His beard is trimmed in a neat Vandyke, and he wears a monocle.*

FAUST *(startled):* Who the devil ——

MEPHISTOPHELES: I'm the devil.

FAUST: The devil you are!

MEPHISTOPHELES: Exactly. The devil I am.

FAUST *(shaking his hand):* Well, this is indeed a pleasure. I've wanted to meet you for a long time. Some of my best friends are—er—guests of yours. How is old Bill Smith getting along? And Mel Shroder? And ——

MEPHISTOPHELES *(disgustedly):* Are they friends of yours? A fine gang! They give me more trouble than all the rest of my guests put together.

FAUST: Well, I'd certainly like to see the old crowd again.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yes, no one can ever take the place of your college chums.

SONG

MEPHISTOPHELES: The years have crowded on me,
My hair is like the snow,
And, oh, my heart is longing
For the friends of long ago;
My dear old college comrades,
Their mem'ry cannot pale,
I'd like to clasp their hands again—
The friends I had at Yale,

REFRAIN:

Dear old days at Eli,
Dear old days at Yale,
Jolly carefree days of youth,
Thy mem'ry ne'er can stale,
Though we meet misfortune
In strolling through life's vale
We will ne'er forget the friends—
The friends we had at Yale.

[*A group of young men in dinner jackets, disguised to look like the Yale Glee Club, come out and repeat the chorus in close harmony. After the second verse they come out in football uniforms and run through signal practice. They then bunch together and give the Yale cheer. Exeunt* CHORUS.

FAUST: Oh, if I could only be a boy again!

MEPHISTOPHELES: Nothing easier. Just sign here on the dotted line. *(Produces a book and fountain pen.)* This is our twenty-year nonparticipating contract. Lots of men your age have taken it out. Just a few questions. Have you ever applied for a policy and been refused?

FAUST: No.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Have you ever suffered from housemaid's knee or hoof and-mouth disease?

FAUST: Never.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Then sign on the dotted line.

There is a clap of thunder and a flash of lightning. The stage grows dark. When it lights up again FAUST *has been transformed into a tall handsome young man.*

FAUST: Well, well. *(Feels his chin and finds his beard gone.)* That was a quick shave. *(Rubs his head and finds long curly hair there.)* Well, I'll be darned.

[*Enter* MARGUERITE, *an attractive young woman of about eighteen. With her is* MARTHA, *her nurse.*

MARGUERITE: Oh, look at the handsome young man.

MARTHA *(eying* MEPHISTOPHELES*)* And his gentleman friend ain't so rotten either.

FAUST *(bowing):* I beg pardon. Didn't I meet you last winter at ——

MARGUERITE *(laughing):* No, it must have been two other fellows.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Speaking of the North Pole, it reminds me of my Eskimo Lulu in her igloo.

[*Little white Eskimo huts are placed on the stage by the* CHORUS *dressed as Eskimos. During this song, paper snow falls, covering the stage.*

SONG

MEPHISTOPHELES *and* CHORUS:

Up where the nights are six months long,
Where the northern lights are shining,
There lives my Lulu in her little igloo—
That is why I'm pining.

REFRAIN:

Lulu, my Eskimo Lulu,
Sitting in her igloo
Waiting for me,
There isn't any Zulu
Down in Zambulu
Can compare with my Lulu
In the Arctic Sea,
Oh, I'll take my dogs and mush up to Alaska
Till I reach you sitting near your ice-bound shore;
When I get to you at last
Then I'll take and hold you fast,
In your igloo, Lulu, then we'll mush some more.

[*This is followed by a dance in which the* CHORUS *disguised as Eskimo dogs pull* MARGUERITE *in a sled across the stage.*

FAUST: And now let's make a night of it! Let's go to the Café de Brockenberg.

ALL: To the Café de Brockenberg.

FAUST: Wine and woman and song!

MARGUERITE: Hoop la!

FINALE

Wine and woman and song, tra la,
Women and song and wine,
Dancing the whole night long, tra la,
That is the life for mine,
Let us be young while we can, tra la,
Banish dull care away,
Away with all sorrow,
No thought for tomorrow
At the Brockenberg Café!

CURTAIN

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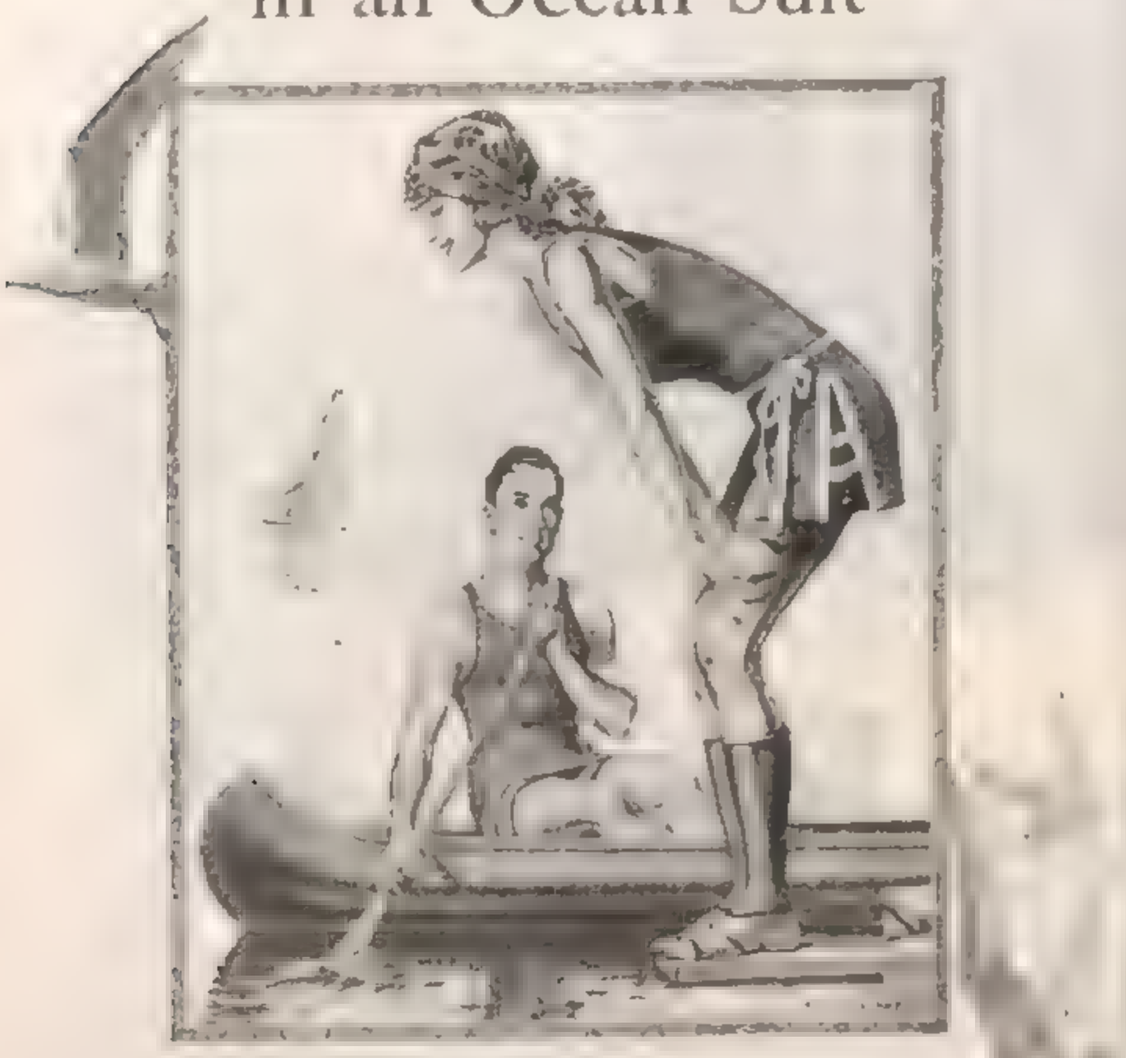

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Trapping in the Big Woods

THE year I became a real trapper I was just past my seventeenth birthday. I was quite a hunter, having killed many deer, hares, grouse and other game, but this was just a case of keeping going through the woods until I jumped something which I could shoot. Putting down deadfalls, snares and steel traps was entirely different. I had to know where the fur was going to be tomorrow, next week, and even next spring, if I was to catch any. But I was ignorant of that until I began to find my traps always empty, and I needed money. This need made a trapper of me.

I was pretty much alone in the world. Successful trappers generally are lonely, backwoods, hermit people. Good guides have humans around them, hunters usually have some other job to support them, and spruce gummers run to large families and are sociable. Trappers have their cabins away back, often hidden from all eyes but their own.

At first I trapped for everything. I wanted mink, marten, foxes, ermine, muskrats, bears, lynx, pekan—fisher—and raccoon. I never did think much of skunks. I spread, when I was twenty-two years old, some four hundred traps along my lines—bear traps, ermine traps, otter traps; No. 0's to No. 6's. I had a great assortment, and I know now that I caught more furs than either my knowledge or efforts justified. If I hadn't been lucky I should have been hungrier than I was during those long, learning winters when I grew sick of venison, rabbits, grouse and fish. I knew what it was to do without cornmeal, flour, salt pork, and even sugar and tea because I didn't have the money to buy them.

A Rough Apprenticeship

I could have worked in log camps at twenty dollars a month, with board. In those days men on timber jobs went out to the cutting before daybreak, and came in after dark—storm, cold or thaw. Probably I was too lazy. I do not know. I went hungry rather than give up my free woods wandering on snowshoes. I paid for my independence!

For four years I tried to know what was the matter with my traps, that I didn't catch the animals. I accumulated hundreds of traps, mostly bought with summer-wages money. I had them on streams, on mountains, in hardwood, and all over. Surely, I thought, mink must smell my fish, and marten smell my rabbits and squirrels. They didn't. I caught muskrats—one hundred and fourteen one fall when they sold for twelve cents each. I caught two mink and three ermines. My winter catch was less than fifty dollars. I had spent two hundred and forty-five dollars on my outfit, let alone clothes, footwear, grub.

When I began to cook for myself in my trap cabins I wondered what became of my flour, cornmeal, and salt pork. I was eating about three pounds of food a day, and when I realized that, I knew where the food went. That meant I had to have more than four hundred pounds of grub in my camps, either wild meat or home grown or bought. The fact is, I divided nearly even, half wild and half packed in. My four hundred traps weighed more than a thousand pounds, and I could carry a hundred pounds in a load in those days. I was five years getting my outfit into the woods!

I chuckle now when I think of my ignorance when I was a boy. The big satisfaction of life is that by and by a man realizes that he has learned something no boy could ever know. I remember when I learned for myself that a pekan circles around through the woods on a runway it takes him two weeks to cover. I noticed fresh tracks on Metcalf Lake Mountain one day. Two weeks later I noticed the same tracks in the same place, right over a log three feet deep in the snow. I set a trap there, and sixteen days later the double spring had the pekan swung up on the well sweep.

The woods stood revealed to me in one sudden flinging wide of the doors, allowing me to look into them! As long as I live I'll never forget the sensation. I was tired. I had had poor luck. I was sick of venison. I hated rabbit meat. I had salt pork, one slice for dessert! At last, after five years' work, hundreds of miles of lugging on bare ground and on snow, and bitter nights without enough over me, I could see where I could now get the hang of the woods.

Learning the Game

I had thought animals were everywhere, went all over and just wandered around. Now I saw that the animals had their own highways, their streets, their own avenues and boulevards. Year after year I have studied these runways, as we call them. Long since, I gave up hope of knowing all about all the wild life. But I had a busy winter. I took up more than three hundred of my four hundred scattered traps. I set them in other places where I thought runways of mink, marten, pekan ought to be. I am bound to say that in the poor months of February and March, once I recognized the runway condition, I caught more fur than I had caught in all the five previous years, when I thought because I was a good game shot and successful hunter I could be a good trapper. I made $347.60 in those two months, trapping. I had a silver fox, caught in a burning, that brought me one hundred and fifty dollars. This was partly luck, for I shot him. But I broke almost even that winter, taking in as much as I spent.

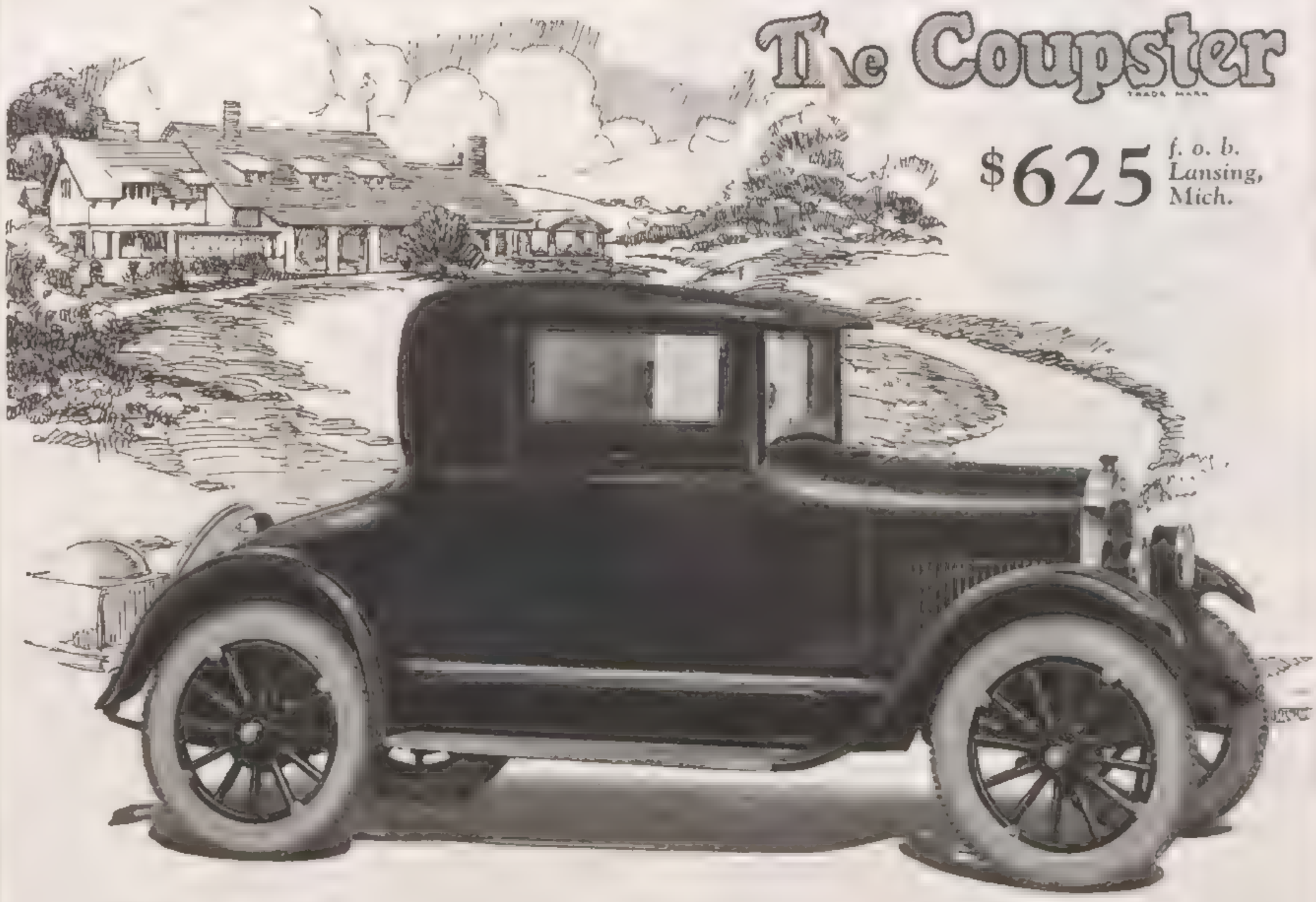
I worked all summer, and averaged thirty dollars a month. On October first I went into the woods. This was a month before trapping began. I carried a little shotgun, so I shouldn't be killing deer all the while. I just sat around seeing what I could see. I saw mink, otter, pekan and foxes. I was learning at last to be a trapper.

I built five spruce-pole cabins, chinked tight, with pole bunks covered deep with balsam boughs. I dug out all my traps and boiled them in balsam and hemlock boughs so they wouldn't rust. I caught about four hundred pounds of suckers and spread them on traps along streams for mink cubby bait. I used big bait for traps in those days—venison.

But I couldn't find places for more than four hundred traps. I had a reason for every trap I put down, and each trap was set for a certain kind of fur, and even for a particular animal. I remember the first mink I really knew. He was a big fellow, sly, mean and black. He had caught his foot in somebody's trap and had lost half his right forepaw. He came up Little Black Creek from the Old Pardy Place to the beaver flat below the lake. I put down nine traps for that old scoundrel—two dollars' worth of metal to take a four-dollar skin. I caught him in the dark woods after the first snow melted, in middle November.

My pride was all gone by this time. I knew I didn't know much. If I'd studied law as hard as I studied fur, I expect I'd have been a county judge or perhaps a corporation attorney by this time. I worked my way through the wilderness college anyhow. I suffered some. I was hungry at times. I knew many a day of weary work and many a night when I sat before my little fireplace and wondered what was the use of living anyhow. And next morning I went out, lugging my snowshoes and

(Continued on Page 80)



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For genuine linoleum look for the Blabon label, and ask for Blabon's Linoleum by name. It is sold by good home-furnishing and department stores. Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home," will be sent free, upon request.

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Blabon's Linoleum is made of finely ground cork and oxidized linseed oil intimately blended, and firmly attached to a burlap base. In Inlaid and Plain Linoleum the patterns and colors extend clear through to the burlap back. In Printed grades the patterns and colors are printed on the linoleum body with heavy oil paints.

BLABON'S Linoleum

(Continued from Page 78)

finding all my traps untouched, unvisited by anything but foxes.

Foxes would come pawing and digging around my trap cubbies. It was seven years before I could catch my first fox. Then I took nine one winter. I learned to put down my traps, brush over my tracks in the snow, and tempt the foxes to dig to the machine that doomed them. Of course I used poison on foxes for a while. We woodsmen all did use strychnine trapping, but I gave it up years ago.

A good fox set wouldn't touch a fisher; what would take a pekan would make a wise mink laugh. I was some twenty or thirty years discovering that marten, without runways on their own mountains, would generally follow a certain route when they went visiting from one mountain to another across a brook valley. If I'd known that in the early days, I'd have saved myself a lot of hard climbing in those days when I thought all marten sets had to be on top of high mountain ridges.

One by one all my boy notions gave way before the realities of the wilderness. I was man grown, going on in years, when I knew at last that I had worked harder, studied more things, and put in more years to know a little about wild life than I would have been obliged to do to obtain what they call a classical education. It takes ten years to get book learning. Boy and man, I spent eighteen years in the woods learning to trap, if I count from the time of the first woodchucks I caught when I was ten years old. I know lots of trappers who never catch foxes in the snow, because they can't—don't know how. I do that. But really I specialize on fisher—pekan—and otter, here in the East.

Lazy Men's Fur

If a man knows how to trap something successfully—say, a mink or a pekan, knowing its life and most of its general ideas—he can usually make a fair stagger at trapping other animals, as marten or otter. Personally, I had to force myself to go after muskrats when they passed two dollars a skin. I was glad when deep snow and thick ice stopped me that autumn, although I caught more than a thousand rats and nearly seven hundred kits when the buyers were cornering the rat-fur market. It was hard work to take care of the traps, the skins and the work. I had to cover about two hundred rat traps every day while I was ratting, and one morning I had one hundred and nineteen skins to stretch. Muskrat trapping is the easiest and simplest fur catching there is, but for a boy learning how, it is a good deal more interesting catching rats than it is working week after week taking no fur at all. Some trappers spend all their lives trying to find lots of muskrats and skunks, because these animals are easy to catch—lazy men's fur.

Of all fur bearers I presume the sea otter, worth a thousand or two a hide, is never trapped. They live in oceans and sleep in floating seaweed. They are shot. Seal are clubbed and some other sea animals are not trapped. But all shore furs are trapped, and fur laws forbid shooting furs more and more, because shot or bullets spoil the skins.

For years my line averaged more than one hundred and fifty miles long in the Southern Adirondacks. It led a hundred miles in a big loop, with seven cabins, five hidden from everybody. Two were used by parties of hunters during the autumn. One cabin was a club camp locked up for the winter, but I found the brass key and used it after the sportsmen left in the fall, at the end of the deer season. I built all the other cabins, and shingled their roofs, supplied them with blankets, cooking utensils, an old ax, and staple grub supplies—flour, cornmeal, salt pork, bacon, sugar, coffee and tea, evaporated milk after I became pretty stylish, and always a can or bottle full of dry matches.

I would go into the woods in late May and build my cabins if I decided to move my line. I cut down spruce trees, peeled off the bark, rived out shingles, and erected the pretty log house, about six by eight feet, and nearly six feet high. Peeled-log cabins last twenty or thirty years, while fall-built cabins, when the bark won't scalp or spud off, last only eight or ten years; water and damp ooze in and the wood rots. In the early days I had fireplaces in all the cabins. But in late years I managed to find some abandoned camp, loggers' or farm-clearing cookstove, which I would drag back in the woods on a sled, or travois. Carrying in a four-hundred-pound stove was the hardest job of all.

I built a cabin, complete, with an ax, hung the door, made with a draw-shave, and laid shingles, and stacked up a fireplace in from four to six days. A one-man crosscut saw helped a lot, after I found it paid to bother to carry in the saw.

Feasts for the Nut Eaters

Out from each camp I generally had right and left loop lines of traps, reaching over a circuit of twelve to twenty miles. Sometimes I would run a loop out to some camp fifteen miles away. Thus my lines on the map were laid out something like a flower stalk—with camps at the forks—and leaves or branches, and at the far end perhaps a regular posy with four or five loops for petals.

At first I chose pretty country for my trap lines. I went through virgin timber, of which there was a lot in the early days. But as I grew older I found that large areas of the forest had almost no life at certain seasons. In late autumn, when the fur came prime, if it was a beechnut year, with the hardwoods alive with nut eaters, there I would find the beasts that prey—and wear good fur. Next year, when the trees had no nuts for the animals to eat, the fur would follow the scattering squirrels, birds, rabbits into swamps or second growth, for moss, buds and other nut substitutes.

A bad storm in the spring when the beechnut trees were in flower would mean a poor nut crop. If I knew about the storm I could figure after a while on where I'd find furs the coming winter. If there were lots of blueberries, blackberries, raspberries I'd know the fur wearers would be around the old burnings in the summer months. They would be sure to come to the old burnings in the winter, remembering the summer plenty. The bushels of choke and black cherries in old choppings and burnings meant late-autumn pawing around in the first snows by the game sought by the fur-bearing animals.

One fall I noticed that suckers were crowding up into the trout-spawning beds in all the brooks out of Moose River and out of the lakes and streams up the West Canada Creek. Bears, pekan and marten, even, joined the mink, otter and foxes in this fish feast. Pekan were bringing me one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five dollars that autumn, which wasn't so long ago. I put trap cubbies all along the sucker brooks, and from November twelfth, when I set and baited my traps, to December twentieth I caught fourteen pekan, and one of these brought me one hundred and fifty dollars, and none under one hundred. Besides, I caught twenty-three green-timber red foxes. Woods foxes are worth twice as much as the hole foxes of the farm clearings, because of their larger size and richer furs. I caught seven otter, two big ones, and a good many mink. I changed my early winter campaign on account of those suckers. Because I could foresee the effect on fur-animal habits, I took in more actual cash than any other trapping winter. A fine black fox made up the record.

I trapped eighteen winters before I ever reached a thousand dollars' worth of fur. For years I never went above seven hundred and forty-five dollars for the season. Even after I served my apprenticeship I was five years before I went to five hundred dollars. My outfit cost more than my income from trapping, for nine years.

(Continued on Page 82

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Continued from Page 80

That is, I was a sportsman, working summers to pay for my winter fun! Few would-be boy trappers realize how meager the returns, how hard the toil of trapping

My outfit, when at last I was a real trapper living by it, cost about eight hundred dollars, and that was cheap, even in those inexpensive days. I suppose my outfits—traps, weapons, clothes, snowshoes, moccasins and hunting boots, ammunition, hats and mittens—were worth, to buy new, about fifteen hundred dollars during the big war-price fur years. I could not buy my outfit now for a full winter campaign for less than two thousand dollars. When I began spot-trapping with an automobile that was something else—a thousand-dollar car to run! Food alone always cost the equivalent of from forty to seventy-five cents a day. Laying out my lines, building my cabins, putting up my winter firewood, chopping out the trails, and studying the fur I would seek means, about two months' work every spring, summer and autumn before I take my traps out of their hiding places. Even spot-trapping, without long lines, and only one cabin, would mean an outlay of five hundred to seven hundred and fifty dollars, not counting the two or three pounds of grub a day; a man surely must eat hearty to keep going fifteen miles to twenty miles a day trapping, no matter what the weather, the luck or the difficulties. In Canada and Alaska two trappers might easily have personal property, including dogs, boats or canoes, and equipment costing up to five thousand dollars, with which they would be fortunate to divide, after expenses, taxes, licenses and incidentals, more than two thousand dollars at the end of a season. One Yankee boy I know caught only twelve dollars' worth of fur in Canada last winter!

Lucky Days

A man grows more intimate with forest life trapping than in any other way. After the hunters, the summer people, the fishermen are all gone out, loggers are working in small, widely scattered areas. The trapper pursues his way along his blazed-trail lines, usually alone. He is like the pekan on his runway, the lynx on his wanderings—silent and watchful. He shoots red squirrels for bait. Sometimes he is lucky enough to kill a big porcupine, which is the favorite food of the pekan. Night finds him coming into a cold camp, the interior glistening with frost crystals, the timbers cold as metal, and when he has his red flames shooting in the old stove or fireplace he throws a blanket on his stool or bench, sits down and waits for strength to make supper, bring in fresh water, and skin his catch—if he has had any luck. I have been so tired in loose snow that I stopped every fifty or sixty yards, unable to lift one laden snowshoe ahead of the other. I have hung my pack basket on a tree a mile from camp, because I couldn't lug it another rod. I have sometimes used my snowshoe as a shovel, dug a hole in five or six feet of snow, and huddled there all night in a blizzard, because I could not be sure I was heading right.

But there are compensations. One of my black-fox skins went into the collection of the Czar of Russia. I caught nine marten between two camps one time—one hundred and eighty dollars' worth of fur. I learned to catch three out of five otters whose runways I discovered. I caught twenty-three pekan, or fisher, when these skins were bringing one hundred and twenty-five dollars average.

Fur is at its best from first prime, in early November, to January first, in all our Eastern states. Beaver and muskrat alone are better in the spring than in late fall or early winter. Fox, pekan and other animals are no sooner prime than they begin to rub. The delicate ends of the fur velvet wear off. The guard hairs split Sand, clay, dirt cuts the fur. The sunshine fades mink and marten.

We used to trap as early as October, when skins were blue hide, not yet prime and spongy. Laws protect furs till prime now. The late-spring trapping is cut away, and even late-winter trapping is doomed. If trapping was stopped after January fifteenth, trappers would make more money, the furs would be much better, and many regions would have more wild life, more furs to catch. A good muskrat marsh is property now. The yield is from ten to fifty or so rats per acre—considerable income at a dollar to two dollars a pelt. Thousands of farms are posted against trappers.

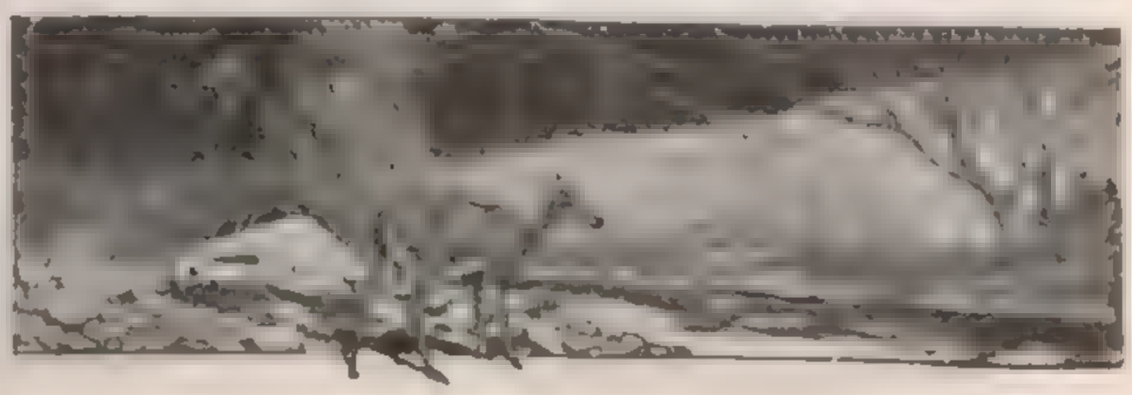
A Pretty Girl's Neckpiece

Big woods, too, are often closed against us. But if the woods are not trapped, fur bearers—most of them meat eaters—kill off all the winter and summer birds and timid beasts like rabbits and squirrels. Trappers talk about taking their livings away, closing the trapping grounds. I trapped my own territory so close in wartimes, when furs were up, that I went from above a three-thousand-dollar catch to under one thousand dollars over one summer. No one else was in my territory. If I had caught twenty-five hundred dollars' worth, the five-hundred-dollar stock would have produced more than three thousand dollars' worth of fur. I came to be too good a trapper, too cunning and successful—but far from wise!

Sometimes I wish I hadn't stuck to trapping. As a boy and young man I didn't know any better. Life for a little while broke wrong for me. The woods comforted, welcomed, supported me in some hard mean years. The Nature lore accumulated in my mind. It filled and satisfied real if at times vague longings.

To tramp through the woods, knowing where the mink has her den, the pekan her home tree, the fox his hole under a leaning rock, the marten his nest—doubtless trifling information compared to lots of things I might have learned instead of such matters, but I question if anything else would have kept me more content or pleased me better. Lots greater folks out yonder in the towns are more useful, but one day I saw a pretty girl walking down Genesee Street. Around her throat was a dark pekan neckpiece, a single skin. I knew that pelt the minute I laid eyes on it. She gave me a quick bright look. On the street it was seven below zero. Two years before, it was twenty below, on Panther Mountain, when I found him caught. I'd worked three years to take him. They paid me one hundred and seventy-five dollars for the stretched skin.

The sight made me think better of myself, somehow. She didn't know—and wearers of fur almost never do know—but behind every caught pelt is a lot of preparation, a lot of know-how, and someone like me, who loves and ranges the lands where tragedy is one of the countless conditions that more or less prevail.—JIM SMILEY.



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TELLING EUROPE'S FORTUNE

(Continued from Page 4)

to be better than the moribund old debt of the Belgian people to the American Treasury only because it is owed to private investors.

"To stabilize exchange" is another important financial phrase. That quarter of the loan indicated to be used for such purpose is handed by the Belgian Government to the Belgian National Bank; the Belgian National Bank will buy Belgian francs when they are weak, thus supporting the country's credit in the foreign-exchange market. It is simply national till-money. The other and last quarter is spent in Belgium for the account of Belgium's empire in the Congo.

There is no exception. The British, who know more about us than any other people, nevertheless believe in the same myth.

When it came time to say how the money to be received from Germany under the Dawes Plan should be allotted among the creditors, Europe was shocked by the intrusion of the United States. What? America demanding to participate? America, with already half the money in the world! The secondary reaction was ironic. Naturally, those money grabbers! They had not signed the treaty in the first place. They hadn't signed anything ever. Always they sat around as unofficial observers, unable to write their names, until for the first time, under the Dawes Plan, there was likely to be some real money to divide up. Then they were willing to sign. The palsied arm was suddenly quite well.

Colonel Logan's Winning Diplomacy

The whole Allied press was flooded with propaganda against the American claim. It was very violent. Officially, however, the French were a little tactful because of a collision they had just invited with the American Government over their debt to the United States Treasury. They said the American claim had no legality whatever. In this they agreed with the British. As to the legality of the claim—no; that was preposterous. However, they might concede that it had some color of equity.

The American negotiators, Frank B. Kellogg and Col. James A. Logan, got them to say in writing that they did not deny the equity of the American claim. They saw no harm in that and never supposed anything would come of it. Colonel Logan then got Italy and Belgium to say the same thing. They said it because France had said it, and because they, too, were minded to tread softly as debtors of the American Treasury who had never offered to pay.

When the British negotiators arrived in Paris for the conference they found this situation—France, Italy and Belgium denying the legality of the American claim and yet conceding the equity of it. The British said, "What is this? What can be the difference between legality and equity? How a thing may be not legal and equitable at the same time we should like to know."

That was what the American negotiators had been waiting for. Colonel Logan said

"I'll tell you the difference between what's legal and what's equitable. Listen! The American Government held Great Britain's note for the sum of $4,500,000,000. This was your demand note of hand—that is to say, payable when we were pleased to ask for the money, and the interest was 5 per cent. You came over to talk to us about it. There was no disputing the legality of our claim, was there? It was your note; you acknowledged the signature. Was there anything more to be said? Certainly not as to the legality of the matter. That was clear.

"But you asked us to consider its collateral aspects, its sentimental and political aspects, and especially its practical aspects. You could pay the note, but it would almost ruin you to do it. You assumed that we did not wish almost to ruin you, and we didn't. We gave you back that 5 per cent demand note and took in place of it sixty-two-year bonds at 3 and 3.5 per cent interest. The difference in value between a 5 per cent demand note and a sixty-two-year bond at 3 for the first ten years and 3.5 per cent thereafter was the money difference in that case between what was legal and what was equitable. Ask your own actuaries to calculate it for you. I can do it roughly in my head. It was at least one-third of the debt. We do not say we made Great Britain a present of one-third of her debt to the United States, although that is true. All we say is that we waived our legal rights and made what seemed under the circumstances to be an equitable settlement."

"Oh!" said the British. "That's it!"

You could not suppose it had ever occurred to them, or that they had ever for one moment been struck by the fact that in making this settlement with Great Britain the American Government not only accepted a lower rate of interest than it pays itself on the Liberty Bonds from which the money loaned to Great Britain originally came, but it took from Great Britain a 3 per cent bond at par when the British Government could not have sold a 3 per cent bond to its own people at par, not to save the British Empire.

And yet the British are still grumbling about the settlement. Every little while they start an experimental agitation for doing it all over on a more equitable basis still. So far, however, they have only been trying the air. Really they are waiting to see what France will do. France is waiting to see what Germany will do. Italy and Belgium are further back in the grass. So long as France does not settle with the American Treasury, they cannot be expected to come forward, even though Poland, Finland and little Lithuania did.

Pari Passu, the Magic Phrase

France owes Great Britain also a large war debt. When France on rare occasions reminds herself of her debt to the American Government, and makes a gesture in this direction, the British Exchequer becomes suddenly distressed and inquires to know if it can be true that France means to settle first with the United States. The British Exchequer could not regard that event with composure. Has France forgotten the great Allied principle of *pari passu?*

Thereupon France opens *pari-passu* conversations with the British Exchequer and becomes so absorbed in these dialectics that she forgets her debt to the American Government. Presently her *pari-passu* conversations with the British Exchequer are most satisfactorily concluded, and nothing happens.

In the diplomacy of postwar settlements *pari passu* is a locution more wonderful than anything in financial language. Its meaning remains always to be given in a definite case. Among Europeans alone it means hands above the table, no squintings, no sleight of hand with the German mark, equality of distrust, every nation to be treated as the one most favored and most distinguished. But when America participates, or where she is concerned, the meaning is different. Then it means Europe united.

For example, any suggestion of a *pari-passu* cancellation of war debts instantly unites Europe, even the Allies with Germany. How lucid! *Pari passu* is the perfect solution. Everybody will cancel and nobody will have to pay. The slate will be clean. France and England and Italy and Belgium will not have to oppress Germany by collecting from her; they will be able to forgive her. The United States will not have the disagreeable task of collecting from England and France and Italy and poor little Belgium; she will forgive all of

(Continued on Page 86)

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them. There the ecstasy ends, unfortunately, for the reason that the United States owes nobody; there is nobody to forgive her.

The United States is unable to see this beautiful principle. She objects on the grounds, first, that since she owes nobody by whom she may be forgiven, she would stand the whole loss of *pari-passu* forgiveness; and second, that she would be left in the position of subsidizing the grisly European pastime of war. If people could be thus relieved of the cost of war they would certainly be less inclined against it.

But the principle of *pari passu* thus let down does not become discouraged. It is too wonderful. It has suddenly an unexpected application. Great Britain addresses a note to her debtors saying that since the United States will not forgive Great Britain her debt, so neither can Great Britain forgive them their debts to her; however, she will collect from them only what she needs to pay her debt to the United States. The rest she will forgive them—all of them *pari passu*, including Germany.

It happens that the utmost she could collect from her debtors would probably be no more than the amount she owes the American Government, wherefore there is at least one thing unproved. But that is off the point. The point is that the United States, because it declines to accept the whole loss of *pari-passu* forgiveness, is placed in the politically difficult position of seeming to be the one and only collector—the nation whose demand to be paid makes it necessary for Great Britain to collect from France, Italy and Belgium and for all of them to collect from Germany; and the United States is hated accordingly, *pari passu*.

The principle has another application. The lowest terms France may come to with Great Britain will be the highest she can bring herself to offer to the United States, saying, "Surely you will not be harder with France than Great Britain is." And if these terms are accepted by the American Government, and are lower than those on which the British debt has already been funded, Great Britain will expect her settlement to be done over, saying, "Surely you mean to treat all your debtors alike." And if the terms of the British settlement are revised, then Poland, Hungary, Finland and Lithuania, all of whom have settled on the same terms as the British, will expect their obligations to be scaled down, *pari passu*.

Billions for Postwar Relief

It is easy to understand the attitude of Europe toward America. Even the survival of the ancient wish myth is comprehensible. Indeed, like most myths, it was true in meaning and wrong only as to the details. America has been to Europe a source of wealth beyond any measure that could have been imagined in the age of discovery. The reality seems unromantic only because the wealth was not in the form expected. It was not in the form of precious metal already refined, not as jewels already cut and polished. Its use and value were economic.

Taking it only for the last ten years, which will include the war, postwar relief and reconstruction, and now the revival of commerce, Europe has obtained from the United States food, manufactured goods and raw materials to the value of perhaps $13,000,000,000. Ten billion of this enormous credit was obtained by European governments direct from the American Treasury. They borrowed dollars at the Treasury and spent them for American goods. The balance Europe has borrowed directly from American investors in the first instance or has received it as a gift, to be spent in the same way.

You may see the tangibilities. Everywhere is the evidence of American credit having been spent to restore, enhance and improve the life of Europe. You will see it walking about in the human form—lives that were saved by American food relief after the Armistice. You will see it as houses, factories, railways, canals, industrial equipment, public improvements, universities, whole villages. You will see its effects where the cause has become invisible, perhaps forgotten. It is in the German mark, now a gold unit of currency, thanks to American credit loaned to Germany under the Dawes Plan. You will see it in the higher standard of living among the people generally. And you will discover it unexpectedly in a way to remind you that the statistics are incomplete. They say nothing, for example, about the men from the Rockefeller International Education Board whom you may meet anywhere in Europe. What are they doing? They are soliciting the governments of Europe to nominate young men who shall be sent abroad to acquire either technical training or modern knowledge of agriculture, as they prefer; or again when you find Rockefeller men in Rome spending American time and money, all gratis, to evolve for the Italians a scheme of mosquito extermination.

What you will not find among the people of Europe, or very seldom, is any common wonder. Certainly never will you find among the many conviction of debt on account of the billions they borrowed at the American Treasury, first for war purposes and then for postwar relief and reconstruction.

Debtors' Propaganda

As to what they have borrowed and do borrow direct from the American investor through the international bankers of Wall Street—yes. But as to what they have borrowed from the American Government—no. They make a distinction, as if the dollars in both cases did not come out of the American investor. Who else could have bought the Liberty Bonds from which the American Government derived the money it loaned to Europe? The American Government has no pocket of its own.

Not only do they have no conviction of debt; they regard their obligation to the American Government with a sense of deep injury. They expect it to be greatly reduced or canceled altogether, and meanwhile they fill the press of all languages with propaganda attacking the moral, political and financial principles of the debt.

They are like people who made their pledges to the rainbow and then found the pot of gold. The pledges become afterward very awkward. They think they might have found the gold in any case.

Why did they promise to repay? Why did they give their notes? America probably would have given what she loaned, as she had been very able to do. There comes a time when they begin to ask if really they made any pledges. Perhaps it was only that they thought of it or might have done it. True, the notes were signed; but were they properly and rightly signed? Are the people really bound? Literally, they do this.

On the occasion of the latest visit of the governor of the Bank of England to tell us again that for our own good we must get rid of our surplus gold there appeared some adroit parallel propaganda in favor of a new Anglo-American debt settlement. The most notable piece of it was written by Francis W. Hirst, formerly the distinguished editor of the London Economist, and printed in the New York World on January fifth.

Mr. Hirst's own opinion was that the British settlement with the American Treasury was premature, unfair and onerous, and ought to be undone. He then proceeded to tell how unfavorably America's other debtors reacted to it.

"It became manifest from the attitude of the French and Italian Governments," he said, "and from public opinion in those countries, that a long moratorium without accrued interest would be demanded by them and the strict legal interpretation of the war debts repudiated. The French view is that Germany should pay the whole cost of the war to France, as France did to Germany after the defeat of 1871. The Italians would avoid repayment by an appeal to the principle of common sacrifice for common objects to which the Allies and Associates should contribute according to their wealth and income. Promises to pay made during the stress of a desperate struggle, without the knowledge of parliaments and without publicity, should, they urge, be revised on moral grounds."

To speak of repudiating the legality of the debts on the ground that they were contracted without the knowledge of parliaments and without publicity is to adopt a political doctrine now current in Russia. The Bolos have repudiated Russia's foreign debts in the name of the people on that ground.

In the first place, as to the debts Mr. Hirst is talking about, it isn't true. Everybody in the world knew the Allies were getting money from the United States Treasury. In the second place, provided it were true, does anybody pretend that the people of Italy, France, Belgium or Great Britain, or the parliaments of those countries, would have declined access to a magic source of succor? Pooh!

But what an argument to be treated seriously by a British economist, written for a revision of a settlement between his government and the American Government, in which the American Government threw off a third and never spoke of it!

All or any of this may be unlovely; it may reek of Old World subtlety; nevertheless it is human and so is understood. It is partly the reaction of a debtor's mentality. That is new in Europe, hitherto creditor only in foreign arrangements, always collecting from other people. It is otherwise a glimpse one gets of a fundamental difference between the way European people think and our own way of thinking. Immemorially, it has been the right of Europe to take. Her great business was that of taking. Loyal subjects were licensed by letters patent to take by land or sea, provided they divided the loot with the crown—that is to say, they were licensed to practice piracy and conquest. And how very recent it was that taking was a noble vocation in Europe you may see with your eyes. Castles are still standing on hills and river banks where dwelt the feudal counts and barons who levied tribute on passing traffic. Every war was an impatient, wholesale way of taking. Columbus took a new world and was disappointed, as also were his royal backers. What they meant to take was gold.

Two Kinds of Debts

They all did it. And these were our ancestors. All the difference now may be owing to the fact that the American pioneers were obliged to break with the tradition of taking. There was nothing here ready-made to take. Everything had first to be made, and the whole outlook for that reason changed.

It is all the easier to understand the mentality of Europe in relation to the United States when you consider how well it has paid. It would not pay, however, without an American mentality to act upon; and when you come to that—to the European myth imposed nobody quite knows how on the American imagination—the vista turns weird.

For example, it is clear that the distinction the Europeans make between what they owe to the American Government and what they owe to private American investors is a false distinction. What they owe to the American Government they owe to the American people. It was the American people who loaned to the American Government the money the United States Treasury loaned to Europe. If and as Europe pays back this money to the American Government, the American Government will pay it back to the American people. Unless Europe pays it back to the American Government, it will be impossible

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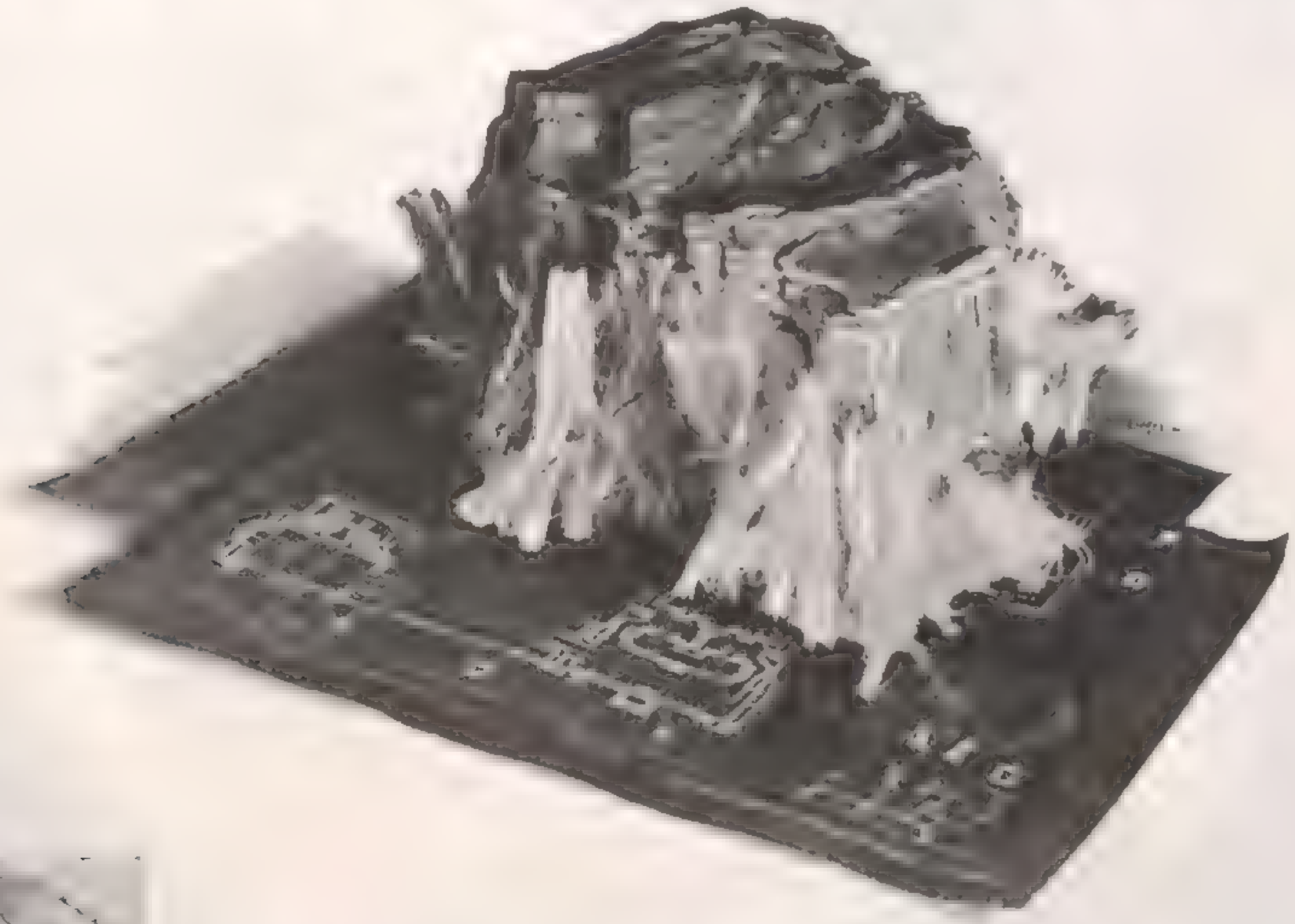
TO MEN IN INDUSTRY



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IN

(Continued from Page 86)

for the American Government to pay it back to the American people. Why? Because the American Government has of its own no money. It gets all its money from the people; it must either borrow it from them or tax it from them. It does both. If Europe does not pay the money back, then the American people will have to pay themselves back. That is, they will have to tax themselves to pay off all those Liberty Bonds that represent loans to Europe.

The American people, politically represented by the American Government, and the American investors, financially represented by Wall Street, are all the same. It seems idle to argue the point. It is too self-evident in the facts. And yet Wall Street, acting apparently under a kind of spell, is making precisely that same false distinction.

Reviewing the enormous total of foreign loans floated in Wall Street during 1924—more than $500,000,000 for Europe—the National City Bank of New York, in its January circular, said:

"Since these loans do not have the effect of increasing the burdens to be borne by the respective countries, but rather of aiding them to meet existing obligations, it is improbable that the United States Government will ever take the position of insisting upon a preference in favor of its claims to the disadvantage of loans in this market by countries indebted to the United States Government. . . . Any move of that kind at Washington, of course, would be disastrous to the credits of the governments indebted to the United States."

As if the United States Government were a private capitalist or a bank of unlimited means, instead of what it is—namely, the people's agent. Try casting the agent out, remember that the American people whose money the agent loaned to Europe and the private investors whose money Wall Street now is lending to Europe are the same, and read that paragraph again:

"It is improbable that the American people will ever take the position of insisting upon a preference in favor of their claims to the disadvantage of loans in this market by countries indebted to them. Any move of that kind on their part would, of course, be disastrous to the credits of the countries indebted to them."

Americans to Blame

Is that it? Fearful of cutting themselves away from the privilege of lending more money to Europe, the American people will not insist that what Europe already owes them is a prior claim, or press the thought that old loans ought to be better than new ones.

With Wall Street enchanted to that degree, there is no saying who prepares the view.

If they were anxious and willing to pay, if they were borrowing capital in Wall Street with the idea that by using it wisely they would be able sooner to pay the American Government, that would be altogether different. It is not the case. They have no heart for paying. They resent even to be reminded of the debt. They do not mean to pay any more than they have to pay—or at all, if they can avoid it. And the intent of their propaganda is to create a dimness over and above their situation from which they may appear one day in Wall Street asking for a new loan on the ground that they are solvent and prosperous, and another day before the Debt Funding Commission at Washington to ask for grace and forgiveness on the ground that they are wretched and bankrupt. It is a dangerous game to play. There might come at the end a political disaster of the first magnitude.

Americans themselves are much to blame. When the war stopped they had a tremendous amount of emotional energy to get rid of, and they spilled it into the idea of saving Europe. You might say this idea became a national phantasy. We were about to stage the most thrilling melodrama in the tale of mankind. New World saving the Old. From what? From itself, of course. There was nothing else to save it from. In the movies, it would be the misunderstood son, the offcast progeny, returning at the last moment with a truck full of money to save the family from the consequences of its own folly, redeem the homestead, chide the old folks gently and arrange the remainder of their lives.

On this tidal wave of emotion rode many strange craft that wanted only the wind. One was the farm-bloc craft. The American farmer had been left with a lot of surplus produce on his hands; the war demand was slipping away. He was for lending or giving Europe any sum of money, provided she would save herself by spending it for American grain. One was an industrial craft. The American manufacturer found himself equipped to produce an immense surplus of things for sale abroad. He was for making unlimited loans to Europe in order to restore her buying power, provided she would use it in this market. Whatever the scheme was, it meant invariably a transfer of goods from the United States to Europe, on credit or without credit. Naturally, the Europeans were receptive. They became also very helpful. If the Americans ran out of ideas for the scenario, the Europeans thought up some of their own and brought them over naked. Always they were ideas that had to be clothed with American credit.

Europe's Uncounted Wealth

From this developed a habit of reliance. Presently it seemed that Europe was unable to do anything quite on her own. American aid and counsel were indispensable. She got to the point at last where she was apparently unable to think for herself, about herself, without American collaboration. But what she really wanted in every case, and tactfully came round to, was the collaboration of American money.

For example, the Allies, after many trials, confessed that they could find no way with Germany. Would America send over some experts to tell them what to do? America sent the experts. They invented the Dawes Plan. And to the success of the Dawes Plan American investors presently contributed $100,000,000. Germany had just committed the heinous act of repudiating her money totally. This had already cost American investors several hundred million. No matter. With the aid of $100,000,000 more Germany was saved from the consequences of the most heroic swindle in the history of finance. She is whole again, in good credit, with a gold currency resting partly on American credit and partly on her financial honor.

Out of all this morass of sentiment, greed, insincerity, distortion of thought and feeling, the only safe way is toward realism. No other conclusion will bear its own weight. What happens to certain deeply implanted fallacies about Europe may be for the best.

There is first the fallacy that Europe is poor—that in natural, inevitable circumstance she is poor.

That is not so. Her wealth is very old and therefore difficult to measure. Consider, however, that Great Britain's interest bearing investments in foreign countries amount to four or five times her debt to the American Treasury and that the annual income on these investments—on those of Great Britain alone—would nearly twice pay the principal and interest on all Europe's debt to the American Government. That is some measure. France also has large investments in foreign countries. So has Belgium. All three of them are exploiting empires overseas. All three of them are exporting capital. The amount of capital Great Britain exports each year—that is to say, the net amount she has available annually from her foreign income for reinvestment in foreign countries—is from two to three times the amount of her annual obligation to the United States Treasury.

The Curse of Cheap Labor

If you say this is old preinvested wealth that cannot be treated as applicable, and that what must be considered is Europe's dynamic power of wealth, it may be taken that way. Here three things are to be said: First, the industrial power of Europe, excluding Russia—industrial power as represented by factories, equipment, transportation and technical knowledge acquired under the compulsion of war—is greater than it ever was before. Generally speaking, Europe is overequipped. That means her capacity is greater than her output. The problem of her industrialists is like that of the American farmer—how to control and limit production to avoid a price-breaking surplus. And because so much of this existing industrial equipment was built during the war or since, it is much more modern than now would be the case if it had been left to the slow process of evolution. The coal mines of Great Britain, for example, are suffering from the misfortune not to have been wrecked by the Germans, as the French mines were; for if they had been wrecked they would have had to be restored and their equipment would be all as new and efficient as the French equipment is.

In Europe you will find many machines and many technical methods equal to any of our own, some better; but if you will regard European industry as a panorama, you will see that it is a quarter of a century behind the United States in the general application of labor-saving principles. It is not that they do not know or could not learn how. It is because they have always been cursed with cheap labor. It was cheaper day by day to waste it than to save it.

Secondly, as to the natural resources of Europe, they do not make effective use of what they have. They have been too long looking away for both food and treasure. There is no country in Europe that could not increase its production of food by better farming. It is notorious even in such countries as England, France, Belgium and Italy. Further in, the facts are incredible. In Bulgaria there is a Minister of Agriculture who has adapted the American plan of county agents to teach farming to farmers. He has eight of them. Their task for the present is to induce the use of the moldboard plow instead of the ancient wooden device, to persuade the farmers to fan and select their seed instead of taking it off the barn floor where it was trampled out with hoofs, and to practice drilling instead of broadcast sowing. In Jugo-Slavia the plowed fields are disked and harrowed with hoes. In Greece they plow with an ass, and how well they plow you may guess from the fact that at sundown the ass must carry home on his back both the plow and the farmer. And here is the oldest agriculture on the Western side of the world.

Thirdly, Europe does not know what her natural resources are. She knows historical geology and can read the age of the world from the rocks; she knows paleontological geology and can deduce from fossils the story of the human race. She knows much less about the industrial wealth that lies under her feet. In the modern sense, meaning in the light of existing chemical knowledge, it is an unexplored country—or even as to the common substance called coal. You would suppose they had discovered all their coal, seeing how important it was to have coal for industry. Well, she is still finding coal. Important hidden coal measures have recently been discovered in England, enough to remove all anxiety about the exhaustion of her sources.

In Belgium the weakness of industry from the beginning had been the necessity to import coke. Belgium had no coking coal of her own—none that she knew of—and therefore bought her coke from the Westphalians. On some waste heather land near the German frontier there was a thin outcropping of something that resembled the coking coal of Westphalia, and from this resemblance the Belgians supposed it was the fringe in Belgium of the Westphalian coal deposit in Germany. At last someone had enough innocent curiosity to explore the geological fact. And then it was discovered that the outcropping was the fringe of a very rich deposit of coking coal in Belgium. She had had it all the time and didn't know it; she had seen it with her eyes and didn't believe it. The first pound of this new coal was raised in 1917; the production next year is expected to be 2,000,000 tons. There was at first no way to get the coal out because nothing had ever been produced on that waste heather land to need transportation. Now the government is building roads, railways and canals to its black treasure field.

Better Living for Less Work

A new glass-working industry has recently been founded in Belgium by Belgians and Americans jointly. The sand, the labor, the opportunity—these were Belgian. Sand, labor and opportunity will not make glass. You have to add some ideas. The Americans put in the ideas—first the business idea that American glass-working machines might be profitably exploited in Europe, and then their accumulated mechanical ideas represented by their machines. How odd that the glass-working industry should be 2000 years older in Europe than in the United States!

It will occur to you to say that although Europe's foreign investments may be very large, although her industrial equipment may be of higher power than ever, notwithstanding her hidden and undeveloped resources, the people as such might still be very wretched. True, they might be. How does one find it with the people? It is a vital question.

Well, as concerning people, there are two extraordinary facts—namely, first, that all over Europe, Russia excepted, the standard of living—the horizontal average of human welfare—has improved; second, the daily task is lighter by two hours. The eight-hour day is established.

So at once you face the riddle to which no European economist has found the whole answer. That people are actually consuming more than ever before is too evident to be disputed. This does not mean certain classes of people; it means people altogether, especially the wage earners. On the other hand, there is no direct evidence

(Continued on Page 93)

Tatoosh Mountains in the Cascade Range, Western Washington

These Plumbing supply jobbers *have brought better living conditions* into the homes of America

If there were no plumbing supply jobbers, the Mueller Co. and other worthy manufacturers of plumbing equipment would find it a tremendous, if not an impossible, task to extend their services to the four corners of America. Without a near-by Mueller jobber who carries a large stock of Mueller Brass Products, the completion of new homes might be delayed for weeks. In emergencies, the service of your plumbing system might be interrupted for days. Note the following list of Mueller jobbers—wholesalers who have millions of dollars invested in real estate, equipment and stock. In making Mueller Products easily available in all sections of the country, these wholesale distributors are performing an important part in the economics of distribution. They deserve the praise of every American home owner.

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Allentown, Pa.—Lehigh Valley Supply Co.
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Baltimore, Md.—Lapham Co. Inc.
James Robertson Mfg. Co.
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Bay City, Mich.—Alert Pipe & Supply Co.
Billings, Mont.—Marshall Wells Co.
Binghamton, N Y.—Charles Millar & Son Co.
Birmingham, Ala.—Jefferson Plumbers' & Mill Supply Co.
Bloomington, Ill.—Lederer-Allard Co.
Bluefield, W. Va.—Bluefield Supply Co.
Boise, Idaho—Idaho Hdw. & Plumbing Supply Co.
Boston, Mass.—Brown-Wales Co.
E. F. Butler & Co.
Locke Stevens Corp.
Bridgeport, Conn.—J. D. Johnson Co., Inc.
Brooklyn, N Y.—J. D. Johnson Co., Inc.
Saltzer & Weinsaer Co.
Shelton Co. Knapp
Buffalo, N Y.—Wirt Co. & DeBoardt
Bushnell, Ill.—Bushnell Pump Co.
Camden, N J.—J. D. Johnson Co., Inc.
Canton, Ohio—Schatz Valve Supply Co.
Casper, Wyo.—M. J. O'Fallon Supply Co.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Cedar Rapids Pump & Supply Co.
Charleston, W. Va.—Bailes-Farrell Mfg. Co.
Charlotte, N. C.—Whitman-Douglas Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—James Supply Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Fabst Supply Co.
Walworth Mfg. Co.
Heaton & Hubbell, Inc.
Baltimore, Md.—Wachter, Hoskins & Russell, Inc.
Christopher, Ill.—Egyptian Supply Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Meckel Bros. Co.
Clarksburg, W. Va.—The Williams Mfg. Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—Steele-Vaughn Supply Co.
Cumberland, Md.—The Tri-State Mine & Mill Supply Co.
Dallas, Tex.—N O Nelson Mfg Co.
Danville, Ill.—Inland Supply Co.
Davenport, Iowa—N O Nelson Mfg Co.
Dayton, Ohio—W H Kerr Co.
Decatur, Ill.—Hall & Sharp Co.
Denver, Colo.—N O Nelson Mfg Co.
M. J. O'Fallon Supply Co.
Des Moines, Ia.—L. H. Kurtz Co.
Detroit, Mich.—A. Harvey's Sons Mfg. Co.
Dubuque, Ia.—Kretschmer Mfg. Co.
Duluth, Minn.—Central Supply Co.
East Chicago, Ind.—Inland Supply Co.
Easton, Pa.—Lehigh Valley Supply Co.
Eau Claire, Wis.—W. H. Hobbs Supply Co.
El Paso, Tex.—M. J. O'Fallon Supply Co.
Erie, Pa.—National Supply Co.
Evansville, Ind.—Lath Company
Fort Dodge, Ia.—Leighton Supply Co.
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Fresno, Calif.—Mark Lally Co.
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Grand Rapids, Mich.—Richards Mfg. Co.
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Jersey City, N. J.—J. D. Johnson Co., Inc.
Johnstown, Pa.—Swank Hardware Co.
Joplin, Mo.—N. O. Nelson Mfg. Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—Baker Mfg. Co.
Kansas City Pump Co.
Kingston, N. Y.—Ard Don Co.
La Crosse, Wis.—W. A. Roosevelt Co.
Lansing, Mich.—Lansing Plbg. & Htg. Supply Co.
Lewiston, Me.—Brown-Wales Co.
Lincoln, Neb.—Western Supply Co.
Little Rock, Ark.—N. O. Nelson Mfg. Co.
Long Beach, Calif.—Pacific Pipe & Supply Co.
Channel Plumbing Supply Co.
Seaport Pipe & Supply Co.
Long Branch, N. J.—Monmouth Plumbing Supply Co., Inc.
Long Island City, N. Y.—J. D. Johnson Co., Inc.
Hagan & Gibbs
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Manchester, N. H.—Geo. F. Bartlett Co.
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Marshalltown, Iowa—Fisher Supply Co.
Memphis, Tenn.—N. O. Nelson Mfg. Co.
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Milwaukee, Wis.—F. R. Dengel Mfg. Co.
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Morristown, N. J.—W. V. Egbert & Co.
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New Orleans, La.—Plbg. & Htg. Supply Co.
Newport News, Va.—The Strand Co.
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Beith & Reid Co.
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John Simmons Co.
Fred Ades Corp.
F. Smolka Plumbing Supply Co., Inc.
James A. Keating Co.
Norfolk, Va.—Tomlinson Co.
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Oakland, Calif.—Geo. H. Tay Co.
Mark Lally Co.
R. W. Kramer Co.
Richmond Sanitary Co.
Omaha, Neb.—Baker Mfg. Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla.—The Hamilton Co.
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Paterson, N. J.—White & Shauger
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Salina, Kans.—Salina Supply Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah—Mountain States Supply Co.
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San Diego, Calif.—Mach. Pipe & Sup. Co.
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San Francisco, Calif.—Geo. H. Tay Co.
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Richmond Sanitary Co.
San Jose, Calif.—Mark Lally Co.
Santa Ana, Calif.—Orange County Pipe & Supply Co.
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Palmer Supply Co.
Bowles Co.
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St. Paul, Minn.—Central Supply Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.—W. G. Shafer Co., Inc.
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Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y.—Liberty Plumbers Supply Co.
Trenton, N. J.—G. & H. Supply Co.
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Troy, N. Y.—Ard Don Co.
Union City, Ind.—Knapp Supply Co.
Utica, N. Y.—Charles Millar & Son Co.
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Good Plumbers *Consider these* the VITAL SPOTS

To skillful plumbers, faucets are not merely faucets. They are the *vital spots* of the plumbing system because they contain its only movable parts and because they control the water supply. This is the reason all conscientious plumbers choose their faucets with painstaking care.

These expert artisans know that the service of costly porcelain fixtures is often interrupted because these *vital spots* are not selected with proper care. These plumbers know that pounding, leaking, splashing faucets are the most frequent causes of annoyance and repair expense in the average plumbing system.

They are *merchant* plumbers—trustworthy counselors with established places of business. Their own success depends upon the results of their recommendations.

Invariably these *merchant* plumbers are eager to use Mueller Products for all jobs they handle. They know that Mueller Faucets are truly *"faucets without a fault"*—that they are most reasonable in price—that they possess extraordinary durability, that they supply a full, quiet, splashless stream, easily turned on and as easily turned *entirely* off.

The dependable plumbers of America know that Mueller Faucets are guarantees of satisfaction at the *vital spots* of every plumbing system. If yours doesn't carry them in stock he can quickly get them through any Mueller jobber listed on the opposite page.

MUELLER CO., *Factories:* Decatur, Ill., Port Huron, Mich.

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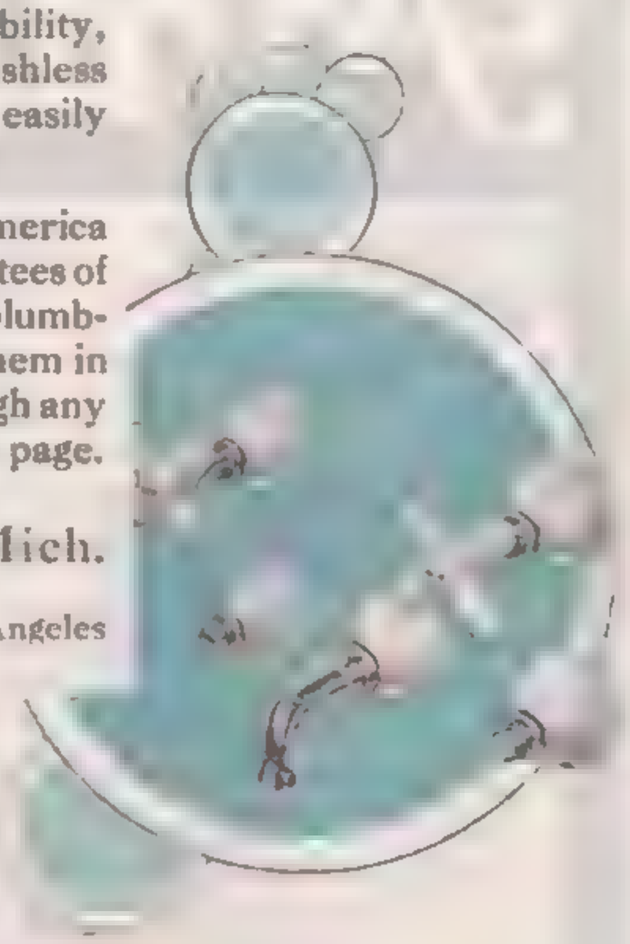

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Some of the magic art of the photoplay attaches itself to your comradeship, and each of you seems a little more wonderful to the other.

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Screen play by Walter Woods & F. McGrew Willis.

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Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN
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"THE WANDERER"
A Raoul Walsh Production.
With Ernest Torrence, Tyrone Power, Greta Nissen and William Collier, Jr.
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With RICHARD DIX and Lois Wilson.
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From the play by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly.
Screen play by Walter Woods

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

(Continued from Page 89)

that they are producing more; to the contrary, all comparisons point the other way. The hours of labor are fewer. The output per man per day has fallen. Even in Belgium, where the wage earner is said to give more for what he receives than his like anywhere else, unless it be in Germany—even there it is true. The production of coal per man in 1913 was 527 tons; in 1924 it was 467 tons. That is a decline of more than 10 per cent.

The first assumption of every statesman, every politician, every government in Europe, is that people will not return to the hours, the wages, the state of living they knew before the war. They demand more and give less, and there is no going back. Thus you have what is apparently the preposterous case of people consuming more and producing less. How do they do it?

To begin with, a great deal of idle and middle-class wealth has been consumed. By inflation, taxation and other means, the postwar governments despoiled the few for the sake of many. Everywhere the old rich and all those who lived upon income have fallen in estate. But in place of the old rich are the new rich; in place of those who formerly lived on their income are those who now live by profit. The important economic difference is that those who now live by profit are active producers, whereas the old rich and those who lived on income were eating the fruits of past production. You see, there is a kind of compensation.

The Fallacy of Depleted Man Power

To the old wealth that has been consumed by the people you add the $13,000,000,000 they have received in the past ten years from the United States. That also they have consumed and are consuming. Some of it was shot away in the war. That does not count. Much of it went directly into their bodies, and a great deal of it was spent to increase the means of production. That part of it is a permanent addition to their wealth.

Finally, notwithstanding statistical evidence to the contrary, it must be supposed that people on the whole are producing not less, but more. Wage earners are undoubtedly producing less per capita in the same situations. But there are many new situations; and, besides, wage earners are not the whole of the population. They are perhaps one-third of it. What of the other two-thirds? What of the old rich and all those who before the war lived at leisure upon their incomes? They have been activated by necessity. They have gone to work. They have become productive. Many of them have gone into business, to live by profit. And in ways not evident in statistical data the individual's free power of production has been advanced, almost unawares.

The motor lorry of the war has become the motor truck of commerce. The use of electric power has enormously increased. There is beginning to be a rage for the automatic device. Telephone switchboards cannot be installed fast enough. In a thousand ways time has been foreshortened, the errand has been quickened.

There is next the fallacy that Europe suffers deeply from the loss of man power in the war. That is not so. How can it be so when the most vivid economic symbol of Europe is still the supernumerary hand? Whether it is tying up a ship or unloading a cart of bricks, there will be one, two, three pairs of hands more than are really needed. How can it be so when Italy's definition of her problem is how to find work and food for 500,000 more Italians each year? How can Europe say it is so while complaining bitterly at the same time that the American outlet for her excess population has been closed by new immigration laws? How can it be so when in Great Britain the number of unemployed, supported by doles, is normally 1,250,000 to 1,500,000? If it were so, would England be assisting her people to emigrate? France is the only country where there is a deficit of native man power. She is importing population. But she was doing it before the war. In Europe as a whole there is a great surplus of man power.

There is then the fallacy of thinking that financial bankruptcy and economic ruin are the same in Europe. People say, "Look at her money. It is not money really. It is printed stuff that passes for money." Or they say, "Look at her national budgets. They are not budgets, but astrological conjectures, mostly written in red ink." As if that proved her inability to pay her debts! This fallacy, though persisting, has been somewhat weakened by events.

If you want to know how little the fact of financial bankruptcy has to do with the realities of national wealth, look at Germany. She passed headlong through a phase of utter financial chaos. It is all over. Her assets and power are intact. Her credit is good again. She has today, alone on the Continent of Europe, a gold currency, and is feared by both France and Great Britain for her industrial power. France is in a state of extreme financial difficulty. She, too, may pass through a phase of financial bankruptcy. Her assets will not disappear. Her power of wealth will not be destroyed.

But of all the fallacies, the most absurd and troublesome is this—that Europe could not pay if she would. Even if she were willing, even if she produced the actual wealth to pay with, and produced it for that purpose, still it would be impossible for her to perform the physical act of effecting payment. Suppose, for example, that for the purpose of paying the American Treasury she had amassed in one heap actual goods to represent the sum of her debt. What should she do with them? Load them on ships and send them to New York harbor, perhaps. Then what? Could they be delivered on the steps of the United States Treasury at Washington? No, of course not. They would have to be sold. Sold to whom? To the American consumer? But the American consumer is already supplied with American goods like these, and if these are pressed for sale American goods will be displaced, American industry will be damaged and in cases perhaps ruined, factories will close, labor will be disemployed, and people will pray to be delivered as from a scourge.

The Wrong Old Formula

"You see how it is," says Europe. "There are only two ways to pay. It must be either in gold or in goods. It is very well known that we cannot pay in gold. If we had all the gold in the world it would not be enough. We can pay you only in goods. And you see what will happen if we try to do that."

This problem of how to receive payment, provided Europe were willing and ready to make it, has sorely perplexed American opinion. Everybody keeps repeating the formula—gold or goods, gold or goods. There is not the gold and we cannot afford to take the goods. Why have we got a tariff? Expressly to keep foreign goods produced with cheap labor from competing with American goods.

The formula is wrong. It has hypnotized us. And the reason why the solution is so hard to find is that the problem itself is mythical. It does not exist. If it did exist Great Britain would long since have been ruined. Her population is only a little more than one-third the population of the United States. Her investments in foreign countries are greater than ours. What other countries owe her is more than Europe's debt to the United States. Yet each year she receives payment from her debtors, interest and principal, and is not ruined. She takes part of it in goods, up to her wants, and the balance she reinvests in foreign countries again. That is what happens.

It is not necessary to imagine that this would happen. You may observe it. If the whole of Europe's debt to the United States Treasury were funded on terms identical with those of the British settlement, the annual payment of interest and principal would be less than $500,000,000 a year. Well, last year Europe borrowed on new loans more than $500,000,000 in Wall Street. That is, she borrowed more from American investors through Wall Street than she would have paid them back through the United States Treasury, if she had been paying them back.

Take a simple illustration. If you are in business, you borrow money at the bank according to your needs. A sixty-day note comes due. You pay it. A ninety-day note comes due. You pay it. A loan for one year comes due and you pay that. But you never pay off your account with the bank as a whole. You increase it. As your business grows you borrow more and more—you are always paying and always borrowing more. It is a specific obligation you pay; and as you pay it promptly your credit is good for more.

Take it then from the bank's point of view. What are the two disasters that could befall a bank? One is that its debtors should all fail at once. That never happens. The other is that all of them should pay it off at once. That never happens either. If it did, the bank would be out of business. It does not want to be out of business. It makes its profit from lending money. The more it lends, the more profit it makes. All it requires is that the borrower shall be scrupulous about paying a specific obligation when it is due. And when he has paid it the bank is willing to lend him more

Europe Still Primitive

So it is bound to be as concerns creditor and debtor nations. The creditor nation wishes the annual installments of principal and interest to be paid in a regular manner. It does not wish to cease being a creditor nation. On the contrary, its impulse is to increase its investments in foreign countries, and to do that it must lend the debtor countries more than they pay back. Great Britain does that every year; so does Belgium; so normally does France; so does any creditor among nations.

Since in so many aspects to the modern economic point of view Europe is an aboriginal country, in the motor age still moving its burdens on carts propelled by dogs, donkeys and women, the opportunities there for the use of capital are boundless. The United States is an artesian source of capital. It follows that if Europe's attitude toward her American debt were correct she could count on borrowing here each year much more than she had to pay. For each dollar she paid back to the United States Treasury she might borrow two or three in Wall Street, so that instead of shiploads of goods coming this way to effect a preposterous physical act of payment, the movement actually would be the other way. For, mark you, although her attitude is not that of a good debtor, she did last year borrow in Wall Street more than she would have paid the United States Treasury on the whole of her debt if she had been paying it.

The will to pay and a little imagination would happily resolve the situation. The use of imagination would be to see how absurd it is for everybody to be thinking of postwar units in prewar measures. That which was large is already small. That which is large will be further diminished in relative size.

One must proceed from one of two assumptions. As to the power of the world to multiply wealth, one must believe either that the force of it is spent or that its fulness has yet to appear. In one case nobody need worry. Back to the Middle Ages. In the other case, the increase of wealth in the next fifty years is bound to be so prodigious that bonds representing the cost of the World War, like British consols representing the cost of the Battle of Waterloo 100 years after the event, will doubtless be perpetuated long after they become due and payable for the use of trustees having the funds of widows and orphans to invest.

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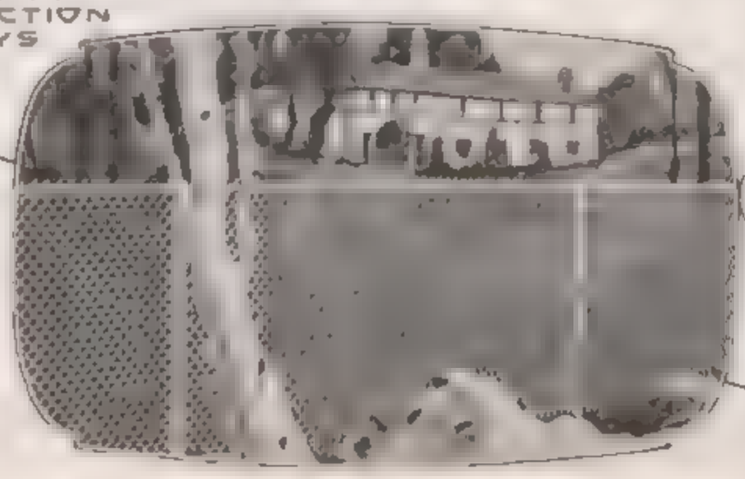

The Mark of Quality Fence

STARGAZER

(Continued from Page 13)

"But I don't know what you mean by letting him alone! Do you want me to cut him dead when I see him?"

"Of course I don't. I ——"

"But if I'm to keep on speaking to him as an acquaintance, how can I help giving an opinion when he asks me for it? I don't see what harm it can do me to admit, for instance, that I admire football players more than pool sharks; and I don't believe it does Joe Griffith any harm to know it either."

"You know I didn't mean anything like that, Carol." George Blaine held his voice to amiability, but his foot tapped under the table. "There's a perfectly proper middle ground between ——"

"You don't even know him either," said Carol. "You're just letting Lanse prejudice you. Joe's queer, but he's nice. If you'll let me ask him over here some Saturday ——"

"All right, do that." Blaine got to his feet and moved to the door of the summer cottage perched on the edge of the cliff above the lake. The smoke of Binchester arched up in a great gray dome above the farther shore and he contemplated it frowningly.

"I don't want you to get the idea that your mother and I are snobbish, Carol."

"How absurd!" Carol laughed. "When you've always insisted that Lanse and I should stay at home and go to high school just so that we'd meet all sorts of boys and girls and not just our own! I thought you'd be glad that I'd been—well, I suppose I've been democratic."

"It can be overdone," said George Blaine. "Ask the boy over and we'll see."

For the twelfth time during luncheon Mrs. Blaine addressed a direct and well-intentioned question to Joe Griffith. For the twelfth time that gentleman's countenance acquired a slightly deeper tinge of brick and his lips parted as if to answer. For the twenty-fourth time, however, he compromised on a cough, and then another—coughs unmistakably disingenuous. For the seventh time he nodded and pronounced an affirmative uh-huh. He had shaken his head in response to the five other inquiries and expressed himself negatively by saying, "Unh-uh." To all these conversational idiosyncrasies it was manifest that Carol Blaine remained happily oblivious; there was in her look and tone, in her manner toward and concerning Joe Griffith, an approval, a blend, unmistakably, of proprietorship and pride.

George Blaine's glance unwillingly encountered that of his wife. Twenty-one years of experience had enabled him to interpret accurately the expression of a woman who is never reduced to the banality of saying "I told you so" in words. He moved his feet uneasily and pushed back his chair.

He flushed slightly as Joe Griffith scrambled past him and drew Carol's chair awkwardly backward. Ten minutes earlier he had made a mental note of his daughter's casual statement that she admired the polished demeanor of a certain Mr. Leonard Pulsifer, a young man for whom Mr. Blaine himself entertained slight esteem.

"Of course, he's rather a sissy," Carol admitted; "but he has the nicest manners! I just love the way he always pulls back his sister's chair when she gets up."

George Blaine carried his cigar to the porch, from which point of vantage he presently witnessed the departure of the family catboat, with Carol as pilot and Mr. Griffith as passenger. He followed its deliberate tacks as it beat out into the cove in the face of the light breeze, and was eyewitness to the plunge which carried Griffith overboard just as the boat came about at the buoy, to that young man's labored and splashing progress toward the float while the catboat maneuvered skillfully abreast of him. Blaine reached the pier in time to pull Griffith out of the water. Carol seemed angry.

"I just happened to say that Lanse had raced me in from the buoy with all his clothes on," she explained to her father's interrogating eye. "I never dreamed that Joe would try to do it, when he hardly knows how to swim. You ought to have known better, Joe. You might have been drowned."

"Come up to the house," said George Blaine in a neutral voice. "I'll get you some of Lanse's clothes. I'm afraid you've spoiled your suit."

"Oh, water won't hurt that tweed," said Carol. "It's the real thing. I picked it out myself before Joe ordered it."

Mr. Blaine said nothing. His face was slightly grim as he led the dripping Griffith toward the house.

Later Carol reported on the afternoon. Milly was inquisitively interested.

"It showed me one thing," said Carol reflectively. "I'll have to do something about his company manners. He—he kind of curls up at the edges with strangers. I've been wondering whether it wouldn't be a good idea to send him to college."

Milly squealed delightedly.

"Oh, let's! You could make him go."

"I think it would be awfully good for him," said Carol thoughtfully, "and I ought to do something extra nice for him this time. If it hadn't been for his jumping overboard that way, I don't believe they'd have sent me to Stormington next fall, and ——"

"Stormington!" Milly was awed to a whisper. "Honestly? Has your father really given in?"

"He hasn't said anything." Milly tapped her heels against the veranda railing. "But I saw his face when he was dragging Joe out of the water—and I'm going all right."

She hummed a stave of a new song:

"Put me among the girls,
Those with the curly curls."

"So that's settled, and now I've got to make up my mind about Joe. He'll have to change over from Business Prep to College Entrance, and I think he'd better tutor this summer while I'm right here to make him do it."

"He doesn't need to change over," said Milly. "He can get into State on his Business Prep diploma."

Carol shook her head firmly.

"Oh, I'm not going to send him to State. I shouldn't feel right about it, when I owe him for Stormington, unless he goes to some perfectly scrumptious college like Harvard or Princeton or Yale. Let's make up our minds which it's going to be."

II

JOE GRIFFITH lifted a blistered hand in answer to the soprano trill from the clubhouse porch and plodded on toward the locker room. It was hot for an October afternoon, and a half hour's lesson on the practice tee had discovered a lot of soft places on his palms and unsuspected muscles for which he had found no previous employment.

The peremptory quality in the repetition of Milly Hammond's fluty call halted him. He moved obediently over toward the green-striped awning, his bag of clubs under a bare sun-reddened arm.

"When did you condescend to golf?" demanded Milly, as he leaned his forearms on the railing. She was still only prettily plump. Marriage had agreed with her. Griffith shrugged.

"About time to be learning something an old man can do, isn't it?" He grinned, showing the blisters. "More work about it than I thought. I'm tired."

Milly's lips parted and a word seemed to approach them, to retreat unspoken. They closed to a straight line, and slowly, as if

(Continued on Page 96)

PACIFIC NORTHWEST

Chalet group on St. Mary's Lake, Glacier National Park

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"Summer is wonderful here. The average temperature is 62 degrees. We sleep under blankets every night.

"There are wonderful things to do. Summer days never seem long enough. Every day something different. Sometimes Mother takes us to the ocean beach or we swim in Lake Washington. Each July we go to Mount Rainier to play in the snow banks and on the glaciers. We can go on ferries to the San Juan Islands—172 of them. We are going to camp for a week on Lake Crescent, way up in the Olympic mountains, where the government has a camp for anyone.

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"The roads are paved all around Puget Sound and through the Olympic and Cascade mountain country, with camp grounds everywhere and hotels on the beaches and near the mountain snowfields. I went surf bathing in the ocean and snowballing on Rainier the same day last July. Everybody is on the go all summer. Seattle is lively with visitors from all parts of the country and everywhere we go we meet people from 'Back East.'

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Seattle
Metropolis of
The Pacific Northwest

(Continued from Page 94)

under compulsion, softened again to the curves of Milly's very nicest smile.

"I want you for dinner tonight, Joe. We'll all come back here for the dance afterward."

He hesitated.

"I ought to meet a fellow at the club," he said doubtfully. "Who else is coming?"

Again Milly's lips stiffened to attention. They were slower about the smile this time.

"Just Tom and you and me and an awfully sweet girl from Detroit, Alice Wooster. I know you'd like her heaps."

"I really ought to meet that fellow at the club," said Griffith. "Ask me again, will you? I'll see you out here anyway. I was coming to the dance."

"Yes—stag, so you can lean against a pillar and watch Carol Blaine dance with Lennie Pulsifer, like a ragged boy outside a candy store!" Milly's voice found a sudden edge. "It's time somebody made you understand how ridiculous it is—a man like you jumping through a hoop every time Carol Blaine chooses to snap her fingers! I'm devoted to Carol—you know I am—but I'm sick of watching you waste your life just—just stargazing!"

"Stargazing, eh?"

Griffith's lips grinned, but there was a certain narrowness about his eyes, and his voice had a roughened, breathy quality that ought to have reminded Milly of the voice in which a South Side boy had asked Mr.—Mr. Somebody where he had bought a gray tweed suit.

"Yes, that's what it comes to, and it's time you knew it! It's perfectly silly! It's just wicked, the power she has over you and the way she uses it. Think I don't know why you're rubbing the skin off your hands trying to learn golf? Didn't I hear Carol raving about the way Hagen drove just last Saturday?"

"What of it?"

There was even more of the South Side in Joe Griffith's voice.

"Oh, it would be funny if it weren't so idiotically cruel! You're too big to be a—a poodle, doing tricks to let Carol Blaine show how well she's got you trained. Don't you realize that it's all perfectly obvious to everybody else—that it's got to be a kind of town joke? You won't go anywhere unless Carol's going to be there. You lean against the wall at dances and—and stargaze at her."

"It's a joke, is it?"

"Yes; but it wouldn't matter if it wasn't just a joke to Carol too. It's always been a joke, ever since we were all in high school, and she and I used to laugh about the way you'd hang around outside the alcove where we ate our lunch, and think up things to make you do."

"They didn't do me any harm, did they—the things I did?"

"Oh, you can't see it! And I can't make you see it without being catty and mean. She—she's always used you—used her power over you, Joe. Remember when she made you play football on Lanse's team? Well, before she did it she made Lanse pay her for it. Remember when she egged you into jumping out of her boat? That was to frighten her father into letting her go to Stormington. I remember how we giggled about it afterward and decided that it was only fair to send you to a good college to pay you back."

"That was quite a while ago," said Griffith.

"And it's just the same this minute. I suppose you still think you're going to stay and practice law till they make you a judge, don't you? Carol thinks it would be grand to be a judge, doesn't she? Well, she's changed her mind. You're going to Congress instead."

Griffith opened his eyes.

"Who told you that?"

"Why, I was there when Lanse put it up to her—just last night. He found out long ago that he could handle you through her. I heard him this time, they had a long argument about it, and you're going to Congress. You'll see! Tonight she'll begin to talk about what a splendid thing it is for a man to dedicate himself to the nation's service, and how it's all the more noble right now, when everybody thinks a congressman's the lowest form of animal life. And about Monday morning you'll ——"

"You're wrong there," said Griffith. "I ——"

He stopped. Milly nodded stubbornly.

"Oh, yes, you will! I've been watching you do it ever since high school. And it's just stargazing, Joe. Carol isn't—she isn't in reach of—of anything except gazing." She paused. "It's funny. I always used to say that she was your star and that you'd hitched your wagon to her."

He nodded slowly.

"That's funny. I ——" He stopped. "Much obliged for telling me, Milly. I didn't realize how it looked from the outside. Sorry I can't come to dinner, but I'll see you at the dance, I guess."

He moved away, in his deliberate, rather heavy-footed fashion, toward the locker room, just as Tom Hammond and the awfully sweet girl from Detroit approached to the home green.

Interrupted just at the most difficult of his original variations of the fox trot, Mr. Leonard Pulsifer lifted a displeased countenance to the owner of the broad reddened hand that lay ungently on the sleeve of his dinner jacket. The displeasure faded into amusement. Mr. Pulsifer stepped aside almost blithely as Joe Griffith moved awkwardly forward to the bare lifted arms of his partner. He touched a very neat mustache as if to conceal his grin at Griffith's stumbling endeavor to find the syncopated rhythm, and he moved skillfully between other couples toward the line of stags.

"Through this window," said Carol Blaine. "He's gone to get Johnny Bishop to cut in so that he can cut back again."

Joe Griffith followed her out to the cool dimness of the porch.

"Sorry to cut in," he said. "Only I wanted to have a talk with you for a minute."

"I was hoping you would." Carol led the way toward the tiled terrace at the end of the long gallery. "I wanted to rest a while."

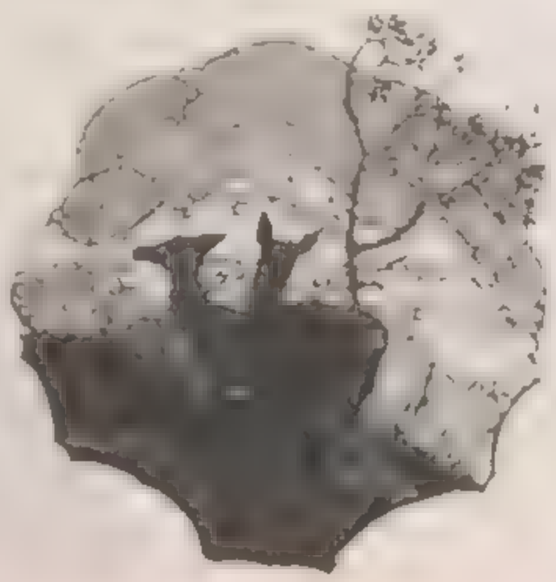
"And you knew I wouldn't have the nerve to expect you to dance." Griffith laughed, and the sound turned her face toward him, her eyes widening in the semi-darkness.

"I knew you wouldn't mind sitting out for a little while," she said gently. "The others expect me to dance—most of them." She leaned against the arm of a big wicker chair, facing him. "What did you want to talk about?"

"I ——" He stopped. "Oh, it doesn't matter. . . . Nice dance, isn't it? Always like to see the older people drop in; quite a few of 'em here tonight—Colonel Anderson and half a dozen others that make me feel almost agile."

"Isn't the colonel splendid?" Carol's voice softened. "Every time I see him I can't help thinking what a fine, useful life he's lived."

The back of the chair whined softly, as if in protest against the strength of those blistered fingers.



"It must be a wonderful thing to look back on a life like his," said Carol. "He's given almost all of it to ——"

"—— to the nation's service?" Again Griffith's voice had found the old, aspirated rasp of the South Side.

"Yes, but it's finer than that, somehow. For a big man, a really able man, like Colonel Anderson, there's a special sort of courage in going to Congress when everybody sneers at it, when so many little, stupid men are there. I can't help admiring ——"

"It's all right, Carol. I jumped through that one yesterday, of my own accord. You don't need to hold it up in front of me."

Griffith laughed shortly.

Carol gazed up at him, as if she was trying to read his look under the shadow of the awnings.

"Jumped through what? I don't understand."

"Oh, I guess you could if you tried. I've jumped through all the hoops for you, haven't I?—ever since—ever since high school? I'd have jumped through this one too if you'd been a bit quicker about holding it up and snapping your fingers." He laughed. "I was almost afraid to tell you. I thought you—you admired judges more than congressmen, and when Lanse and Younger wanted me to run for the colonel's seat I turned 'em down at first; but I changed my mind, and yesterday I told Younger I'd run—told him before I knew that Lanse had persuaded you to—to make me!"

There was a little space of silence.

"I suppose I always knew that Milly would tell some day," said Carol slowly. "There must be a cat strain in the best of us women."

"Oh, Milly didn't mean to scratch." Griffith shook his head. "I needed to hear what she told me. If she hadn't, I'd have gone right on making a—a town joke of myself, stargazing!"

Carol's quick breath made a little sound against her teeth.

"She told you that too? I ——"

"She told me, but she didn't need to. I'd always known that myself. I knew that's what it came to." He laughed. "It's queer, the first time I ever heard that line about hitching your wagon to a star I—I felt as if it was meant for me. I never kidded myself for a minute that—oh, you know what I mean. I just wanted to tell you that I—I'd cut the traces. I guess I'll travel the rest of the way under my own steam and not by—not by star power, Carol."

Again he heard the faint, compassionate sound of her indrawn breath.

"Oh, don't be sorry for me, Carol! If you hadn't done it, I'd probably be hanging around Spud Mulligan's pool room right now, trying to frame some come-on into a bet. I never had any notion that—that you even knew you were doing it, not for a minute, till Milly told me." He hesitated. "It never struck me that anybody knew it—that it was a joke; but that doesn't hurt either. It doesn't seem as if the joke was on me."

"It isn't, Joe." She spoke quietly.

"I know. I can get a laugh out of it myself." He demonstrated this. "It is funny." He straightened, half turned. "I just wanted to tell you. I'll go find Lennie for you if you're rested."

Something in the quality of the silence halted him.

"Don't you be sorry for me, Carol," he said again. "I tell you, I never even guessed that you were doing it on purpose, and if I had I wouldn't have had the conceit to think you were doing it because—because you cared what I did with myself. I never had any idea that you—that it mattered to you."

"Neither did I," said Carol, in the same unfamiliar voice in which she had spoken last. "Never till now."

He stood very still in the shadow of the awnings, and then stumbled forward to the open terrace, into starlight.

Ad-A-Piece Sale

May 25 to June 6 at leading stores everywhere

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the graduate
the guest-room
the man-of-the-house
your own dressing table
birthdays
anniversaries

The special offer applies on purchases of any articles bearing the Pyralin name-stamp. A few typical groups are illustrated on this page.

Manicure Set of Genuine Pyralin given away with each Purchase of $10 or more

(Or, with a $5 purchase, one manicure article will be given away)

HERE is a friendly offer to make more friends for PYRALIN A remarkable opportunity to start a set of the finest of all toiletware, or add a few pieces to one already started.

From May 25th to June 6th, leading merchants in every community will *give away* a three-piece manicure set of genuine PYRALIN—nail file, cuticle knife and button hook—*to match* a purchase of toiletware, *bearing the Pyralin stamp*, amounting to $10 or more. Only one set to a customer—value $2.00 to $5.00, depending on pattern and decoration. If your purchase is limited to $5.00, one article of the set will be given you. Every useful and beautiful accessory for the dressing table will be offered you—in charming patterns and exquisite colors—gleaming amber, creamy ivory, rich, lustrous tortoise shell, silvery pearl—in solid or two-tone effects—decorated, if desired.

Watch for the announcements of the "Ad-A-Piece" Sale by the merchants in your city. Let this offer help you to solve the gift problem in this season of graduations and weddings—or aid you in re-equipping your own home.

For those who are satisfied only by the very finest made—LA BELLE. The mirror $10.00 up; the brush $6.00 up; the handle comb $3.25 up. 3-piece set $19.25 up; 8-piece set $38.50 up

Here are a few more of the many beautiful and useful articles in the new MAYFLOWER pattern: the clock $5.75 up; the perfume set $1.85 up; bud vase $1.25 up

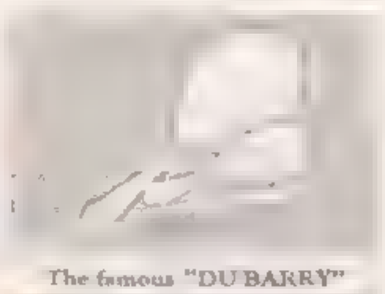
Dainty Bobbed Hair or Purse Set (DU BARRY pattern)—in Ivory Pyralin $4.25; in Amber or Ivory on Amber with beautiful decoration, $5.00; in Pearl on Amber, $4.50—including special gift box.

Military Set for Men (MAYFLOWER pattern)—in Shell Pyralin or Ivory on Amber, $5.00; in Amber Pyralin [illegible] in Amber [illegible] gold, $6.50; in Pearl on Amber, $6.50—including special gift box.

The New "MAYFLOWER"

[illegible] mirror $6.75 up; brush $3.00 up; comb 75 cents up. 3-piece set $10.50 up. 8-piece set $19.80 up. Manicure articles to match given away as outlined above

GIVEN AWAY!
Value
$2.00 to $5.00



The famous "DU BARRY"

[illegible] Mirrors $7.00 up, brushes $5.00 up, [illegible] $1.25 up. 3-piece set $13.25 up. [illegible] set $[illegible].75 up. Manicure articles given away as outlined above

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Write us for samples and swatches if you are interested in stocking Hatchway Union Suits, or ask to have our representative call. In certain localities exclusive agencies are open to the right kind of merchant

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Albany, New York

Woods Underwear Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada
Licensed Manufacturers of these lines in Canada.

THAT PATTERSON GIRL

(Continued from Page 25)

orchestra leader started playing the music for the next act.

"We rehearsed between shows, and when our agent seen us at the night performance he got all het up over the turn and told me the Patterson girl was a find. He kept talkin' about her work. I didn't mind that, though, 'cause he'd seen me work before and there wasn't no use tellin' me how good I was. After playin' three more days out of town to smooth out the rough spots, we come into New York to do our stuff at a real house. Them hard-boiled bookers liked us and the rest is history. In three weeks we played the Palace, in next-to-closing spot, and had 'em askin' for more when we finished. Pretty soft for that Patterson girl, I'll say. From then on she was one-half of an established sister act, with work every week if we wanted it."

"How much was the act getting?" asked Dorothy.

"Five-fifty a week, less the usual commissions."

"Pretty nifty for you. She gets fifty and you draw down about four hundred and a quarter every week-end after all the expenses is deducted. That girl musta been a sap."

"You talk like you think she meant somethin' in the act," snapped Madeline.

"She was more than scenery, I'll bet my pet lipstick, or you wouldn't 'a' kept her."

"She wasn't much more, and besides I had her name at the bottom of one of them trick contracts my agent had drawed up."

"Oh, I see," remarked Dorothy. "You adopted this sister with all the legal trimmin's."

"I don't like that word 'trimmin'," said Madeline. "It sounds too much like I did somethin' dishonest."

"Far be it from me to intimate such a thing; you just bought her cheap and after she'd chose her bed you made her sleep in it."

"Time flies," said Madeline, "and your butting into this story with cute remarks only delays the final curtain. I give the girl a square deal according to my conscience and that's that."

"Since when has you had a conscience?" asked Dorothy, unable to resist the temptation. "I thought them went out of style about the same time corsets did."

"I'm goin' to get you to write my next act," sneered Madeline, "your comedy is too good to waste this way."

"Don't get peeved, dearie. Go on with your story."

"You mixed me all up. Where was I at?"

"You had just played the Palace; but as you didn't show me your route list, I don't know where your next date was."

"Oh, yes," said Madeline. "Well, from that time on that Patterson girl become Grace Vancastle, on and off the stage, in health and in sickness, in wealth and in poverty, et cet'ra, et cet'ra. We played everythin' they had round here and then we took a little journey on the choo-choo all the way to the coast and back. Everywhere we went we was a knock-out. Our pictures was in the Sunday papers so much I stopped cuttin' 'em out and pastin' 'em in my scrapbook. And interviews! Say, Dot, I almost got brain fever inventin' fairy tales about my pet dog and my home life and what color ice cream I loved best, and all that junk."

Didn't you ever let them reporters interview your sister?" asked Dorothy, although she knew in advance what the answer would be.

"No," said Madeline. "You take me for a fool? Grace can't tell a lie and hold a straight face, and why should I shove her forward and have her trip over her own feet? And besides, she wasn't a threat, she was but the other sister in a sister team. I was the whole act and I was the one the public was interested in."

"Your modesty does you credit," said Dorothy. "And your sister—isn't she never kick about your always grabbin' the center of the stage?"

"One peep outa her and I would 'a' told her where she got off. She was sharin' the applause and the curtain calls wasn't she? What more could she of ast for?"

"Nothing," said Dorothy; "absolutely nothin'. You was lucky, though, she was so easy to handle."

"With someone else, she mighta caused trouble," remarked Madeline with an authoritative shake of the head; "but I knew how to handle her. She was just naturally quiet and backward, sort of a mouselike little thing, and whenever she come in the theater and started suggestin' things, I begun to holler and throw things around and cuss, and it shut her up quick. That's the way to handle them meek ones. Raise the roof off the house when they start somethin', and they quit cold."

"Did she run round with fellers and hit the high spots like you did?" asked Dorothy.

"Didn't I just tell you she was like a little mouse?"

"A lot of fellers," remarked Dorothy, "like that kind."

"That's all the good it did 'em," said Madeline. "This professional sister of mine should have ought to 'a' been a nun or somethin' like that. She didn't pay no attention to the good-lookers on the trains with us and she turned down every girl party I invited her to. I didn't care much, because I only ast her when we wanted a foursome and I couldn't get no one else. She'd 'a' crabbed the party anyway if she'd 'a' went, so it's just as well she didn't."

"Wasn't she awful lonesome?"

"Musta been. She never stood round and gabbed with the rest of us. Just sat in the dressin' room and read a book or sewed. Sometimes she'd take a long walk when the weather was good and the town we was in was hilly or somethin'. I never seen a girl waste her time like she done."

"Well, at least," said Dorothy, "she didn't talk you to death."

"She musta been awful ignorant, because she wouldn't discuss nothin'. She didn't seem to know how the country should oughta be run or things like that, and she knew less about show business than any artist I ever seen. She'd stand in the wings sometimes and watch the other acts, and when they come off she'd flatter 'em about how good they was just like the rest of us did. But when we got in the dressin' rooms she never panned 'em like we did. I don't think she knew a good act when she seen one. After the show at night she'd stop in at some dairy lunch and eat graham crackers and milk and then go back to the hotel."

"My," said Dorothy, "wasn't that exciting?"

"She had her good points, though," admitted Madeline. "She never overslept like I did, so I got in the habit of letting her go to the theater early on Monday morning and seein' that the special silk drop we was carryin' was brought up from the railroad station and hung. There was always a lot of acts fighting to hog the first or second line in one, but somehow Grace always managed to get ours where we wanted it. Either the stage managers liked the quiet way she ast for it or she got there mighty early, but as she was gettin' results, I kept right on gettin' my beauty sleep."

"You let her rehearse the orchestra, too, didn't you?" asked Dorothy, and Madeline thought she detected a touch of sarcasm in the question.

"As long as she was at the theater seeing about the scenery there wasn't no use in my rushin' down and butt in with the house leader, was there? She musta went awful easy with 'em; scared of 'em, I guess, 'cause I didn't get no kicks from the house managers 'bout her ritzin' at at rehearsals, and you know what that means."

"Was your music always played right?" asked Dorothy.

"You better bet it was. Them guys in the pit knew what Madeline Vancastle woulda said to 'em if it wasn't, and they ain't no orchestra what has heard me rave once as is anxious to have me tell 'em where they get off. I ain't so popular with the help in the theaters where I work, but, dearie, I gets results."

"About an hour ago," remarked Dorothy, looking at her diamond-and-platinum wrist watch, "you started to tell me about the anniversary of your Uncle Samuel's death. Is this the same show you advertised or has you switched acts on me?"

"I'm a-comin' to that now," said Madeline. "Where's your patience today? Well, after we played the Orpheum we come back to the bright lights and I found a letter here at the club for me. My uncle lived in one of them hog-track towns in Vermont and some old lady what was lookin' after him wrote the letter; she said Uncle Samuel was fadin' awful fast and had expressed a desire to see me, me bein' the only relative he had left on this ball of trial and tribulation. He hadn't seen me since I was an awkward kid of seven, and why my company would make him any happier I couldn't see. The lady what wrote the letter also mentioned somethin' about Uncle Samuel havin' considerable property and holdin' mor'gages on some valuable real estate, and that, of course, started me bein' sorry for that old man, dying there all alone amongst strangers."

"You always was kind-hearted, Madeline. Everybody what knows you says that," remarked Dorothy, with a soft purring voice she seldom used with women.

"My heart went out to him; really it did," said Madeline, near-sobs in her voice. "I would have went to him right that minute if things had been different; but as they was, I had to think about it a while and see what was best to do. I wrote Uncle Samuel a nice long letter, using my best big-time grammar and spellin', tellin' him how sorry I was to hear he was sick and hopin' he would soon be strong and well again. I also put in a lot about rememberin' how sweet he was to me when I was a kid and wishin' things was so I could pay him a visit right then, which they wasn't. In about a week I got a answer from the same old lady what wrote the first time, tellin' me that Uncle Samuel was too weak to write, but that my letter had made him awful happy, and if I could somehow manage to come and see him it would be downright charity to an old man and make him happy."

"Is that a cue for me to ast you why you didn't go?"

"I don't need no cues. There was several reasons why. One of them was money. I'd been working all season, but I hadn't saved no bank roll—bought a slew of glad rags, a fur coat and some jewelry. Also a slick-talking broker had persuaded me to put some of my money into oil stocks, which up to that time hadn't paid no dividends. With money coming in Saturdays, everything was hunky-dory, but if I used off to visit uncle I would have to touch him for a loan if he decided to live more than two weeks.

"Then there was Reason Number Two. Uncle Samuel never was strong for the show business. He didn't know nothin' much about it, but somebody musta told him a lota lies defamin' the character of the profession. You know—drink and loose morals and all them things they say about us. Uncle Samuel didn't like it a whole lot when I run away from home with the actor I afterward married. I had heard from the family gossips also that my first two divorces didn't set well on his stomach either. Uncle Samuel might be failin'; but he was awful set in his notions, and I was afraid if I flashed 'n on him with dyed hair, short skirts and my natural free-and-easy manner I might queer the whole thing. I couldn't spare the money to buy an entire

(Continued on Page 101)

ONLY A LITTLE MISHAP! BUT MOTHER KNOWS THAT EVEN A TINY CUT NEEDS PROMPT FIRST AID

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TO THE MOTHER
who is thinking of a husband for her daughter

IN every circle of people you find her—the mother whose daughter's acquaintance with young men is limited to a passing, "How do you do?" It worries her that other girls, no prettier, have their callers and engagements. Is her girl too diffident or too disdainful? What can the trouble be?

More often than mothers think, the appearance of the home interior and its furniture is the real answer. Pride keeps many a girl from urging nice young men to call.

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It is just like having new furniture, floors and woodwork all through the house. See for yourself. Try one bottle of O-Cedar Polish. Sold everywhere, with a money-back guarantee, in five sizes, 30 cents to $3.

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Chicago *Toronto* *London* *Paris*

WHERE good care complements good taste. A view in the residence of Mrs. Reginald de Koven, Park Avenue, New York City.

O-Cedar Polish

How to apply it

1. *Pour O-Cedar Polish on a cloth (a moist cloth for cleaning, a dry cloth for polishing)*

2. *Go over the surface*

3. *Polish with a fresh cloth*

(Continued from Page 98)

new wardrobe, and acting meek twenty-four hours a day for uncle's benefit certainly would prove tirin' on my nerves."

"Haven't you never learned that we don't never get nothin' for nothin' on this earth?" asked Dorothy.

"I have; but it don't keep us from tryin', does it? One day while me and the Patterson girl was makin' up for our performance, and I seen how quiet and easy she did it, no cussin' or anythin', an idea hit me right between the eyes. If that girl looked enough like me to be my sister, she looked enough like me to be me. Sittin' right there next to me was the missin' word in my cross-word puzzle."

"The pictures is payin' experts a thousand dollars a week for hatching plots not half as good as that," said Dorothy.

"Well," said Madeline, ignoring the interruption, "I told the girl about Uncle Samuel and the fix I was in; thought perhaps she might suggest somethin'; but I might as well expected hundred-proof booze from a bootlegger as any help from her. She wanted me to stop work then and there and catch the next train for Vermont. Said it was my solemn duty and we should never forget our blood ties and a lot of other sentimental gush like that.

"That kind of talk wasn't gettin' us nowhere, so I laid my cards face up on the table and told her I wanted her to go to Vermont and be Madeline Vancastle until after the funeral.

"You woulda thought I was a criminal or somethin' the way she flared up. Never had seen her so mad before since we joined up together. Told me I was insultin' her. If I didn't have no honor, she did, and she wouldn't be no party to a fraud like that. She didn't mention nothin' about what would happen to her if she got caught, so as long as she didn't think of it I wasn't gonna put her wise. She was so mad I didn't say no more about it right then. That night I laid awake till three o'clock figuring out how I was gonna persuade her to do it; so when I come in our dressin' room the next afternoon I musta been registerin' sadness all over my face. From the way she looked at me I knew she was sorry for me, and if makin' her pity me would help more than arguin' with her, then I give her plenty to pity about.

"After a while she apologized for the things she said to me the day before and I knew she was beginnin' to weaken.

"I forgive her, of course, and backtracked a little myself on my own remarks, an' took another tack, as they say on a motorboat. I explained to her about me not being able to afford no long lay-off just then, and I guess that hit the bull's-eye, 'cause she wasn't anxious to decorate no Broadway corners neither. I told her if I went to Uncle Samuel the pay roll stopped, but if someone else went I could get me a piano player and work my old single act for a while and still pay the regular salary to the person who was playin' my rôle up in Vermont.

"Then I stuck in a hogshead or more of soft soap about me not bein' much of a hand round sick folks, and Uncle Samuel would be better off anyway if some nice, quiet, easy-goin' girl smoothed out his pillows for him and fed him his corn-meal mush. I don't want to talk about myself, Dot, but I certainly sold that Patterson girl a bill of goods. Of course she kept refusing; but her noes was weaker and weaker, and by Thursday night she come through and promised to go."

"Maybe her gratitude for all you had done for her made her change her mind," suggested Dorothy.

"I had reminded her of that too; don't you think I didn't. Well, the minute I got that halfway yes of hers, I called up our agent and canceled some of our time on the grounds that my sister was sick and run down and had to go to a farm to rest up. Since we had been workin' steady and hadn't missed no dates or nothin' during the season, the bookin' office canceled without no rumpus. I heard they wasn't so happy about it, they havin' billed us up big in the next towns; but they couldn't get ugly with me, knowin' I'd go in a production and leave their old vaudeville flat on its back if they did.

"Well, I spent the rest of the week crammin' that girl as full of our family-tree dope as I could. When I got right down to it, I found out I didn't know no whole encyclopedia full myself. My mother and father was both dead, and all I'd ever heard from the rest of the family was A Happy New Year chromo when they was alive and a death notice when they had passed out.

"But I told that Patterson girl what color my mother's eyes was and the kind of pipe tobacco my old man smoked and give her the name of what uncles and aunts as I could remember, and let it go at that. Any girl that talked as little as she did couldn't make no mistakes anyway, and I wasn't worried about her trippin' herself up. All she had to do was to look at you out of them big blue eyes of hers and you'd believe anything. I had wrote to Vermont that I was comin' on Monday; so Sunday night, when we finished our show, I grabbed a taxi for me, myself and the other me and delivered her in person to the conductor on the sleepin' car. All the way to the station I kept givin' her instructions. She was to write me every day or two and let me know how Uncle Samuel was sinking, and I was to write to her and send her salary in a money order, made out to Madeline Vancastle, so she could have it cashed at the post office and then the postmaster would know she was the genuine article. Another little scheme of mine to make everythin' look all right—I sat in the train with her till they hollered 'All aboard,' and I'll tell the whole world I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw that train pull out with her on it, me not bein' satisfied in my own mind she wouldn't back out at the last minute and upset the whole thing."

"Don't take time for no intermission," chimed in Dorothy; "go right ahead with the last act."

"I got a letter from her by the end of the week. She wrote that Uncle Samuel was the darlin'est old man, sweet and mellow like a character out of one of Dickens' books, whatever she meant by that. He didn't complain much, though he was in pain most all the time; and he just couldn't get through thankin' her for the little things she done for him. Said she spent most of the day sittin' by his bed readin' to him or listenin' to him tell about when he was a boy. The house, she said, had vines growin' all over one side of it and old-fashioned flowers in the garden, and was so restful it seemed like another world from New York. The furniture was old-fashioned too—horsehair, with lace doilies on it, and quaint sewin' tables and tapestry-back chairs, hundreds of years old, just like you see imitations of in antique shops. She said the folks up there seemed to think a lot of Uncle Samuel and on his account was goin' out of their way to be nice to her. She ended up her letter by sayin' that Uncle Samuel's bein' so happy to have her had kinda took the sting outa the deception she was practicin' and she was glad she did it.

"On Saturday I sent her a money order for sixty-five dollars, that bein' the amount I was payin' her in the act, and told her to keep her mouth shut, her ears open and not to make no bull.

"The next week I got another letter from her tellin' me Uncle Samuel wasn't no better nor no worse. He was pretty weak, and the doctor said he might go on that way for months, and then again he might pass away any minute. I was glad I had got me a piano player and was working. She wrote some more about the old junk furniture, which I bet no one in New York would even put in their servants' rooms if they expected to keep 'em, but which she says was genuine period originals, whatever that means.

"I sent her another money order and wrote her that I was sorry things wasn't happenin' any faster than they was, but for her to stick on the job and hope for the best. About the third week I got another letter from her sayin' there wasn't much change in Uncle Samuel's condition, he bein' just a little weaker if anythin', but patient and sweet, and she hated to think of him dyin'. Can you beat that? Most of her letter was about a feller named Frank Goodwin, who claimed to remember her when she was a kid. Which shows you what a great personality I had even then. This Goodwin feller had taken her out in his flivver and showed her the scenery and a place called Lovers' Leap, where a Indian girl and her white sweetie had jumped off of and killed themselves 'cause they couldn't get married, which she thought was too romantic for anything. This Goodwin feller was comin' over every evenin' or so, it seemed, and keepin' her from gettin' lonesome while Uncle Samuel was dozin' and not needin' her. She said the Goodwin feller hadn't traveled much, but he'd read a lot and had a good brain. As if anybody with a good brain would stay in a hick town like that in Vermont!

"I sent her the usual money order and told her I didn't blame her for stringin' the Goodwin feller along. It must be awful lonesome up there and any kind of a man was better than no man at all. I ast her what color eyes he had and did his Adam's apple jump up and down when he chewed tobacco, like most of the rubes' did. The next week I got a letter from her sayin' that Uncle Samuel was sinkin' fast and she didn't have no time to write. She was stayin' in the room with him all the day and most of the night. Said she'd write as soon as she could—and that's the last letter I ever got from her."

"What?" shouted Dorothy.

"A few days later a newspaper from Vermont come to me through the mail. It was marked at the article about how many people had attended Uncle Samuel's funeral and what a good man he was and how the community would miss him and about a column more of the same kind of sob stuff. I read through it four times, but it didn't say nothin' about his niece bein' there for the funeral, or what disposition he had made of his estate, real and personal. The pit of my stomach told me right then that somethin' was wrong, so I bought me a ticket for Vermont and caught the first train out. When I got there I went straight to the post office and ast the postmaster a few questions about Uncle Samuel and his reclinin' days. He had a funny kind of smile on his face when he told me he didn't know much about Uncle Samuel's affairs, but if I'd go up to Mrs. Wilkinson's what lived next door to where Uncle Samuel did, he guessed she could tell me all about it. Mrs. Wilkinson was a dried-up little thing with a long thin nose and was as friendly to me as the bulldog she had tied up in the front yard. She didn't seem to think Uncle Samuel's death, et cet'ra, et cet'ra, was any of my business; but when I told her I was a distance relation and had a right to know, she squinted her eyes at me through her gold-rimmed spectacles and handed me the hardest wallop I'd ever got.

"That Patterson girl broke down about a week before Uncle Samuel died and told him she wasn't his niece at all. Told him how she had imposed on him and what a terrible creature she was for doin' it and how sorry she was. And Uncle Samuel got mad at me, not her, and told her she'd been like a daughter to him and had done all she could to make his last days comfortable for him and he loved her for it. Then he called in his lawyer, who was that Goodwin feller the Patterson girl had been writin' about, and he changed his will and left everythin' to her, saying he was glad it all happened the way it did for everybody's good."

"And?" asked Dorothy.

"After the funeral the Goodwin feller told that Patterson girl she needed a change and a rest. They went out to this Lovers' Leap place to talk it over and Mrs. Wilkinson said she'd just got a picture post card from 'em at Niagara Falls, where they was enjoyin' their honeymoon. Now can you beat that?—after all I had done for her too."

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GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, Campello, Brockton, Mass., U. S. A.

THOSE HIGH-SOCIETY BLUES

(Continued from Page 9)

decidedly medieval sitting under your hedge. I thought that the first time I saw you"

"When was that?" he asked.

"Oh, months ago. Imagine any twentieth century person sitting under a hedge! You should have been a troubadour in the Middle Ages."

"I like my own age. There's a lot of fun in it. Or there would be if so many people didn't take it so hard."

"Yes, isn't it a bore?" quickly asked Miss Divine. Then she sighed for no apparent reason and said, "You might tell me your name."

Eddie answered without looking at her: "You know it."

"Yes, I do," she admitted. "I don't know why I should, but I do. You're Eddie Granger, you come from Ohio and your people have social ambitions."

"We're new-rich," said Eddie. "My father was a grocer. He sold out to your father for a lot of money; he smokes stogies and isn't happy. The family as a whole isn't happy. We've got those high-society blues."

"My mother's a snob," announced Miss Divine. "If she saw me talking to you here in the road she'd die. She almost died when you bought this place next to us. The old Van Tyne place! Father thought it was amusing, but mother said it was sacrilege. So it is"

"I see."

"Father isn't a snob. He's just a good husband. . . . I used to try to play one of those things," she said, putting out her hand and taking from him the ukulele. "I never was very successful."

"I could teach you," suggested Eddie.

She looked at him and said rather vaguely, "When?"

"Now."

Her eyes—they were a deep cerulean blue—remained fixed on his.

"I was going to play golf at the club," she murmured, as though contemplating an improbability. "Besides, I don't think we could—I mean, it's rather public here, isn't it—for a ukulele lesson?"

"What I thought was we could drive out to the country," said Eddie.

"What an extraordinary idea!" remarked Miss Divine; and added, after a pause in which the extraordinary acquired fascination, "Get in."

So Eddie got into the gray roadster. Fifteen minutes later they came to a stop in a grove of birches some five miles up the Sound. It was a lovely spot, secluded and miraculously free from evidence of human invasion. There wasn't even a moldering picnic lunch box.

"I've known about this place for years," said the girl, as she drew up at the edge of the high grassy bank. "But you're the first person I've ever brought here. . . . Are you sure your princess has gold hair?"

"Perfectly sure," said Eddie. "Now the first position on the ukulele ——"

"Why is it," she asked, "that when you do something on impulse you get so much pleasure out of it—especially if it's more or less unreasonable?"

"Because," answered Eddie, "when you satisfy an impulse you satisfy yourself. But if you act according to reason you only satisfy some fool convention or other."

She twisted her body to look at him.

"That's true. I like you for bothering to be truthful. It's a nice compliment."

"A compliment?"

"To my intelligence. I'm not used to being considered intelligent. It's flattering. I believe you have a good deal of truth in you," said the girl, studying him.

"I have a good sense of rhythm," replied Eddie mildly.

She laughed.

"Is that your secret? Yes, I think it is. You're a philosopher. You don't go dashing about playing silly games like other people. You sit under a hedge and play the ukulele—and somehow it makes you wise. I really must learn," she said, "to play the ukulele."

"Hold it like this," directed Eddie, giving the instrument into her hands. "Now place the first two fingers of the left hand on these two frets."

"Oh! What a nice chord!" exclaimed the girl, drawing her right forefinger across the strings. The faint sound tinkled and was lost in the immensity of the morning. "I didn't go to Paris to buy hats," she said, after the death of the chord. "I went to look at a husband."

"For yourself?"

"Yes."

"Did you find one who suited?"

"I found one who suited mother. A count. Royalist—not Empire. The title's guaranteed. He's a nice boy. Charles de Reis. I like him."

"But you'll never be happy with him," observed Eddie with finality.

"How do you know?"

"Because you're happy now. You were happy a minute ago when you struck that chord. You leaned out of your tower then," he said, "and let down your hair."

"How ridiculous!" cried the girl. Then she laughed and said, "I couldn't. It's bobbed."

"That's beside the point. You're happy. You admit that?"

"Of course I don't admit it—though it's quite true."

"Then naturally you'll never be happy with the count," pointed out Eddie with incontrovertible logic. "Tell me more about him."

"He's the son of an old friend of mother's—an American woman who married the De Reis title. She had money, but the old count spent it all. So I was rushed over and dangled before the young count's eyes. Then I was snatched away in a month—to add coyness and delicacy to the proceeding. I'm not coy and I'm not delicate. If I wanted a man I'd go up to him and grab him around the neck and tell him so. But this was mother's little scheme."

"Did it succeed?"

"I'm afraid so. At least, Charles is coming over."

"To see you?"

"To propose to me," said Miss Divine specifically.

"When?"

"In about two weeks."

"Oh!"

"He made love to me in Paris," she continued, addressing the slender birches of the grove. "He said that as long as he had to marry money, it might as well be me."

"That," said Eddie, "is romantic. But it isn't true. There are plenty of other girls with money he might marry. For instance, I have three sisters."

"Three? That's interesting. But he couldn't marry them all."

"They could draw lots for him," said Eddie. "Now the second position on the ukulele ——"

"I must be getting home," sighed the girl. "I promised mother I'd go to town with her this afternoon to look at things for my trousseau. Mother believes in preparedness."

"A fallacy!" murmured Eddie. "But in that case, we'll postpone the second position till tomorrow. Tomorrow morning at the same time."

She looked at him sidewise. Her eyes were a deep, deep blue—much bluer than the waters of the Sound, which were distracted with silver in the sunlight.

"I'll buy a ukulele in town this afternoon," she said. "Perhaps we can learn to play a duet."

"I know we can."

She put her foot on the starter; the motor whirred and came to life with a muffled roar.

"I don't see any harm in learning to play the ukulele," she said. "Especially if I'm

(Continued on Page 104)

What Radio Set shall I buy?

WITH radio as an industry taking solid form, with radio research and engineering agreed on fundamentals, with values of radio products definitely established, *frank statement runs no risk of misinterpretation or of becoming a disorganizing factor in a new art.*

In three messages to the public, the Radio Corporation of America will endeavor to pierce some of the clouds of exaggeration and conflicting claims which have been surrounding the sale of radio receiving sets.

It will attempt, simply and frankly, to answer the questions uppermost in the mind of every prospective radio purchaser.

OF these, the first and most important question naturally is, *"What radio set shall I buy?"*

The essentials of a perfect radio set (so far as perfection is possible) are four:

1 QUALITY OF TONE—*reproducing the human voice and instrumental music without mechanical impairment.*

2 SELECTIVITY—*enabling the user to choose broadcasting from any station without interference from another nearby station.*

3 VOLUME—*bringing in the program you select, full and clear.*

4 DEPENDABILITY—*achieved by standards maintained day by day, under every condition, and upon every occasion—assuring you all these qualities, plus long distance reception, and uninterrupted enjoyment as long as the set is in use.*

THE millenium of radio has not yet been reached.

Of the four million owners of radio receiving sets, not a few will probably venture to admit that a constantly sustained perfection on all four points may not be possible while Jackie Coogan is still in short pants.

But the four million owners of radio sets are reasonable.

They are willing to accept the miracles of the modern receiving set, thanking heaven that they live in a period when even the simplest and most remote homes, as well as those from which high-hats emerge on Sundays, can enjoy front seats at the opera, an arm-chair at the ring-side, reports from the football or baseball field, the voice of the President occasionally in the sitting room, and a little more of the Bible than reached them before the advent of radio.

THE products of the Radio Corporation of America—***Radiolas*** and ***Radiotrons***—were foremost in bringing the benefits of broadcasting into American homes.

They have steadily maintained their position of leadership.

And although the ***Radiola*** of today marks a tremendous advance over the instruments available two years ago, the first ***Radiolas*** are still the subject of complimentary references in the correspondence received by the Radio Corporation.

For, after all, in buying a ***Radiola***, of any type or at any price, the purchaser has the assurance of becoming the owner of a product in which the highest form of scientific research and engineering has been combined with quality of materials and manufacturing skill.

Moreover, such a set, once bought, represents *continuing value*, if the past gives any assurance of the future.

BECAUSE of the responsibilities of its leadership, its identification with world-wide circuits of wireless telegraphy, and the broadcasting service through WJZ, WJY, WRC and associated stations KDKA, WBZ, KYW, KFKX, WGY, KOA and KGO, the Radio Corporation of America can give an assurance of stability, *a guarantee of the permanence of radio and broadcasting*, hardly possible from any other source.

WE may therefore make the conservative statement that to the fullest extent possible to highly organized manufacturing skill, ***Radiolas***, ***Radiotrons*** and ***Radiola loudspeakers***, embody a close approximation of the four goals toward which science and engineering are progressing.

When still better sets and loudspeakers are possible, you will find them, as in the past, under the trademark ***Radiola***.

When science can further improve vacuum tubes, you will find them under the familiar trademark ***Radiotron***.

THIS is the first of three advertisements by the Radio Corporation of America. The second—*"Where shall I buy a Radio Set?"*—will appear in The Saturday Evening Post of May 30. The third—*"When shall I buy my Radiola?"*—will appear in the issue of June 6.

Write for the booklet "What, Where and When in Radio." Address RCA, 233 Broadway, New York

(Continued from Page 102)

going to marry Charles. He's fond of American music. I know he'd enjoy hearing me play the Blues—on our honeymoon."

Eddie made no reply.

The rest of that day he spent, as usual, under the hedge. There was a fascinating harmonic possibility in the chorus of the Blues that eluded him. He finally discovered and mastered it. He was pleased. He felt that he had accomplished a great deal that day.

About five o'clock in the afternoon he saw papa come home in his shining car. As it swung into the drive, Eddie caught a glimpse of papa's face and thought it looked ominous. So he waited another hour before entering the house.

When finally he did so he sensed at once that something was amiss. The three girls were pale and silent. Papa was red and defiant. He sat defiantly smoking a stogy in the drawing-room. Eddie sought out his mother, who looked as though she'd been crying.

"What's the matter, mamma?"

"It's papa," answered Annie tearfully. "He's been to see Mr. Divine. He went to town this morning, and he went to Mr. Divine's office and he went in and —— Do put down that ukulele, Eddie!"

"I'm sorry, mamma. I didn't know I was playing it."

"It's a wonder you don't play it in your sleep. . . . Well, papa asked Mr. Divine if he wouldn't like to be a little more neighborly. He says—I mean he said to Mr. Divine—'Maybe you and Mrs. Divine would like to come over some evening and play a rubber of bridge.' You know how papa used to enjoy our games with the Feltzheimers back home. Poor papa! He meant well. But he said ——"

"Who said?"

"Mr. Divine said to papa, he says, 'I'm sorry, Mr. Granger,' he says. 'But the fact is,' he says—said—'I never interfere with Mrs. Divine's social perogatives.' I asked papa whether he says 'perogatives' and he says he said 'perogatives.' Then Mr. Divine says, 'Don't think I mean to be unfriendly,' he says, 'but in all social matters,' he says, 'Mrs. Divine's judgments are final. I invariably defer to them,' he says. And I asked papa if he says 'defer' and he says he said 'defer.'"

"In other words," murmured Eddie, "papa was turned down cold."

"Cold! He was so hot he was boiling. Poor papa! He meant well, but he didn't get anywhere. Mr. Divine was as polite as could be, and papa was polite too. Papa says he was so polite he almost bust. He just says to Mr. Divine, 'I see,' he says. 'I'm good enough to do business with, but I and my family ain't good enough to be neighbors with,' he says. And then he walked out of Mr. Divine's office."

"Good for papa," commented Eddie.

"The girls are crushed," went on Annie tragically. "They're just crushed. They says—say—that papa ought to have had more sense than to do a thing like that, but I say papa meant well."

"Yes," said Eddie.

"What worries me," concluded his mother, "is what's going on in papa's head now. He's sitting down there in the parlor—I mean the drawing-room—thinking how he can get even with Mr. Divine. I just know he is. I can feel his mind working like it worked that time back home when the Timminses' flivver got loose and run down the lawn into our snowball bush and broke it and the Timminses wouldn't pay for it. He got even with the Timminses and he'll get even with Mr. Divine. I know he will. But I'm afraid it'll only make things worse."

"There's no use worrying," said Eddie, putting his arm around his mother's shoulders. "You ought to learn to play the ukulele, mamma. It'd be a great comfort to you."

"I never was musical," replied Annie, rather wistfully. Then, looking at her son, she shook her head in maternal bewilderment. "I declare to goodness, Eddie, I don't know how you come—came—to be my child. I just don't understand you. Sometimes I think you haven't got right good sense and then again I think you're smarter than any of us."

Eddie smiled his faint smile.

"I've got a good sense of rhythm," he murmured, and Annie felt completely baffled. Eddie always had baffled her.

The English butler announced dinner and the family assembled in the dining room. It was a large, gloomy room, with paneled oak walls and wrought-iron fittings. The table was ponderous, the chairs were stiff. Ever since their arrival in Great Cove the Grangers had struggled silently against the oppression of this room. Now it got them. They were subdued, darkened, discouraged. Even Eddie seemed more self-contained than usual. He looked as though he were thinking; but you never could tell about Eddie.

Finally papa could stand it no longer. He burst out with a kind of timid violence, "You needn't look like it was a funeral! I'll get even with those people if it takes my last cent on earth!"

"Papa!" said Annie nervously. But papa was off to a good start and wouldn't mind the bit.

"I'll show 'em!" he exclaimed. "I'll have 'em eating out of my hand before I'm through with 'em!"

"What can you do?" asked Jessie coldly.

"Yes, what can you do?" repeated Martha and Pearl in chorus.

Papa drummed the table with his fingers.

"Never you mind. I'll do it. I'll show these Wall Street millionaires that I'm no piker. If they don't want to play bridge with I and mamma they needn't, by Godfrey! But maybe I'll bust up some of their pet little games down in Wall Street. That's all they know, anyhow, Wall Street! You lick 'em on the stock market and you've licked 'em all along the line."

"Are you going back into business, papa?" inquired Pearl, unconsciously impressed by her father's vehemence.

"Business? Wall Street ain't a business. It's a game. And it's a game anybody can win at if you've got enough chips and know how to play your hand."

"Now, papa," said Annie, "I don't see why you want to go fooling with Wall Street. You'd only make a lot more money, and heaven knows we've got enough as it is."

"It ain't the money I'd make," returned papa, who was plainly inspired. "It's the presteege I'd have. You nick these New York millionaires for a few hundred thousand and see how they respect you. Why, I'll have the whole lot of 'em coming around, hat in hand, begging for a interduction to my wife and daughters!"

The girls, by this time, were inclined to papa's support. Even Annie felt that in contemplating a financial campaign papa was on his own ground. She believed, as every wife of every man who has made money believes, that her husband was a business genius and a favorite of fortune. If she had misgivings, they were not for papa's success, but for the possible effects of that success.

"You'll only make Wall Street mad," said Annie, "and then nobody'll speak to us."

"Nobody speaks to us now," remarked Pearl bitterly.

Martha said, "Papa's right. The only way to impress people like the Divines is to beat them at their own game."

"The American aristocracy," put in Jessie, who for want of other employment had been reading modern novels, "is founded on financial power. If papa cornered Wall Street—or whatever you call it—we'd soon have people being nice to us."

"I don't know," said Annie. "Maybe you're right."

"I know I'm right," assented papa. "And I'm glad to see you all agree with me. I wouldn't want to go up against Wall Street without feeling that I had my family behind me." He glanced sternly about the table, like a general searching the souls of his cohorts on the eve of battle to see if there be a turncoat among them. "If any of you ain't with me on this proposition," he announced, "just speak up, or forever after hold your peace of mind."

"We're all with you, papa," said Pearl.

"Well, I want to be sure. I may have to stake my whole pile on one throw, and if any of you ain't satisfied to have me risk his or her share, why just say so and I'll pay off that one right now. I'll put aside a hundred thousand dollars tomorrow morning for each and every one of you that ain't with me!"

Again he looked sternly and proudly about the table—and was conscious suddenly of his son's mild responsive gaze, of his faint smile, of his enigmatical isolated presence.

"I'll take the hundred thousand," said Eddie.

There is no need to elaborate on the scene immediately following. Sufficient to say that Eddie became at once an outcast from the family councils, an object of scorn and the impersonation of shortsighted greed.

He was a cause of sorrow to his sisters and a disappointment to his parents. But let it be recorded that he got the hundred thousand dollars—or its equivalent.

"I hope you won't mind," said papa bitterly, "taking stock instead of cash. I'm going to need all the cash I can get hold of in the next coupla weeks or so."

"All right, papa," said Eddie.

"I'll give you a hundred thousand dollars' worth of my Consolidated Stores stock. It's as good as gold, so you needn't think I'm hedging on my offer. And in that way," added papa thoughtfully, "I'll be keeping it in the family."

"All right, papa."

So it was agreed; and the next day Eddie received from papa a thousand shares of Consolidated Stores, Inc., common stock. Consolidated Stores, it will be remembered, was the holding company formed by the Wall Street syndicate that had bought papa's chain groceries. Incidentally, Mr. Horace Divine was president of the holding company, so that Eddie Granger became a shareholder in the business operated by the father of the lovely Eleanor.

Some two weeks later—to skip a period of more or less incidental happenings—on a fair summer morning, Eddie was sitting in the lovely Eleanor's gray roadster, parked in the secluded grove on the edge of the Sound, giving that charming young woman her twelfth or thirteenth—or it may have been her fourteenth—ukulele lesson. Propped up against the windshield in front of them was a copy of Those High-Society Blues; they had been practicing their duet, but at the moment they were resting.

"Charles," said the girl, "has arrived."

"You mean the count?"

"Yes. He's here—in Great Cove. He's staying at the inn. If you happen to be sitting under your hedge this afternoon you'll probably see him. He's coming to luncheon. He walks. He was educated in England and walks a great deal. But he's much more like an American. Probably his mother's influence. Such a nice boy!" said Eleanor, and sighed.

"Has he proposed to you?" asked Eddie.

"Not yet. I saw him last night, but nothing happened. He was frightfully shy, and seemed unhappy. God knows I'm unhappy!" she said, and gave a little uncontrollable sob, and slumping forward against the steering wheel dropped her head on her arms.

"Eleanor!" said Eddie.

There was a moment's silence. Then she sat up slowly, turned her head and let her eyes rest on his.

"How funny that you should have said my name—like that!"

"I've been saying it—like that—to myself for a long time."

"But to have said it just then—as though all at once you'd stopped being a troubadour ——"

"—— at the foot of a tower," murmured Eddie.

"And had climbed up to my window and leaned in and ——"

"—— and kissed you," he said simply.

Her shoulder pressed his. Her whole body relaxed toward him.

"Why should I want you to?" she whispered; and after he had kissed her: "It's too funny. . . . I don't know where I am. . . . How funny!"

"The first time I saw you—it was one day early last spring—I wanted to kiss you," Eddie told her. "I've never wanted anything so much before. And somehow I knew I was going to."

"I didn't," said Eleanor. "I hadn't the slightest notion. How funny! To think of you sitting there under your hedge. . . . Did you know that some day we'd meet—that some day I'd stop and speak to you?"

"Yes."

"If mother knew I was seeing you she'd die. I wish I could tell her. I wish —— But I can't. She'd die. She threatens me with heart failure. I'm terribly unhappy!"

"Perhaps," said Eddie, "it'll all come out all right."

"No, it won't. It's impossible; everything's impossible and crazy. I don't know why things are as they are, but they are, and you can't change them."

Suddenly she twisted about, put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Love you!" she whispered. "Love you, love you! And I'm going to marry Charles. It's all utterly crazy, darling. . . . Good-by."

"I've got," said Eddie, "a little money of my own—a little gift from papa. What I thought was that we could buy one of those little trucks with a bungalow body and go touring around the country. It would be nice," he murmured, "to stop somewhere in Maine or Florida or California and sit out on the steps in the moonlight—they have steps that let down—and play our ukuleles."

"It would be heaven!" sighed the girl. "But we're living, dear heart, in a world as far removed from heaven as my château in France will be from your flivver bungalow in California. . . . Look at the sunlight on the Sound. It's the last time we'll see it together. Now I've got to go home and have luncheon with Charles."

"Charles," muttered Eddie, "must be human."

"What did you say?"

"Nothing."

A few minutes later, as they were driving homeward, "Why don't you make me go with you?" she cried. "Why don't you take me by the hair and drag me out of this?"

"Maybe I will," answered Eddie.

But she only laughed hysterically and drove faster along the road toward home.

That afternoon, shortly before one o'clock, Eddie, sitting under the hedge, saw Count Charles pass on his way to have luncheon with Eleanor. The count was young and small and delicately featured. He was rather badly dressed in clothes too big for him. He looked more like an American college freshman going to take an examination than a French nobleman about to call on a desirable heiress. He seemed worried and reluctant.

"He would do," thought Eddie, "for Pearl."

As he passed, hearing the sound of music, the count stopped and glanced in astonishment at the ukulele player. But Eddie just went on playing and singing softly to himself, and after a momentary pause Count Charles proceeded toward the Divine entrance, glancing back curiously over his shoulder as he disappeared from view.

Some two hours later, returning from his luncheon engagement, the young Frenchman again passed along the road, and there was Eddie sitting under the hedge playing his ukulele!

This time the count's curiosity got the better of him. He stopped, smiled quickly and shyly and then blurted out, "I say you were sitting there when I went by two

(Continued on Page 109)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Nightingale or canary?

A plea for more freedom for women

by

MADAME FRIEDA HEMPEL

famous prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company

IT was intermission during one of Madame Hempel's Jenny Lind concerts. The famous prima donna, gracefully gowned in a Lind costume, was resting in her dressing room. Out front the applause was just dying away. Madame Hempel listened.

"Isn't it wonderful," she said, "the love people have for music? I often wish I were rich as Croesus that I might establish concert halls and concert courses in every town and village!"

"Don't you think," it was suggested, "that the day is coming when even the smallest towns will have these things—their music clubs, their song festivals, perhaps even their opera?"

"Undoubtedly," Madame Hempel agreed. "But if more people—particularly women—would lend a hand, how quickly such a 'musical millennium' could be achieved! The movement simply lacks numbers. And it isn't because women have no interest in or appreciation for good music—that's born in most of us. Chiefly, it's because they lack time—or think they do.

"You know I sometimes divide women into two classes—nightingales and canaries. The nightingale, with its beautiful voice of almost limitless range, sings so sweetly when it is free. Imprison it and the melody in its heart is stilled. The canary, on the other hand, is content to stay in its little cage and sing the same song day after day, a song that must grow monotonous even to the canary itself.

"Most women, as girls, are like the nightingale. The range of their activities is endless—they fairly bubble over with the urge to do things, to go places. Then they marry and retire to a cage. Some become canaries, content with their cooped-up existence and the monotonous round of household duties. But most of them remain nightingales—with their voices stilled. As they go through their tedious week, from washing to ironing to cleaning, they long for the activities they used to know. They long to be part of the world beyond their homes—a world infinitely big and beautiful, filled with music and books and plays, with parties and business and clubs. Nor are women selfish in this desire. For they know that only by broadening their own interests can they hope to keep pace with their husbands and children. Only in this way can they make their homes as attractive to their loved ones as the outside world.

"Why, then, do women remain, like voiceless nightingales, in their little cage homes? Simply, as I see it, because they do not realize that they can get out. They can't see how, with the washing, the cleaning, the cooking to look after, they can possibly do anything else. Yet all the while, all about them, agencies are waiting to loosen the bars that shut them in, to lift the drudgery out of their lives and give them the leisure they so deeply desire. The vacuum cleaner, the laundry—oh, there is a host of work-ending, time-gaining methods for women who will use them.

"Fortunately, hundreds of thousands of women have already discovered and are using these modern household helps. These women have found the key to their cages; club work, church and community activities, sports and social affairs—all the many things that they have longed for are open to them. Now—if only the millions of other imprisoned 'nightingales' would follow their example!"

An extra day a week—a day to give to the children, a day for self-development or study, for leisure or pleasure, for rest or recreation—this is the contribution of the modern laundry toward a richer, broader life for the American housewife. More than two million women are already using the laundry's saving services; more turn to it each day. Particularly since, with a wide variety of services available, this practical washday aid can be utilized by every home, no matter what its needs, no matter what its budget. All-ironed services, partially ironed services, a service in which the clothes are returned, snowy-white and damp, for ironing at home—you can choose exactly the type of help you prefer, at a price that fits your purse. Today, phone one of the modern laundries in your city and ask them to send for your bundle.

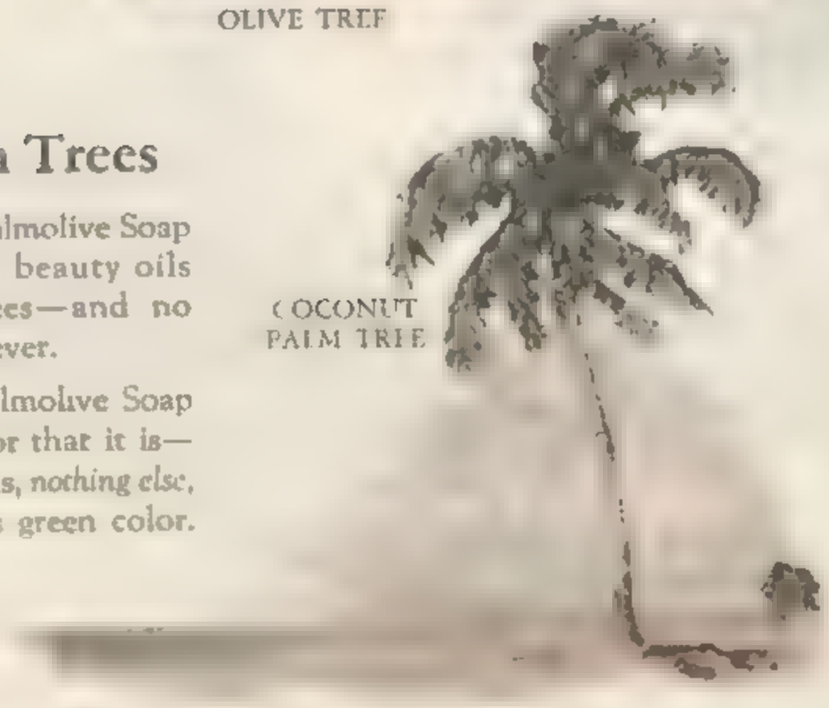
Published in the interest of the public, and on behalf of the Laundry Industry by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

"Those Endearing Young Charms"

are most often expressed without words—just the enticement of natural loveliness, as millions know, which comes in this simple way

AFRICAN PALM TREE

OLIVE TREE



COCONUT PALM TREE

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these 3 trees—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.

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Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

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No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be your problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

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They'll tell you the truth about window shades!

GO to the average car-owner and ask him how he likes the car he drives. "Great," says he. "Best car for the money on the market." He doesn't tell you about the trouble he's had with it. All he can remember are its good points.

But nobody feels that way about window shades. Talk to any hotel man or building superintendent. If they have any window shade grief they pour it forth—no camouflage about it. They tell the truth.

That's why business men with windows to shade sit up and listen when they hear that the biggest hotels, office buildings, schools and hospitals in the country are using *Columbia* Window Shades—have used them for years and still speak well of them.

And the interesting part of it is that even the men who have used them for years can't tell you *why* these shades stand up so well with every Tom, Dick and Harry yanking them up and down. They don't even realize how much the self-lubricating bearings and rust-proof fittings on *Columbia* Rollers account for their unusual smoothness of operation. The fact that they bought rollers with a reserve spring power that adds 30% to 40% to their life is likewise something that most of them have forgotten.

All they know is that *Columbia* Window Shades go on working smoothly without any particular attention year after year. That's all they care about—smooth operation, long life, no trouble!

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"IT'S a wonder nobody ever thought of that before!" That's what they all said last fall when they saw the Studebaker Duplex Phaeton with the new side enclosures—as easily raised and lowered as the window shades at home. It was all perfectly simple—the window shade idea applied to automobile building. Why *hadn't* anyone done it before?

Few of those who asked the question realized the months of painstaking work put into the design of an all-steel upper structure by Studebaker or the months of research necessary in the selection of rollers that were absolutely dependable. The whole thing worked so perfectly that nobody stopped to consider what would have happened if ordinary rollers had been used.

Studebaker didn't jump at conclusions. They knew that rollers for such a job had to work *every time* and work noiselessly, easily and freely. They tested rollers, month in and month out, under all conditions. The result was that *Columbia* Rollers were found to be the best-adapted for daily use winter or summer, rain or shine, year after year.

A few buildings equipped with Columbia Window Shades and Rollers

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National City Building	New York	New Orleans Public Schools	New Orleans
Roosevelt Hotel	New York	State Capitol	Montgomery, Ala.
Franklin Trust Building	[illegible]	Mechanics & Farmers Bank	Fort Worth, Texas
Naval Hospital	Philadelphia	Hawthorne School	East St. Louis, Ill.
Atlantic City High School	Atlantic City	The New Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs, Ark.
Navy & War Building	Washington, D. C.	Million Dollar High School	Wichita, Kans.
Duquesne High School	Duquesne, Pa.	Junior High School	Leavenworth, Kans.
William Penn Hotel	Pittsburgh, Pa.	County Infirmary	Salt Lake City
Atlanta Biltmore	Atlanta, Ga.	Severn Hotel	Muskogee, Okla.
Cleveland Discount Building	Cleveland	Ambassador Apartments	Portland, Ore.
Alden Park Manor	Detroit, Mich.	National City Bank	Los Angeles
Keith Theatre Building	Cincinnati	Standard Oil Building	Los Angeles
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Columbia GUARANTEED WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

(Continued from Page 104)

hours ago!" He spoke English, Eddie noticed, with a New York accent. Probably his mother's influence.

"I sit here a good deal of the time," answered Eddie pleasantly. "I like it." And he struck an interesting chord.

"I say, you can play that thing, can't you?"

"Anybody can play it, with practice."

"I can't. I've tried."

"I could teach you," said Eddie, standing up and strumming lightly the air of the Blues.

The young count's face shone with an almost pathetic eagerness.

"By Jove, I'd like to have a go at it! But, of course, you don't give lessons."

"Not professionally. But I'd be glad to help anyone who was really interested."

The boy said, coming a step closer, "You know, I believe I'll take you up on that. I'd like awfully to be able to play that little jigger. What's that tune you're playing?"

"It's called," said Eddie, "Those High-Society Blues"; and he sang it through casually for Count Charles.

"Oh, ripping! Will you teach it to me?"

"I'll do my best."

"I say, that's awfully decent of you. When may I have my first lesson?"

"Are you doing anything the rest of this afternoon?" inquired Eddie.

"Not a thing," replied the count, with his shy, quick smile.

"Neither am I," said Eddie. "If you like, we can go up to the house—to my room—and have a lesson right now. We can also," he added in his guileless murmur, "have a drink."

"*Grâce à Dieu!*" breathed the count, and without further invitation, in response to Eddie's gesture, crawled under the hedge. "My name's DeReis," he said, emerging on the other side.

"Count Charles de Reis," said Eddie, emerging after him.

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Oh, I know a little of everything. I read the newspapers. My name's Granger."

They shook hands, and Charles said, rather apologetically, "Hope you don't mind my being a count?"

"Oh, I don't mind. But my family—well, my family are pretty strict democrats. My father, you see, was a grocer, so naturally he looks down on any person with a title."

"Naturally," agreed the count, trotting along the garden path at Eddie's shoulder.

Eddie stopped and looked down at him.

"Maybe, if we should happen to meet any of my family, I'd better not introduce you, just at first, by your title."

"Maybe not," said the count.

"I'll introduce you as Mr. Charles."

"Oh, I say, that's good! That's ripping! I'm damned well fed up on my silly title anyhow. Gets me into all sorts of messes. Going to get me married before very long, I'm afraid. You've no idea," said the count, sighing, "how infernally helpless I feel."

"Never mind," Eddie comforted him. "Help may be near at hand; much nearer than you think. . . . Do you prefer Scotch or rye?"

"Scotch, if you please."

An hour later the count was calling his new-found friend Eddie. He had drunk two Scotch highballs and had learned the first two positions on the ukulele and was altogether entranced by his chance acquaintance with the grocer's son.

"This is the first time since I landed in America that I've felt human, you know!"

"Here's luck," said Eddie.

And at seven o'clock that night, to be consistently chronological, the count was dining with the Grangers. That is to say, he was dining with all the Grangers except papa, who had stayed in town to see a man on business, which was perhaps just as well.

It was also perhaps just as well that mamma and the girls didn't know that the count was a count; for in that case they would not have been themselves, and much of the bloom of naturalness would have been lost. Eddie had introduced the guest as Mr. Charles; and, of course, being a friend of Eddie's, he was not taken seriously.

Mamma asked whether he was any kin to Charles, the caterer, and when the count said he hoped so, as he considered it an honor to be related to anyone in the grocery business, the two older girls, Jessie and Martha, sniffed. But mamma said she thought so too, and beamed at him, and Pearl put on his plate with her own hands some very tender hearts of celery.

"I was right," thought Eddie, "about Pearl."

After dinner he drew his youngest sister aside and said, "Take Charlie out and show him the Sound, will you, Pearl? I've got a little business to attend to."

"Business!" scoffed Pearl; but she was not sufficiently interested to inquire into Eddie's business. "Who is this Mr. Charles?" she asked, patting her brown hair.

"Oh, he's just a friend of mine—nice boy. But he drinks. What he needs is some good woman to take hold of him and straighten him out a little."

"I sort of," said Pearl, "feel sorry for him." And so she took Mr. Charles outside and showed him the Sound by starlight, while Eddie sallied forth to attend to his business.

The Divine mansion was a faintly lighted castle heaped against a star-strewn velvet sky. Across the front of it was a broad stone terrace with a balustrade and at the corner of this terrace a great tree sprang up like a tower; and at the foot of this tower stood Eddie, and softly—oh, so softly—tinkled his ukulele.

"Darling!" whispered a voice above him, and a white figure leaned at the balustrade.

"I was wondering," came the answering whisper from the shadow of the tree, "whether it wouldn't be a nice night to take a little drive."

"Oh, I couldn't! I'd adore to; but mother doesn't go to bed till eleven and my car's in the garage, and anyway it's useless."

"What I thought was I'd take one of our cars—mamma's limousine," murmured the voice of the troubadour.

"I couldn't—I'm scared—how funny! I didn't know you could drive."

"I can do a little of everything. . . . I'll meet you at eleven, at the gap in the hedge."

"Dear heart, I can't. I won't be there—yes, I will."

"At eleven," repeated Eddie, and struck a parting chord on his ukulele and vanished, as the saying is, into the night.

When he got back to his own faintly lighted mansion he found that Pearl and the count had moved into the house, because, they said, of the mosquitoes. Charles looked humble and rather dazed; Pearl looked slightly exalted, and they both looked, Eddie thought, satisfactorily silly.

He grinned at Pearl, who gave him a crushing glance and immediately got up saying that she was tired and was going to bed; which was exactly what Eddie wanted. When she had gone, he took the count's arm and led him, still dazed, up to his own room on the second floor.

"Thought we might as well have a little nightcap," explained Eddie, setting out the Scotch.

"Oh, but I can't, you know. I really can't. I've promised your sister—I don't know how it happened, but I did promise her—not to take another drink for a year from tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," replied Eddie, "hasn't come yet. Say when."

"When," murmured the count. Then he smiled shyly at Eddie and holding up his glass exclaimed, "To democracy!"

At 10:30 that night Eddie was putting the count to bed in a guest room across the hall. The latter was profoundly and eternally grateful. He said, "Nevgonleavedearfreneddie. . . . Dmocrcyfrever. . . . She put lilheartsfcelry ommaplate ——" And he fell back on the pillow with a sigh of complete and utter content.

Half an hour later, at the gap in the hedge, Eddie was helping Eleanor Divine into the front seat of mamma's car.

"What I thought was," he said, "that we'd beat it away from here, and then we'd stop, and I'd kiss you ——"

"Eddie, darling! I'm so scared! Darling, are you sure you love me?"

"Yes," said Eddie. "Funny thing about me is that when I'm sure I'm sure. . . . Now what I thought was we'd drive to some little town where there's a justice of the peace ——"

"Oh, Eddie, Eddie! It's all so crazy. . . . Look at those moths whirling against our headlights! That's just how I feel. . . . I love you so."

"I knew," he said, putting his arm around her and drawing her closer to him, "that you were going to enjoy this ride."

Mamma Granger and the three girls were already at breakfast the next morning when papa came down. This was unusual. Unusual also was papa's demeanor. He entered rubbing his hands and walking lightly. He almost pranced. It was evident that he had good news for them.

"Well, well!" he said, chuckling. "Here we are! Here we all are, up and doing!"

"All but Eddie," said mamma.

"That boy!" growled papa—but it was a good-natured growl. "He's never up and doing. But I guess we can get along without him. Anyway, he ain't in on this, except as a dummy."

"In on what?" asked Jessie.

But mamma said, "You oughtn't to call Eddie names, papa. After all, he's your son."

Papa laughed.

"I ain't calling him names, Annie. What I mean is, all he's got to do is to vote his thousand shares of stock the way I tell him to"—here papa winked prodigiously at his family—"and it'll be all over but the shouting."

The three girls, by this time, were alert with curiosity.

"Papa," demanded Martha, "what is it? What have you done?"

"Done?" burst out papa triumphantly. "I've licked that Divine crowd to a frazzle, that's what I've done."

"Papa!"

"Licked the Divine crowd?"

"Tell us!" insisted Pearl.

"Well, it's like this," said papa, beaming; "it's just like this: I've bought up enough stock in the Consolidated Stores, Inc., to control the business. That's what I've done! I've been shopping around amongst the minority stockholders for two weeks, picking up a block here and another block there, and last night I got hold of a feller that's supposed to be one of Mr. Horace Divine's right-hand men—a regular puppy ——"

"You mean puppet, don't you, papa?" interrupted Jessie.

"Well, maybe I do," said papa; "but anyway I had a tip this feller needed money, and fin'ly I talked him into selling. Well, sir, that give me just 50 per cent of the Consolidated stock, not counting the thousand shares that stands on the company's books in Eddie's name. With Eddie's thousand shares, I've got 51 per cent and a little over, and that gives me control of the business. I can throw Mr. Divine and his whole crowd out if I want to. I've got that bird right where I want him, and believe me," concluded papa, joyously chewing the cud of victory, "I'll make him sorry he wouldn't play bridge with I and mamma. He won't be president of Consolidated Stores no longer than it takes me to call a meeting of the stockholders, and last night after I'd made that trade I sent him a night letter and told him so."

"Wasn't that," came a mild voice from the end of the dining room, "rather hasty?"

They all turned and saw Eddie standing by the buffet with a breakfast tray in his hands. He evidently had entered from the butler's pantry; but no one, in the

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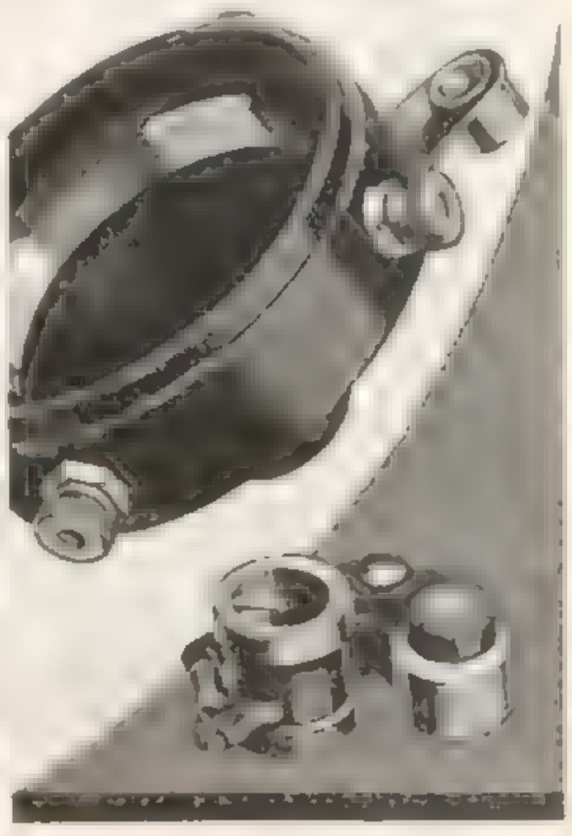

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excitement of listening to papa's revelations, had heard or noticed him.

"Eddie!" said mamma.

"What do you mean—hasty?" bristled papa. "Did you hear what I said? Did you hear ——"

"Yes, papa, I heard it all. I came down for a little breakfast—came in here to look for the sugar bowl—and I heard your speech ——"

"Speech!"

"Well, it sounded like one," murmured Eddie. "As I understand it," he went on, smiling faintly, "you control this Consolidated thing—I mean this Consolidated Stores, Inc.—only provided I vote my thousand shares the way you tell me to."

"Provided you vote them!" exclaimed papa. "Of course you'll vote ——"

"What I thought was this: I thought maybe you'd better have a little talk with Mr. Divine before you do anything unkind to him. I mean a sort of consultation. I'll just bet," said Eddie, "that with a little talk, you and Mr. Divine could fix it up so you'd practically be partners in the business."

Papa rose slowly from his chair. His face was red and his eyes protruded. He pointed a shaking forefinger at the distant figure of his son.

"By Godfrey!" he shouted. "Do you mean to tell me you won't back your own father? Do you mean to tell me ——"

"Well, what I thought was this, papa: I thought, as long as I happen to have the deciding vote in this thing—I mean this Consolidated Chain-Store thing—that I ought to try to make peace between you and Mr. Divine."

"Peace!" gasped papa. "Peace! Hell! Where's your family pride? What kind of a son are you, anyway, to turn against your own father?"

"Well, you see, papa," explained Eddie, unruffled and faintly smiling—"you see, Mr. Divine's a sort of father of mine too." And with a muttered, "Excuse me, this coffee's getting cold," he went out by way of the butler's pantry.

Complete silence reigned for several moments in the dining room.

Then Pearl said, "A sort of father! Did you hear him say—a sort of father?"

"Yes, I did," spoke up mamma, in a voice that sounded frightened.

"So did I," said Jessie.

"He had," said Martha, "two cups of coffee on that tray."

"My Godfrey!" said papa.

"Mr. Horace Divine," announced the butler, entering from the door that led into the hall, "to see you, sir."

They all looked at one another, and papa said, "Mr. Divine?"

"I told him you were at breakfast, sir. But he insisted, sir. He said it was urgent—very urgent, indeed, sir."

"Your telegram!" exclaimed mamma.

"My telegram!" echoed papa, and throwing down his napkin strode out into the hall. Mamma and the three girls rose as one and followed him.

Mr. Divine was a well-groomed, self-contained, self-assured man; a man of presence. Even now, as he greeted papa, as he held out to him the ominous-looking yellow telegram in his hand, his manner was admirably restrained, though it's true that his hand trembled.

"Mr. Granger, I have just received this telegram."

"I know," said papa; "I sent it last night soon as I was sure I had control of the stock. I guess you and I'll have to get together on a little business talk, Mr. Divine."

The latter stared at him.

"Oh, no," he said; "oh, no. It isn't that. It isn't that at all. I received your telegram two hours ago. This is another. This ——" He shook the yellow sheet under papa's nose. "Don't tell me," he choked, "that you don't know about this!"

"Lemme see it," said papa.

He took the telegram and read it. Then he said slowly and distinctly, "My Godfrey!" and passed the telegram to mamma and the girls, who read it and gasped. As for Mr. Divine, he could hold himself in check no longer.

"My daughter!" he cried. "Where is she? I demand my daughter!"

"I haven't got her," protested papa helplessly.

"But your son has! I want my daughter! I insist on seeing her!"

"I tell you I don't know anything about this," replied papa, almost desperate with bewilderment. "I haven't seen your daughter. I don't know where she is. I ——"

He stopped, aware of a sound. They were all, at the same instant, aware of the sound, which was a sweet sound and came from above. It was, in fact, the sound of two voices, barytone and soprano, singing a duet to ukulele accompaniment.

Without a word, they all moved instinctively toward the stairs. They climbed the stairs quickly, in open formation; first papa and Mr. Divine, then the three girls and then mamma, who panted. Along the hall they went, guided by the two voices, till they came to Eddie's room; and there, for a moment, they paused.

Why they paused it would be difficult to say. Perhaps they felt in this absurd duet a certain challenge, a certain bravery; the bravery of youth asserting, with an impudence that is somehow wise, its own conception of what youth should be. Young hearts laughing; young love flinging down its gauntlet; making its gibe at a world that would define life as a strict and silly game:

We've got those high ——
Those high-yi-yi-yi-yi
Society blues!"

Then, the sound of the two blended voices and the two tinkling ukuleles having died away, there was silence; and in that silence papa opened the door of Eddie's room and they all went in.

There, on the broad window seat, with a benediction of sunlight on her bright head, sat, in a rose-pink negligee that Pearl recognized confusedly as her own, the lovely Eleanor; and beside her sat Eddie, her husband.

"Eleanor, my child, my darling! What have you done?" cried Mr. Divine, and stood where he was and trembled.

Quickly the rose-pink figure sprang through the haze of sunlight toward him. A flash of short golden hair, a glimpse of flesh-colored stockings, a slipper gone wild—and she was in her father's arms.

"I love him, daddy! I love him! Do you hear me? Do you understand? I love him. And last night I married him. I couldn't help it. I had to. I know it was cruel not to have told you, but I couldn't." She stopped, breathless, and looked up at him and asked, "Is mother dead?"

Mr. Divine was overcome by those bright eyes fixed on his.

"No," he said slowly; "no, your mother's not dead. She's just—well, you know your mother."

"And she won't die because I married him? Promise me she won't die!"

Vernal Falls, Yosemite Valley

"I—promise," said Mr. Divine; and everyone in the room—it had been such a tense and frightful moment—sighed with relief.

"What I thought," said Eddie gently, "was that after a while we could all sort of get together and have a talk. I know everything seems a little muddled now, but it really isn't, you know. We can settle it all with a little talk. Papa and Mr. Divine can fix up that business matter of theirs—I know papa'll be just as reasonable as anybody could be to his son's father-in-law—and I'll answer questions about my character and prospects, and everything'll be fine."

"Fine!" exclaimed Eleanor's father, who suddenly felt that he ought not to succumb without some sort of outburst. "Fine! Do you know, young man, that my daughter was practically engaged to marry a count?"

"Yes, sir," said Eddie. "But that's all right, sir. That's all fixed. Really it is. I told the count about it first thing this morning. I went in and woke him up and told him. He said, 'God bless you, and may I have some bicarbonate of soda?' You see, sir, he spent the night here—in a room just across the hall."

"Spent the night here!" gasped Mr. Divine; and then, before Eddie could speak again, before the others had recovered from their speechlessness, the door opened and the count entered the room. He had on Eddie's dressing gown—a purple one—and around his head, turban-fashion, was wrapped a towel. He would have looked Oriental if he had not looked so frightened and so dazed.

Pearl gave a little shriek.

"Mr. Charles!"

"Why, it's the count!" said Mr. Divine, and suddenly feeling the need of support, clutched the nearest object, which happened to be papa. "I tell you it's Count Charles," he insisted, as though someone had disputed him.

"Where," asked papa feebly, "did he come from? What is he? Who is he and—my Godfrey!—did you say he was a count?"

The Oriental figure opened its mouth and said quite piteously, "I can't help it, you know. I really can't help it."

Eddie walked over to him and took his arm.

"It's all right. Buck up! Look at Pearl. Everything's all right." Then, turning to his father, he said gravely, "Papa, I'd like you to know my friend, Count Charles de Reis, of Paris."

There was a final, a culminating silence out of which mamma spoke with a kind of wail:

"And I asked him whether he was any kin to Charles, the caterer!"

And then, with an unexpectedness that amounted almost to tact, mamma fainted.

The Grangers are now an integral part of the social life of Great Cove, as why should they not be, with papa a close friend and business associate of Mr. Horace Divine, and with the youngest daughter, Pearl, a genuine countess? The two other girls are not yet married; but one of them, Jessie, is engaged to a polo player, and Martha is considering a former Harvard tackle, who now writes poetry. Mamma is well. So, incidentally, is Mrs. Divine.

As for Eddie and the lovely Eleanor, the last heard of them they were touring California in a flivver bungalow.

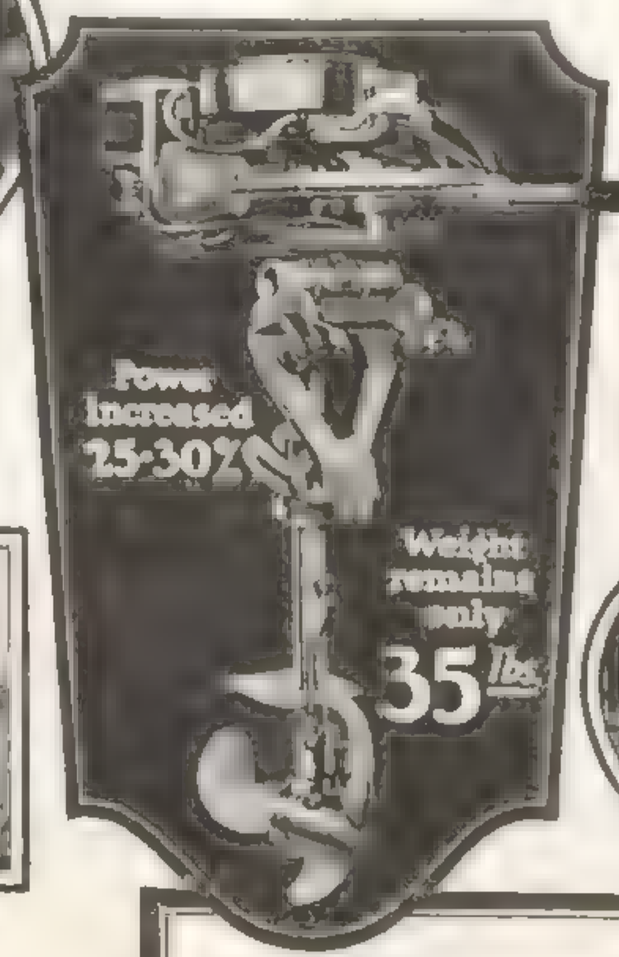
"We are having," wrote Eddie to his mother, "a nice time. At night we sit out on the steps—there are steps that let down—in the moonlight and play our ukuleles, and it is very nice. It also helps to put the baby to sleep.

"I suppose, though, that we'll be coming home and settling down before long. Eleanor wants more children—about five is the number she's decided on, and I'm glad of it. Because, you see, with five children, and Eleanor and me, we ought to be able to have quite a fair-sized ukulele orchestra."

VACATION NEWS

On almost any lake or stream this summer, you will see the Johnson Outboard Motor helping people have the most enjoyable vacation they ever spent.

With his supplies stowed away in the boat—and a dependable Johnson Outboard Motor to do the work, this camper hasn't a care in the world



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The patented Johnson "Shock Absorber Drive" is standard equipment on Johnson Motors. Combined with free and automatic tilting it allows the Johnson to be used over submerged rocks, logs, sand bars, etc., without the slightest injury to the propeller or motor. (Size of motor in this picture is slightly exaggerated to show details.)

With a Johnson as auxiliary power the sailboat owner does not worry about the wind falling off

(Below) The owner of a Johnson easily transfers it from his car to the boat and quickly attaches it.

With a Johnson Motor the car owner can get out into the open, on the water, away from crowds. It takes up little room in the car Or with its canvas carrying case it is clamped right on the running board

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The Johnson is a *really portable* outboard motor. It weighs only *35 pounds complete.* It attaches to *all* types of boats or canoes without altering any of them. The *dependability* of the Johnson is known wherever small boats are used—one of the reasons why there were more Johnsons bought last year than any other make of outboard motors.

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GET INTO THE BOAT AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

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Enjoy your Johnson Motor *now!* It is unnecessary to make a hole in your bank account to buy your Johnson. Many people prefer to purchase on the Johnson Deferred Payment Plan—a small amount down, balance in convenient small payments. Write us or ask your dealer for full particulars.

THE CHANNAY SYNDICATE

Continued from Page 31)

"Why, Harold!" she exclaimed as they shook hands. "How amazing! I didn't even know that you were back in Europe."

The young man looked at her almost without recognition, stupefied by her increased attractions.

"I made up my mind," he explained, "that I wouldn't write again until I could come home and tell you that I had succeeded, that I was bringing back enough money to settle down with. And I've done it, Catherine. Your father knows!"

"I am so glad," she said doubtfully—"very glad for you, Harold. And how wonderful too! Money isn't so easily made these days."

"Incentive means a good deal," the young man whispered.

Then they went in to dinner.

For a whole week Catherine saw her old admirer every day and most of the day. They motored together, played golf and tennis together and took little excursions into the country for lunch and dinner. All the time she set herself sedulously to forget that such a place as Cannes existed, that there was anything more wonderful in life than that pleasant sense of companionship which she sometimes felt with Harold Rodes. His devotion grew with every hour, ministered to by the fact that even in this, the home of beautiful women, Catherine easily held her own.

Her unaccustomed pallor had its own peculiar attraction, and Rodes had not sufficient sensibility to appreciate the fact that her gayety was sometimes a little forced. Every day he tried hard to persuade her to accept the ring which he carried always about with him, and every day she put him off.

"We must get to know each other better first," she insisted. "We have become quite strangers again."

"What is there more to know?" he grumbled. "It wasn't my fault that I was away so long. I've kept the conditions anyway."

"Well, for one thing," she reminded him, after a moment's pause, "you have told me nothing about your life in Africa, of how you made money and where."

He frowned.

"What does that matter?" he replied. "I have it. Your father knows that. I am worth thirty thousand pounds. That is quite enough to start with. I can find something to do in London—some directorship or something."

"Thirty thousand pounds," she repeated thoughtfully. "What a strange sum!"

"Why?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, I don't know. It just reminded me of something."

"Let me tell your father tonight at dinnertime that we are engaged," he urged.

"I couldn't—just yet," she answered. "Don't press me too hard, Harold. I know you have a claim—a great claim. You went out to Africa and there was a sort of understanding that if you succeeded, if you came home in a position to marry, we'd talk about it."

"But am I not talking about it all the time?" he protested. "Thinking about it, too! The time's come when I want something definite."

"I know," she sighed, "but I want to feel just the right way about myself. Don't hurry me, Harold. We're having a very pleasant time, aren't we?"

"Not so pleasant as it might be," he complained. "Do you know that I haven't kissed you yet? Not one kiss!"

"When I let you kiss me at all," she promised, "I shall let you kiss me as much as you want to. I hope it may be soon for my own sake. Believe me, I am not any happier than you are. If you are not satisfied, why don't you flirt a little with some of these other young women? There are plenty of them."

"You know very well I couldn't do that with you around," he protested in an aggrieved tone.

"Then let us talk sensibly," she begged. "Tell me about Africa—how you made your money."

"It wouldn't interest you," he assured her. "It was just business."

"Land?"

"Speculating—that sort of thing," he replied vaguely. "I've got it honestly. Your father knows that."

She was a little hurt.

"I didn't doubt you," she said. "It wasn't that at all. I was just interested to know what work you had been successful in. After all, it takes brains nowadays to succeed in anything."

He floundered along until she stopped him.

That evening, when she was waiting in the lounge for her father before dinner, a General Breckenfield, an elderly admirer who had paid her many courteous attentions, strolled across the room and took the vacant place by her side. He looked around to be sure that they were alone.

"Miss Fogg," he began, "I am old enough to be your father."

"Does that mean I am going to be scolded for something?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"It means that I am going to be horribly frank," he declared. "During the last week I have seen you about continually with a young man whose name I do not know."

"Well?" she exclaimed, suddenly curious.

The general coughed.

"In Monte Carlo," he continued, "one makes acquaintances easily—in the Casino, the club—anywhere almost. It is all right for us men, but for our womenkind it is different. . . . You will allow me to proceed?"

"Of course," she assured him.

"Then here goes! I take my courage in both hands. I do not think that that young man, to judge from the company he frequents at night, is a proper associate for you. But wait a bit! I shall tell you where I saw him first. It was at a little café-restaurant, the proprietor of which I know very well—he was once a waiter at the Metropole.

"I saw your friend turned ignominiously out of the place because he was unable to discharge his bill. The proprietor, whom, as I told you, I know well, assured me that it was the second time. It was for that reason that he had no mercy."

"But there must be some mistake," Catherine declared. "Mr. Rodes has plenty of money."

"Has he?" the general commented dryly. "Well, I saw your friend Mr. Channay, who happened to be passing, discharge the bill, or the young man would probably have been marched off between two gendarmes."

"Mr. Channay knew him! Mr. Channay paid his bill!" Catherine repeated breathlessly.

"I have told you the exact truth, my dear," was the grave reply. "Credit in Monte Carlo is cheap. No person who is temporarily short of money need go to one of those places on the hill to try to escape paying his bill if he is of any account at all. . . . Here come your father and my wife. You're not angry with me?" he added, as he rose to his feet.

"I am not angry," she assured him. "I simply don't understand."

In the middle of dinner Catherine asked her father an unexpected question.

"Father," she inquired, "have you any idea how Harold made his money?"

Martin Fogg coughed. His dilemma was not wholly unanticipated, but at that precise moment he was scarcely prepared with a reply.

"Not exactly, my dear," he prevaricated.

"You are not telling the truth," his daughter insisted curtly. "This is a very important matter to me. Can't you see that? You ought to tell me everything, you know."

Evasion was useless and Martin Fogg had never promised to lie.

"It was an old debt," he admitted, "due to his father's estate."

An overwhelming light suddenly broke in upon Catherine. For a moment she was speechless. Then she leaned a little farther across the table.

"Dad," she exclaimed, "Harold's father was the Eric Rodes who wouldn't sign the agreement, whose heir Mr. Channay has been looking for"

"No use denying it," her parent acquiesced. "I've done all that I promised."

"Promised whom?" she demanded. "Why wasn't I told the truth at once?"

Martin Fogg was conscious of a distinct sensation of uneasiness. There was a little glitter in his daughter's eyes which made him feel somehow or other like a guilty schoolboy.

"It was a silly notion, my dear," he admitted. "You see, Mr. Channay knew that there had been some sort of an understanding between you and this young man. He discovered him here quite by accident, gathered that the only thing which stood in the way of your engagement was the matter of money, and persuaded me that it would be better, until you had made up your mind about him, to let you think that the thirty thousand pounds ——"

"Thank you," Catherine interrupted, with tears in her eyes. "Perfectly rotten of you both, I call it!"

"Our motives ——" her father began humbly.

"I hate motives!" she interrupted once more, with added vehemence.

It was getting a little late in the season, but there were still many people seated at the small round tables with their striped umbrellas in front of the Casino at Cannes. Catherine and her father, occupying one of these, watched the guests arrive for luncheon and pass into the building.

"I think, my dear," the latter suggested, "that if you really wished to see Mr. Channay it would have been wiser to have let him know or to have called at his hotel. He is probably either there or playing golf In any case, it is no use being angry with him. There is no harm done so far as I can see."

"How do you know there isn't?" Catherine demanded severely. "Suppose I had fallen desperately in love with Harold during this last week and then discovered that he had been practically deceiving me?"

Martin Fogg, who was tired of waiting for the possible arrival of the man whom they had come to visit, made pantomimic signs to a waiter.

"I still don't quite see how you can blame Mr. Channay," he protested. "It is true he didn't tell you himself, but he naturally expected the young man would eventually."

"He didn't know Harold, then," she replied dryly. "In any case, it was a shameful conspiracy."

Her face suddenly lit up. Martin Fogg glanced over his shoulder. Channay, a little bored, had sauntered in from the harbor side and was hesitating as though undecided whether to seat himself at one of the small tables for an *apéritif* or to go straight in to luncheon. Before he could make up his mind, he recognized Catherine and came at once toward them, hat in hand Catherine took very slight notice of his greeting.

"Sit down there," she directed, pointing to a vacant chair.

Channay obeyed with unaccustomed meekness. Catherine turned to her father.

"Father," she said, "those cocktails won't arrive for hours unless you go and look after them yourself; and in case that hint shouldn't be obvious enough, I want to talk to Mr. Channay for two minutes quite alone."

Martin Fogg, like the dutiful parent he was, strolled off.

"Well?" Catherine began.

"Have you any news for me?" he inquired.

"I have something to tell you," she replied firmly, "and something to ask you. I will begin with the questions. Where is the princess?"

"The princess who?"

"The Princess Variabinski. I saw you meet her at the station and get into the train with her."

"We weren't even in the same compartment," he assured her. "She was going through to Paris and I got out here. We met at the station entirely by accident."

Catherine was silent for a moment. It was surely a little corner of paradise, this. The sun was of a perfect warmth and the wind almost like a caress.

"Question Number Two," she proceeded. "Tell me exactly why you went off and left me to deal with Harold Rodes and his thirty thousand pounds."

"He's the right age for you," Channay explained. "You were not sure whether you cared for him. I thought you ought to have a fair chance."

"I see. Now please listen to me. You want to be forgiven?"

"What about Harold Rodes?" he asked abruptly.

"He is either on his way back to England," she replied, "or consoling himself with one of his little dancing girls. I knew the real truth from the first moment he arrived and you ought to have known it before."

He leaned forward in his chair.

"Yes, I want to be forgiven, please," he decided. "What are the terms?"

"Will you return to Monte Carlo in the car with us this afternoon?"

"Of course," he assented eagerly.

"Will you promise to walk along the terrace just where we walked the other evening and say nice things to me?"

"I will promise to say just what I wanted to say—perhaps without knowing it all the time—since the moment I saw you sitting upon my boat at Blickley," he answered

"And when you have said it," she concluded, with a little break in her voice "you will take me up to your sitting room and let me have tea with you there!"

"Catherine ——" he began.

She waved to her father, who was hovering in the background.

"You can come back, dad," she said, "and he can serve the cocktails now. Mr. Channay and I ——"

"Gilbert," he interrupted softly.

"God bless my soul!" Martin Fogg gasped as he signed to the waiter.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh and last of a series of stories by Mr. Oppenheim.

Fuller

The Pledge

OF THE FULLER MAN

BECAUSE of the opportunity given me by THE FULLER BRUSH COMPANY to establish myself in business in my community, I pledge that:

I WILL follow faithfully the ideals of the first FULLER MAN, ALFRED C. FULLER, our President, and uphold these ideals as expressed in FULLER advertising.

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I will offer to every home where I call, the benefit of the helpful ideas and suggestions obtained by the five thousand FULLER MEN through their calls at ten million homes.

I will bear in mind that I *am* THE FULLER BRUSH COMPANY in the eyes of my customers—that my company is judged by the way in which I represent it.

I will be courteous; I will be kind; I will be sincere; I will be helpful.

THIS IS MY PLEDGE

Signed Robt. F. Roe

Representative of
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At times when progress in any industry seems to have neared the end of its tether—there comes a morning when the world rubs its eyes and beholds an entirely new accomplishment. On top of all automobile progress, comes the new Willys-Knight Six—and the public is welcoming it as the public always welcomes the things that set new standards of excellence.

Good judges of fine motor cars are of one accord in saying that the beauty of the new Willys-Knight Six is more appealingly beautiful, its style more stylish, its luxury more luxurious than contemporary standards. That much anyone can see in a glance. But the real greatness of this fine car is its possession of the only type of six-cylinder automobile engine ever invented so designed that it infallibly grows quieter, smoother and more powerful with use!

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You may well imagine how beautifully such a car performs. Sixty horsepower at your fingertips in obedient control! A car so quick in getaway and pick-up that most other cars seem to lag behind as if dragging at anchor. A car that will take you over the straightaway like the wind—faster than most motorists would ever care or dare to drive. A car that performs with a delightful, new smoothness that gives you an entirely new conception of fine motor car performance.

Progress, too, is very noticeable in Willys-Knight's own perfected 4-wheel brakes. Fisk balloon tires cushion the car. And further contributing to its continuously fine performance is a rectifier built in the engine that reduces crankcase dilution, insuring good engine oil at all times.

The new Willys-Knight Six is not only a definite advance in engineering, but a *thorough* advance—a car that is fine in body, fine in chassis, fine in its engine, fine right down to the smallest detail—unmistakably built for those who want the finest—setting a standard of luxury and performance that makes paying a higher price for a motor car a needless expenditure.

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Insurance Company of North America

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write practically every form of insurance except life

A MITIGATING STRAIN

Continued from Page 19

upon Nathaniel his own obligation to so unique a distinction, and the necessity for a careful consideration of all his acts in relation to such a background.

But there were others not so deeply impressed. That æsthetic hoodlum, Mrs. Hazen, cried out, when she discovered the reason for Mrs. Horace's great reserve: "Knickerbocker! Early New York! And what was it? Petty tradesmen who ate with their hats on and wiped their noses on the backs of their hands."

This harsh remark was some years getting to the ear of Mrs. Horace, but—Mrs. Hazen having her brood by now—she got in a neat one: "Bandar Log!" she cried, calling on Kipling for assistance. "Just monkey people! Look at their habits—that's all you need! That woman's grandfather lived in a tree!"

Nathaniel's father died when he was six, and his mother being a born widow, was never seen thereafter except, like a small black beetle, in a sable carapace with white crêpe frills at wrists and neck, and wearing some black-and-gold jewelry containing ancestral hair. His home was not the cheeriest place for a little boy growing up. He was always being watched and instructed. He was always being cautioned and guarded and medicated and rubbed and rubbered and flanneled and reminded—via the silver epergne and the gibbous-moon face of old General Van Rensselaer's likeness in the parlor—of who and what he was, and of those habits and forms of behavior and policy that were his righteous inheritance.

Sometimes—of a spring evening, say—the home atmosphere supplied descended on his young spirit in an almost palpable pall; when, say, with the stealing fragrance of magnolias coming in from that opulent two-hundred-foot frontage outside, impulses similar to those that moved the original of that rusty iron bacchante, stirred in him; when, with May nibbling at his heels, he would have liked to scud away like a little shadowy rabbit, under the syringas and shrubs and over the hills, in the sickle moon. But his mother's fingers, and that ruddy orb of the general's face, held him firm. There is no spring running, in the tale of a formal convention.

Until the day he met the little Todds. Thereafter he listened to the call—within limits. And no amount of toast and barley water did any good. He spent whatever time he could steal—in Pear Street.

There were so many attractions. Even after the auctioneer sold off all the vendible wares, and the rapacious Mr. Streeter was satisfied, there were still a lot of things left. As Mrs. Hazen had declared, enough for a start—if you didn't bother too much with where you were going, nor cared when you arrived!

There was, first, the roof. Triple-shingled with mortgages, but an aunt upstate would supply, as before, the stipend required for interest; and three layers of shingles make a very good shelter. Then there were other items. Her harp, for one—which nobody would buy, and only she could play. And Hazen's college guitar—now with one string gone, but Mrs. Hazen demonstrated what can be done with a remainder. And there were accommodations—of a sort—for securing sleep and food. All that remained was to find the food. This detail arranged, they could have their sleep in peace.

Straightway she put on her hat, always a little crooked, and went about it. She secured orders, through the woman's exchange, for hand-painted place cards; a position as reader, for a few hours a week, to old invalid ladies; and took a pupil or two in music. And on the strength of this, and an eloquence like that of the serpent, she arranged for entirely new credits in fresh quarters. And there you were!

At the end of two weeks she gave a small family party to which Nathaniel was invited. Very weak cocoa and cinnamon toast were served, but each guest had a very handsome hand-painted place card, and after the collation the little Todds all sang together, very sweetly and loudly, to their mother's harp. Very romantic songs—and lyrical, of the type she loved: "*A soldier stood in the village street, and bade his love adieu,*" "*Love, I will love you, ever,*" and Mrs. Hazen—en solo—inquiring:

"*Where shall the lover rest, whom the fates sever*
From his true maiden's breast, parted forever?"

with all the little Todds coming in on "*eleu loro*" . . . "*soft shall be his pillow.*"

As their mother said, they might as well turn their cloud silver-side out. But Nathaniel believed the cloud was lined with gold. Gold seemed to fill the room, it shone in a nimbus around each curly head, each happy face. Gold for the Pear Street Todds as against purple and sable for the Allis Street ones.

So Nathaniel stayed on—all he could. He tried, in a fashion, to be a little Todd. He figured in games and play. He took part in charades and theatricals—gotten up in old fragments of shawl. He sang in impromptu musicales, even carefully learning those tales of blighted passion which delighted Pear Street, or rambled over the hills with his new friends—like as not Mrs. Hazen accompanying them, leaving—forgetting—a pan of doubtful biscuit in the oven, to go and gather violets. Or he ate hasty and improvised or terribly diluted meals—which would not have nourished an active fairy, yet tasted delicious and gave new heart and substance to all present.

Once or twice Mrs. Hazen looked at him a little darkly, remembering that he was an alien—a big Todd. She even confided certain disappointments. She had in girlhood known both his papa and his mamma, and of course her husband had been his papa's relative, his own dear third cousin, yet when Hazen had approached them—oh, several times—for some funds ——

"Oh, a loan, of course, my dear; he got not one cent! And I cannot but feel that it was your mamma's influence." And that unwonted bitterness came into her pretty face, and she jabbed a long hatpin savagely through her trampled-looking hat. "I should never refuse a loan to anyone if I had the means to lend—least of all to a man with a family of little innocent children."

Nathaniel thought for a little that she blamed him, but almost immediately on this occasion she handed him a large piece of maple sugar. And as time went on he thought he was one with the little Todds—entirely consolidated and completely accepted. That there was a barrier—and certain differences, impinging on himself and his background—he had yet to learn. He found this out one April afternoon.

The flock was sitting on the little Todds' step eating bread and molasses—no butter—and speaking of futures.

Nathaniel's future was of course entirely arranged for. It meant the mills, a generic term for a mass of black stacks on the edge of town, which contributed in the south to the configuration of the Ivorburn heavens. Which was responsible for all the comforts found in Allis Street, for the fat contents of certain safe-deposit boxes, for the fat bays with jingling harness behind which his mother rode to directors' meetings—displaced last year by a black-and-nickel limousine—and finally for the rich but stoutly durable dark blue cheviot he wore. The little Todds had just been admiring the cheviot.

"When I am a man and own our mills," said Nathaniel generously, "I'll pay off all your mortgages and buy you each a blue cheviot suit—the boys, that is. I shall give you girls each a new silk dress."

"You think you will—but you won't," said Laurel calmly from the top step.

Nathaniel looked at her, startled. Laurel was sitting between Ivy and Clematis. They were all beautiful, though a trifle sirupy now, but Laurel was far and away his favorite above the others. There were points on which they might excel her to the eye. That is, the apple blossom of her cheeks, unlike her sisters', was delicately veiled by a film of small golden freckles; her hair, a blown tousled mass the color of twenty-carat gold, was always more unruly; and her nose distinctly turned up. Also she was much less passive than Ivy or Clematis, whose behavior, dreamy, reflective, was a proper match for the Raphael's-cherub look of their countenances. Laurel was given to fits of passion, to flights of ideas requiring physical activity, and to disconcerting keenness of remark—but Nathaniel, being inarticulate, and repressed, found her stimulating, an amazing delight to be near.

"Why not?" he asked now. "Who would prevent me?" He was always being prevented in Allis Street.

"Yourself would," said Laurel, filling her mouth with succulence.

"I would not!"

"You would. You may like us now—but you won't always. We're shiftless. We'll always be shiftless. You couldn't be—if you tried."

"I could, too. Who'd stop me?"

"Your own self would. Your own self wouldn't let you. Because you're a big Todd. The big Todds are not like that. They're all careful—terrible careful. About money. All the Todds that ever were, were like that. Except father—and he had mother to help him. But the big Todds are near"

"Near!"

"Stingy." Laurel waved her bread at him. "Oh, you can't help it, Nathaniel. You've just got to be that way—because everyone in your family is made that way. Your people love money—and are stingy with it. You will love it, too—and be stingy. And you won't do anything for us—for any shiftless person—because you won't be able to like that kind any more. It's the way all your people were made—every single one. Why, everybody knows that. I heard Mike Keesey say, once, in Keesey's Grocery, that the big Todds always boiled their pennies to make soup stock with, before they let go and spent 'em."

"That," said Nathaniel, quivering palely, "is a lie."

"It may be—but people say it. And you won't be able to help yourself. You're started already. Look at the fuss you make over your spending-nickels—and the way you count your jacks and marbles. You're going to be like all the rest."

"But," cried Nathaniel, "I can do anything the rest of you can. And I'm not going to stop knowing you. I might even—I might even marry one of you."

"I don't know which one," said Laurel calmly; "I wouldn't marry you, Nathaniel. I wouldn't have a husband who was—near. Would you, Ivy? Would you, Clematis?"

"No indeed," said her sisters in grave chorus.

"You see. You can't marry us. It's not that we don't like you. You are a very nice boy, and you play our kind of games beautifully, and have very nice manners, but—well, you'll just have to go away and live in Allis Street and own your mills and be rich and stingy. Won't he, girls?"

"Indeed, you will," declared they.

Nathaniel, wounded, flew home to his mother. "Are we," he asked, "near mother? I mean stingy? Is it true—what people say—that the big Todds boil their pennies to make their soup rich with, before they spend 'em?"

His mother was naturally indignant—and firmly explanatory. The big Todds were frugal. They were, of course, a family of wealth, but their saving grace was a respect for the value of money. Only that. And that was as it should be—for any individual. The sort of remark he had quoted

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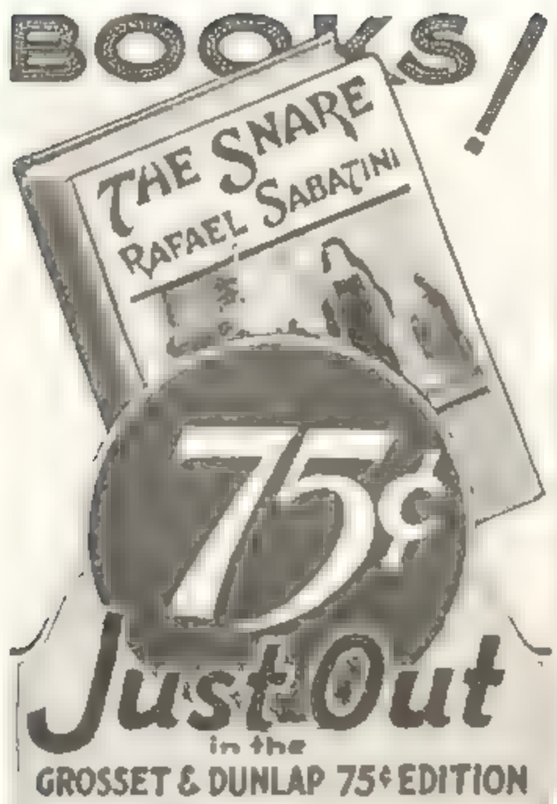

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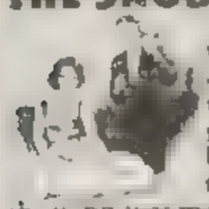

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was vulgar and invidious. The fruit of a calumniating envy—that was all. Every person should respect his finances—make only cautious investment.

"Never," suggested his mother, "expend a cent or lay out a penny—without inquiring 'What per cent of interest will this bear? What necessity drives me to it?'" That, she said, had been a leading axiom of investment in his family for years. That, she indicated, was the solid foundation on which those clustering black smokestacks rested. That, she begged him to remember, was what she had tried to inculcate in him since he was old enough to listen.

Here Nathaniel squirmed a little. It was true. He kept a little account book of his spending money—and he looked after his jacks and alleys, very thoughtfully. But he hadn't considered what it meant.

"Tell me," he cried, "were we all—every last one of us Todds like that—about money?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'like that,'" said his mother tartly. "If you mean thrifty and saving—yes. Your family has always held it a principle to be conservative on a question of spending money. You have no wasters in your blood. The Todds were of that type—and the Remingtons also. Your Grandpa Remington was one of the most frugal men I ever knew. And the Van Rensselaers ——" She lifted her hands, to indicate out-Heroding Herod. She told him a story of early Van Rensselaer forbears—of that Dirck Van Rensselaer who broke his engagement to Katrina Oehliffs, marrying Anneke Huysdeker, instead, when he found the former threw out her soup skimmings, as against the soup-skimming soap of the latter. "Economy," said his mother, "why not? It is the bed rock of success. No flighty flibbertigibbet attitude about so important a thing as money. But tell me, who has been talking to you about this?"

He was forced to confess it had all come from Mrs. Horace's equivalent for the Bandar Log!

"Anyhow," he added mournfully, "Laurel said she would never marry me."

"Marry you!" screamed Mrs. Horace. "I should hope not! I'd as soon have Leo Plank in my family!"

This was going pretty far. Leo Plank, a very old man of magnificent presence, with a flowing mane of silvery hair, a greasy-collared cape overcoat, blackthorn stick and red bandanna, wont to come and sit in the kitchen at intervals, carrying away, presently, articles of food "for the dogs," was his mother's special *bête noire*.

"It gives me the creeps, the way he sits there and looks at me," she declared. "Only for the fact that my father knew him, and befriended him, I would order him off. Father strangely enough seemed to like him. At least he tolerated him, and sat with him, exchanging anecdotes and stories. That, alone, prevents me."

But to class old Leo Plank, who, though a man of learning and continually quoting in the original Greek from Æschylus, nevertheless lived in one unswept room with his old books and his two old hounds and never—Mrs. Horace's suggestion—washed himself or took a single bath—with Laurel Todd, did something funny in the young Nathaniel's mind. It unsealed and brought to sudden blossom the lurking founts of manly chivalry—setting up his little favorite as an innocent victim of outrageous comparison, elevating her in his soul as a mistreated and maligned object of a shy knightly dream.

And the whole episode did something else. It planted in the fallow soil of Nathaniel's soul the seeds of suggestion—a very unpleasant fear of an inescapable, dogging and utterly undesirable destiny that moved upon him with the inevitability of a classic drama.

III

BY THE time he was sixteen this habit of thinking of Laurel Todd as an innocent victim of circumstance and great injustice was well established. In the shrine of the inarticulate Nathaniel's soul she was his girl. The habit of fear had also worn its track.

He had found out many things by now. Those arbitrary juvenile remarks on that bread-and-molasses morning in Pear Street contained more truth than poetry. The Todds were near, all right. Ivorburn knew it, and he knew it; knew it with the dispassionate appraisal of a just, right-minded onlooker, who must at the same time, like an inspired marionette, participate in a predestined ritual.

If the big Todds didn't boil up their pennies to enrich their soup before spending, they at least looked carefully at both sides. At times it took on in Nathaniel's eye a niggardly, a mean, a petty quality that filled him with shame.

What his mother called making a frugal bargain was little less in its processes than a haggling worthy of a country peddler. The big Todd name—like the great Abou's—led, would have demanded the right to lead on any roster of church, civic or philanthropic contribution; yet Ivorburn knew, and so did Nathaniel, that such contribution was always gotten only by a process of moral wearing down, suasion, finesse and pleading equal to that required by any five others, and was always peeled and narrowed by his mother to the ultimate possible negation. In private life and domestic economy there was equal artistry. There was no obscure food market, no fire or bargain sale of marked down or second values, but the correctly elegant conveyance of Mrs. Horace Todd swerved from its staid course and was found—leading by a neck in position—practically first at its door, with Mrs. Horace's man in his quiet livery, elbowing through a shawled proletariat, for three cents' rebate on a dollar's worth of beans or flour.

There is probably in every community one of these Yankee-trader families, never entirely acclimated to the uses and privileges of affluence, living always in secret fear of its departure, and their consequent relegation to the plane whence they sprang—where they spiritually belong. In Ivorburn it was Nathaniel's family; and very shortly Nathaniel, too, began to pay tithes to its tendency.

Those light remarks as to his early interest in nickels, jacks and marbles had a certain foundation. Something that was like an Iron Maiden—built of precept, tradition, foreordination and constant suggestion—was by now threatening to inclose Nathaniel. He dreaded it. He even fought it. But he did not really believe he could escape it. His destiny repelled yet fascinated him.

It was not the parsimony in matters of money, alone, that he dreaded. That in itself seemed to him a deplorable, even a scandalous thing, at times. But he feared more than all the texture of temperament that apparently went with this trait. There accompanied this quality, he had observed, both in others and in the processes of his own mind and own life, an equal tendency to parsimony of emotional impulse; to the drying up and induration of those feelings, instinctive impulses and escapes of thought and desire, on which the giddy golden Pear Street Todds, for instance, lived in their abandon. A man miserly of his money, in short, was bound, as he believed, to be miserly of his feelings generally, of his speech, his tolerance—his entire range of spontaneity.

At sixteen Nathaniel, with his little budget books on allowance, his utter care for the petty detail of his own possessions, his unconscious deference to his mother's creed and beliefs—his whole secret inability to control or win free of this side of himself—was, he believed, practically ruined. Only far down in him was there, he knew, any flickering golden spark remaining from that first wanton affinity he had felt with the little Todds. There were times, he felt, when but for his parent and the reminding presence of General Randolph Rutherford Van Rensselaer's epergne, still laden with, so suggestively, its globes of gold, this spark might have mounted into any sort of conflagration. But as time passed he grew even less sure of this.

At sixteen Nathaniel was a student in the Ivorburn High School. It was a good school and, as Mrs. Horace said, they were heavy taxpayers. Every rainy morning for years Nathaniel was transported thither in his mother's hearselike limousine. His mother and Hannah still supervised his condition. They gave him a chest, of sorts, endless advice and correction, saw that he wore his overshoes, and so on.

He was a good-looking youth, in a trim dark aristocratic fashion. He wore handsome well-cut but conservative clothes. He was regarded as a great addition to the Ivorburn High—patronage from the big Todds—and his name on a roster, like that of his mother, was keenly desired, but in much the fashion that a community points to a neat post office or tomb of a first citizen. He was a sort of show piece! He was not popular. For one thing, Nathaniel was too silent—shy naturally, and increasingly so under the silent oppression and suffering brought about by his fears. Also there was the big-Todd legend of tight money, which though at times and deliberately, with an almost atavistic pain, Nathaniel tried to rupture, he could not escape, his tag being too much—both for him and his environment, which spared him in all ways. For the rest, there was a certain formality and austerity about him. He did well in his studies, but the faculty did not pet him. The Zeta Alphas invited him in, but nobody clapped his back or made hail-fellow-well-met with him. Two youths borrowed small sums of money from him once. "You needn't bother to return it," Nathaniel wanted to shout, while ancestral alarums chased up and down his spine—but he was paid back in a day or two, and not solicited again. In short he was a well-mannered youth—who was not too well-liked. Nobody guessed that hidden golden spark.

It was quite the contrary with the little Todds. They stormed the bastions of high school like floral legionaries—and conquered overnight. William was popular at once—a heart smasher in effect and appearance, if blessed with a noble indifference to ladies and learning alike. Ivy and Clematis slew their thousands. It may be said that Ivy became engaged in her junior year to one wealthy young suitor, and eloped as a senior with another. A very successful marriage, it turned out to be.

Clematis bloomed in school theatricals—took elocution with designs on the American drama. And Laurel added to the successes wrought by beauty, the bright guerdons of intellect. She became manager of the girls' basket-ball team, the most popular, prettiest, if poorest-dressed member of three secret societies; the assistant editor of the High School Minerva, officer of six other organizations, and quick as a wink had four faithful cavaliers, who would have agreed with Nathaniel that to a rangy, poetic loveliness, including those little gold freckles, that tipped-up nose, her rough soft-gold hair, and eyes like fringed gentians, Laurel Todd added the brightest line and the quickest squarest mind of any girl in High.

The old house in Pear Street fairly bloomed. That stormy petrel of the purse, Mrs. Hazen, gave parties like a house afire. The harp and guitar came out. Laughter rang through the rooms. Youth spilled its colors in the place, like the tumbling roses blooming suddenly out of a conjurer's brown-paper cornucopia. To Nathaniel, so silent, so different, the little Todds' house seemed more mistily golden than ever.

Not that the cocoa served wasn't often most terribly weak—the cinnamon toast sparse of its sweetening. But no one would have guessed the battlements of lowering financial cloud perpetually overhead.

Not that Mrs. Hazen through the years hadn't done her gallant inefficient best. She had borrowed—and never returned it—funds wherever possible. She had wheedled—and violated her pledges—credit, wherever she could get it. She had

(Continued on Page 120)

As the eye measures a foot

Typifying the new mode in two-toned effects, this Vici kid step-in model combines a Cinnamon vamp with Sudan quarter. The fitted ornament is a leather ornament of Sudan Vici with Cranberry underlay

THE size of a foot is judged by two standards. The clerk in the shoe store measures it by a foot rule in numbers and half numbers, letters and double letters. But the eye judges its size by its appearance—and appearance is a variable thing.

The pattern of the shoe has something to do with this. The material of which it is made has still more. The foot looks smaller in a shoe of one material than another, though in actual size the two are identical. It looks its smallest in the smartest shoes of the new mode—because they are made of Vici kid.

Therefore, two reasons why the modish woman insists on Vici kid

The strongest minded of us pay our due respects to Fashion. And now, happily, Fashion has decreed Vici kid for the new footwear. Happily, because it gives the foot a golden opportunity to appear at its best, and because this beautiful leather adds infinite grace and richness to the distinctive simplicity of the new footwear designs.

Fashion rules nevertheless in the spirit of democracy. She is always ready to temper her demands to the purse. The smart new shoes of Vici kid are obtainable at prices that correspond with your own inclination to spend.

By this trade mark you may know them

Vici kid shoes for the new season are now on display in shoe shops everywhere. Do you know how to recognize them? Perhaps you are sufficiently versed in the new patterns, the modish colors and the distinctive beauty of this kid leather to use these as a guide. But look inside the shoe. You will find there an unmistakable assurance . . . the trade mark of the one and only Vici kid.

this mark—the Vici kid trade mark—inside the shoe of your choice. There is only one Vici kid—there never has been any other.

This model is representative of the novelty effects in straps in a tastefully conservative pattern. It is at its best in black Vici kid or in the darker shades of brown Vici, such as Oak and Cocher.

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VICI kid *for the foot aristocratic*

(Continued from Page 118)

taken—losing or renouncing—any sort of position that came along. It was not a very good best, but it was all she had. Her children had helped as they might, the girls doing part-time or holiday work, William acting as a Saturday or vacation helper at Butts' ice factory, at Rumble's market, and so on; even Richleigh and Jason taking a paper route. All of them did their best. The trouble lay—as even Nathaniel realized—with their sense of values. The little Todds no sooner got a head above water and a good start for a swim, than they considered themselves on a yacht. All but Laurel, who protested the family attitude soundly.

There had been one dark period, Nathaniel knew, when Mrs. Hazen had gone to his mother. The Germans were, by now, fighting the French, and heavy orders were coming through the mills.

"It seems to me," suggested Mrs. Hazen, at the end of a terrible half hour, "with all your war babies you could do something for my babies. I ask it only for them, you may be sure, Mrs. Todd."

It was an unfortunate plea.

"Babies!" snorted Mrs. Horace. "That's just the trouble. You had too many babies, Mrs. Todd. I—had only one."

"That," trembled Mrs. Hazen, "is your misfortune—and your loss, Mrs. Todd."

"I will ask you to excuse me from further discussion. No object can be served in continuing it. I have no patience, Mrs. Todd, with—extravagance. Of any kind."

There was a great deal to be said for his mother's side of the question. Nathaniel coming more and more into line with her views, more and more dutifully following the line of training, cogitating and debating expenditure, balancing a saved carfare against a walk home or seeking a small financial saving on a purchase, even on gifts for people he held dear—his mother or Laurel—grew more and more aghast at the lightmindedness of Mrs. Hazen.

His attitude on money, on his own capacities, he sometimes discussed with Leo Plank. That time-leaguered veteran of the Greek quip and dry-cleaning process was now too old to come to the house for dog food. So Nathaniel carried the packets to him and sat with him in his musty room, and plied him with questions. Leo was a handy compendium of family anecdote and gossip, over which he ruminated like a great tenkettle, but he had little to offer in the way of consolation to the boy. Nathaniel's efforts to find cheer, in penetrating the atavistic fastnesses, knew scant reward.

"Wasn't there anybody in my family that wasn't a darn tight-wad?" he cried once.

And Leo, fixing him with that ruminative look Mrs. Horace so disliked, only replied, "After all, time alone can show us what we are."

Laurel was Nathaniel's only other confidante. Within limits. He gave no sign of her own special position, but he spent every possible moment of time with her, and took long Sunday rambles through field or woods with her, and talked of the future in a vague fashion. Laurel seemed fond of him, equally in a vague sweet fashion; at least she spent more time with him than with any other lad. And she, too, was timid.

"There are times," she cried one Saturday, "when mother—I mean her policy—makes me—well, fairly sick. I mean to pay as I go when I'm on my own. I can see your viewpoint about as perfectly, Nathaniel."

Nathaniel flushed, because he remembered how she had first thrust it on him, on that distant April day—and how it had come true. In a sense the little Todds had rejected him on that far day—and now he turned the tables. All that was practical in him condemned them.

"Perhaps," he suggested a little timidly, "there's a lot of—of—our—my kind of Todd sticking in you."

"Perhaps," agreed Laurel, "in that way. Of course, not in other things. I'm—not a big Todd. I could never be like you, Nathaniel. Not—completely. You're another kind. Oh, I can just see you—after while. All settled and living in your house. And going down to the mills every day, and coming home again. All neat and brushed-and-combed with a neat brushed-and-combed wife, and two little kids, all neat and brushed-and-combed too. And that big silver epergne full of apples on the sideboard ——"

"Don't!" winced Nathaniel.

He almost choked with strange impulses. Laurel was balancing up and down on a log. She was going on seventeen and had on a battered old skirt, a boy's faded sweater, and a blue tam pulled over her golden curls. Her arms were out cross-fashion, like a bird ready for flight, and Nathaniel wanted to tell her how she looked. He was reading a lot of poetry now, and words from Keats and Shelley bubbled into his mind. Also at exactly the same time he wanted to hurt her—to shake her from her indifference, and to swear—round piratical oaths.

He said instead, gruffly, "Did Harry Hay kiss you when he took you home from the party last night?"

"Harry Hay always kisses you when he takes you home from a party. It isn't any more than kissing a baby—with Harry Hay."

"I've never kissed you."

"No—and you won't." It was not challenge—pure matter-of-fact statement, with Laurel balancing abstractedly up and down.

"Why not?" he asked hoarsely.

"Well—that's what I mean by brushed-and-combed. You—you—simply don't spend yourself—that way. There are other things to spend—besides money. You're the kind that saves—everything."

It was just what he feared. And of a moment before, foolishly, insanely he had thought that anything—well, anything at all—might happen here in this springtime meadow—well, there it was, that binding net of inhibition. He drove his hands savagely into his pockets.

But in the evening, after doing his lessons and assisting his mother's household bills—making a note to call at Cliff's in the morning and at Spotts' the plumber's, in the interest of two errors, one of fifteen and another of forty cents on the bills, and to call for some shoes he was having resoled, he gave himself a moment to analysis.

It was such a night as had moved Lorenzo and Jessica. Such a night as would move many a meditative youth of eighteen to a comforting cigarette. Nathaniel did not smoke. He had been reared to regard the weed as a vice, never practiced by his family. Now the perfume of the magnolias, the odors of his house, clear, untainted as spring water, came to him unspoiled. Nathaniel in his room undressed slowly. He got into the handsome pajamas his mother always made by hand for him of firm durable white cambric, so much better than the bought ones, and outlined with loving complexities of feather-stitching. He remembered some Keats he had been reading: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

He realized now that Laurel balancing on the log meant that to him Beauty—and truth. That's what he had wanted to tell her, and never would be able to tell her. This cool dim house full of ancestral presence would stop him. His cool dim blood full of ancestral inhibition would bind him. He thought of the resoled shoes, Spotts' forty cents, and the adjective Laurel used. In the mirror of the old mahogany bureau his thin young face above the prominent Adam's apple, swam out at him, an affair of flat cheeks, high cheek bones, rather narrow intellectual forehead.

"Brushed-and-combed," he sneered. "A place for every hair—and every hair in its place." And once more he wanted to swear—and did. But even his profanity was frugal. "Damn!" said Nathaniel bitterly.

Still there was one flicker of actual rebellion, on the commencement night, in the Congregational church parlors. There's no privacy like a crowd of absorbed young mortar boards, all talking at once. Nathaniel backed Laurel into a corner.

"What is it, Nathaniel? How handsome you look." But Nathaniel swept her away.

"Laurel—do you know, mother and I are going to Englewood tomorrow for all summer? And after that it's college—and going on. And maybe other things. What I mean is—this war—if we go in. Laurel, do you realize it's the end of—the way we've been. My coming to your house and all—seeing each other every day?" She was looking at him gravely, her eyes so sweet. "What I mean is," he struggled desperately, "you may laugh at me—I know I haven't even grown up yet, but there's something I've always wanted to talk over—I mean about you and me—seriously—for after while ——"

"No," she said; "you're right. We—we are just starting out, Nathaniel. We'll see each other again. But now—there's nothing you must say."

He caught her wrists involuntarily. "Well, anyhow ——" He swallowed. He saw Lochinvar, and even the Romans and the Sabines. "I'm going to"—but it fizzled out—"write to you," he gulped. "Will you write to me, Laurel?"

But certainly she would. And did. Very sweet letters too. All of that summer and even after he got to training camp. For the war reached out and swallowed the youth of Ivorburn. It carried the big Todd to Texas, and Laurel gave him bulletins as to what it did to the little ones.

William was with a medical corps in Georgia training for a stretcher bearer. Ivy was, of course, married and living happily ever after, in Chicago. Clematis, going on with dramatic work at High, belonged to the Red Cross and went down every day in a blue veil to hand chewing gum to trainloads of fainting doughboys. Richleigh and Jason, now in grammar school, helped with the war extras in the Star office, and her mother had volunteered to teach the evening classes in the Woman's Home Economy Squad! She herself—writing from New York—helped in every way she could and, what was more, had her first real job—oh, small enough but with possibilities—in a decorator's office. "And I'm going to stick like a bur. And now do be a good boy and take care of yourself. With lots of love, Laurel."

The lots of love sounded pretty nice until he remembered that she had told him she was writing to three other Ivorburn boys, including Harry Hay. And there was no doubt that she sent the same sort of inclosure. Anyhow life was an immense excitement now—and Ivorburn seemed a little far away. One was only really growing up. The big adventure was still ahead.

Quite suddenly war was over, and Nathaniel went straight back to college. Laurel's letters were by this time less frequent. Both were so busy. And Nathaniel didn't get home for vacations. He didn't see the little Todds at all after leaving High. In his junior year Laurel wrote only twice, and in the last year he had a single postcard, with a spray of forget-me-not. But it must have been Laurel's conscience. Even to him those old days of his growing years seemed remote, like something only dreamed.

IV

AT THE end of five and a half years of absence Nathaniel came home to Ivorburn to settle down with his mother and run the mills.

The years between, his college period, had repeated the pattern of high-school youth. The habit of self-centeredness resists all environments. Nathaniel had been a success at college. He was liked, admired, respected in an aloof sort of way. But he was not a popular man. The same traits held in him, secured the same reactions. The difference was that he didn't worry about it any more. The Iron Maiden was practically closed upon him. He retired into himself, accepting destiny. As he approached his real manhood he no longer quarreled with the big Todd inheritance. He came home passive enough, resolved to play his part in affairs, and, true to the abiding interest of his clan, to handle his money, his mills, in such manner as to make a new record in affairs of output, overhead, going-concern. The social end had engaged him—girls—hardly at all. His life was to be a conservative, constructive Todd process. He hadn't wanted it so, originally; but it had to be thus. If at rare times that ancient golden spark of hidden fire stirred in him he conceded it only a passing revival of futile aspirations.

Laurel had become only a sort of dim sweet memory; in fact all the Pear Street Todds were a hallowed association, dedicated to boyhood years—hardly of the practical stuff of life.

Yet, fairly soon on his return, Nathaniel went and called in Pear Street. The old house was strangely still. Only young Jason was left of the flock, and Mrs. Hazen greeted him surrounded by a strange almost unbecoming affluence. The mortgages were all paid off. She had new furnishings, a new green silk wrapper. She was saved—from worry. And alone. She didn't like it. It was because of the children. Ivy's husband was getting rich out in Chicago. Ivy sent her a check each month. William after many trials had a very good automobile business over in Timsley. He sent her a check each month. Richleigh was with him—a mechanic's helper, but he had just finished inventing a wonderful safety-signal device for which a company had offered twenty-five thousand dollars. He intended to send her a check each month. Clematis was doing well in the West after many experiments—in a high-class stock company. She sent a check each month. And then, of course, Laurel ——

"She's advanced so fast, Nathaniel. She's manager in her shop now, and probably will be a partner soon. And she's been a wonderful help—financially. She sends me a check each week. Who," demanded Mrs. Hazen, "shall say I was not justified in my family of children? It is a terrible enterprise, Nathaniel, to rear six young souls—but who shall say my methods were wrong? Only"—she paused—"I miss them so. And now that it is finished—there's nothing to struggle over. Perhaps I'm selfish—but we were so happy when we were all together, poor and desperately contriving. It's so still now." She brushed a hand over the strings of her harp near by. "*Elen . . . luro!*" it seemed to wail. It was as dark in Pear Street now as in Allis.

Nathaniel's second call was on Leo Plank. Leo was greatly changed. He sat in his armchair, wrapped in his blankets, and his mind was fitful and unreliable. The urn of his memory gave forth but patchwork fragments. He recognized Nathaniel and welcomed him, but his testimony was erratic.

"Dear boy," he said, "I am glad you are with me again. Only of course you must always remember that you are not you!"

Nathaniel was, of course, very much himself. He plunged heart and soul into his accepted course. The mills began to grind on those matters of overhead, output and going-concern. And brilliantly.

Once rummaging in an old drawer he came upon a forgotten copy of Keats, that fell open at "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." It was like a faint voice calling to him across the years. He saw a lovely young figure balancing on a log. He sighed and closed the book.

So two years passed.

Every morning Nathaniel ate his oatmeal facing General Van Rensselaer's epergne. Every morning he accepted the cup of coffee poured for him by his little black-beetle lady mother, and walked out between the stone greyhounds to his work. Every evening he returned again, after a terrific day of strife with the Titan of production. And he probably thought this would endure for the rest of his life.

But one morning his mother said: "Nathaniel, you have done wonders with the mills since you came home. I am so proud

(Continued on Page 125)

In this month of gift choosing and giving—
See Eversharp and Wahl Pen

ALTHOUGH we look upon this as the month of May, nevertheless the harbingers of June are already present in the flowering of the early June brides.

This is a gift buying month!

Not only are the ministers active but even now the institutions of learning are loosing upon the world the bold, masterful graduates and the sweet girl graduates.

When the invitation or announcement appears in your morning's mail, what do you expect to do?

Seriously, the best possible thing is to choose the nearest of the thirty thousand Eversharp dealers.

Go to his store.

Select an Eversharp, Wahl Pen, or an Eversharp, Wahl Pen Combination. Have the salesman put your purchase in one of those handsome silk-lined gift boxes—and everything is over but the pleasure.

You are justified in feeling perfectly satisfied with yourself. No one could have done better.

Eversharp and Wahl Pen are the products of the foremost manufacturer of fine writing equipment.

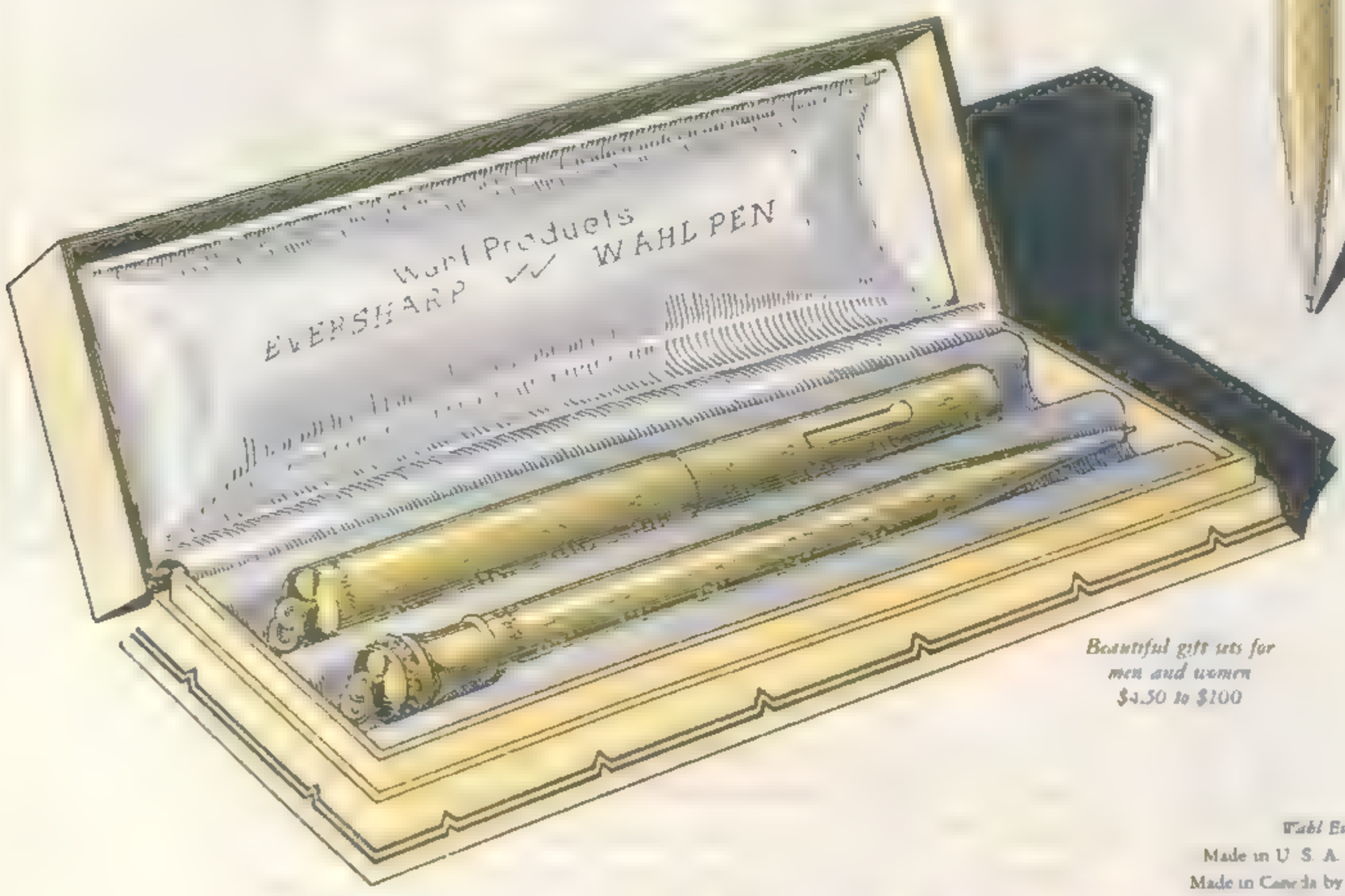
They have beauty to carry a heart full of sentiment.

They are useful, which signifies your thoughtfulness.

Their precious metal construction insures that they will wear well—for remembrance.

The qualities which have made Eversharp and Wahl Pen the world's standard writing instruments are the qualities that make them the first and best thought for all gift occasions.

Prices to suit your purse and the situation.



Beautiful gift sets for men and women $4.50 to $100

Wahl Eversharp and Wahl Pen
Made in U. S. A. by THE WAHL CO., Chicago
Made in Canada by THE WAHL CO., Ltd., Toronto
Prices same in Canada as U. S.

The New WAHL EVERSHARP PERFECTED and WAHL PEN

Painted by Charles Kemp for
Curtis Companies Incorporated

THE White Church in Old Deerfield, Massachusetts, was erected in 1835. It is in a remarkable state of preservation because of the character of the woods and the sound method of construction.

Recently new doors for the inside were needed and Curtis doors were installed. They are pictured in the oval above.

In this same quaint town there is an old home built before the Revolutionary War, about 1769. Two years ago new entrance doors were installed. In both instances Curtis doors were used because the Curtis design is authentic and because Curtis uses the kind of sound construction that has made these old buildings as good today as in the days when they were first built.

CURTIS COMPANIES INCORPORATED, CLINTON, IOWA

Note the Woodwork in these Homes

The pictures on this page are photographs made in the homes of people who chose Curtis Woodwork for their houses

This entrance to a home in Sterling, Illinois, is an example of Curtis Woodwork. It is pure Colonial in design, with a quaintness that attracts most favorable attention. Notice the Colonial door with its side windows of four lights. Let the Curtis dealer show you the variety of Curtis entrances from which you may choose for your residence. This is Entrance C-100 and costs about $110.00. Let the Curtis dealer show you specifications.

THE woodwork used in these homes was all made by Curtis according to the designs prepared for them by Trowbridge & Ackerman, architects of high repute, of New York City.

The people who own these homes, selected this woodwork from a local dealer in the same way that you can. And here's what they got—woodwork of the very best quality which will endure, hold its finish and give the kind of satisfaction every house owner expects.

The opinion that people have of the interior of your home depends upon the woodwork. It is one place where it *never* pays to skimp. You could save only a small amount on the woodwork—hardly one percent of the cost of your house—even if you searched for the cheapest kind of woodwork you could buy. In the lifetime of your house you'd lose far more in service and in good looks. Besides, its appearance value would be less.

Curtis Woodwork is made from the best woods and is built so well that it stays in good condition permanently. It is the added good quality that gives your house added value if you want to sell, and greater enjoyment if you want to keep it.

Curtis concentrate all their efforts on the production of a complete line of authentic designs. The reasonable prices are a surprise to some people—even to those who thought they would have to content themselves with ordinary woodwork. Besides doors, windows, frames, trim, moldings and stairs, Curtis makes such items of permanent furniture as mantels, built-in china cabinets, bookcases, kitchen dressers, linen closets and ironing boards.

You can secure Curtis Woodwork east of the Rockies through lumber dealers who handle the line. Consult our catalog in the Curtis dealer's office. "Curtis Woodwork" (40 pages) contains valuable information. Write for it and for the name of the nearest dealer.

The Intimacy of a Dining Alcove

Perhaps you little realize the special advantages that Curtis built-in furniture offers. This picture of a Curtis Alcove was taken in a Sterling, Illinois, home. You can see this design at the Curtis dealer's C-742. Priced below $35.00

Graceful Stairway

A Curtis Colonial Stair that will impress you with its exceedingly graceful lines. C-900.

A Door of Special Beauty

You get some idea of the distinctive beauty of Curtis Woodwork from this charming door photographed in a new home on fashionable Long Island, New York. Let the Curtis dealer show you the variety of doors you have to choose from. C-301. Average size 1¾ inches thick, less than $6.50

Convenience in a Kitchen

All this drawer and cabinet space forms a beautifully designed, permanent dresser. You simply can't afford to be without such an advantage in your home. Great variety of sizes made possible by interchangeable parts.

CURTIS WOODWORK

THE CURTIS COMPANIES SERVICE BUREAU
331 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

Curtis, Towle & Paine Co. . Topeka, Kansas	**Curtis-Yale-Holland Co., Minneapolis, Minn.**
Curtis & Yale Co. . . . Wausau, Wisconsin	Curtis Door & Sash Co. . . Chicago, Illinois
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Curtis Bros. & Co. . . . . Clinton, Iowa	**Curtis Detroit Co. . . . . Detroit, Michigan**

Curtis Companies Incorporated Sales Offices: Pittsburgh, New York, Baltimore

1866 CURTIS

This trademark appears only on Cur-

CURTIS COMPANIES INCORPORATED, CLINTON, IOWA

Here are Strawberries made into an Adventure!

—*You add these crispy grains*

If variety is what you want, and you've reached the point where ordinary deliciousness alone fails to entice you. . . just for the delight of it, try berries in this way

At bed-time

BIG, red strawberries, luscious smooth cream, crisp and toasty grains as alluring as a food can be!—you'll delight in berries served this way.

You mix Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice "half and half" with the berries, add a bit of sugar if you like . . . then the cream.

For variety's sake, try it. You'll never serve strawberries alone again. In sheer deliciousness, few dishes can compare.

For a balanced early Summer food, it holds a place that's supreme. Nearly all the vital food elements are contained . . . the vitamines and minerals, wheat bran and fruit acids . . . all in luscious combination.

Ask your grocer for Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice . . . selected grains steam-exploded to eight times their natural size. The flavor is like nutmeats . . . grain foods with the lure of confections.

Lighter luncheons for energetic afternoons!

Quaker Puffed Wheat

Food enchanted—as a supper dish!

Quaker Puffed Rice

(Continued from Page 120)

of you. You are in every way such a credit to your people, but there is one thing —— You know, Nathaniel, there is your family. My dear, it seems to me you should be thinking—of marrying."

Whether he had or hadn't, before this morning, is immaterial. Fate was about to trip him up. As he walked past the corner of Pear and Marshall streets a little later he saw, just before him, a most unusual figure, for Ivorburn—a young and slender lady-shape, graceful and proud of carriage, in a loose blowing cape of a soft kingfisher blue. He hurried abreast.

"Why, it's Laurel!" he cried.

It was; Laurel prettier than he had ever seen her. Her gentian eyes exactly matched her cape, her hair was cut in chimes of little gold bells about her ears. She turned with color pouring into her face, her eyes a little misty, and her hand extended with that indefinable grace all the little Todds owned.

"It's—Nathaniel," she said in a low voice, and she looked eagerly at the tall quiet dark young man, with the air of restrained elegance, the nice eyes and serious brow before her. "Nathaniel—all grown up and weighted down with business cares."

"I didn't recognize you—because of your haughty back, Laurel."

Laurel laughed. "If it's haughty it's because of my new status. I've just been offered a partnership in our firm. I've come home to rest and stay with mother for a little—before going on again. But you're a responsible person, too, aren't you? Mother says you've called only twice this year; that you're simply lost to your mills. It isn't hard on you though. You—you—look—quite romantically well-preserved."

"You look pretty good to me, too, Laurel."

"Come and look at me in Pear Street," she laughed.

He did. He called—talking over old delightful times—on two evenings. On his third, at her suggestion, he took Laurel to Laird's to dance. It was Laird's that upset the even tenor of Nathaniel's life and spoiled its previous form permanently.

Rather, it was Roses of Picardy. The dancing is very good at Laird's. There's a wonderful Oriental ballroom of zenanalike coloring, with a wheeling globe of many-faceted mirrors, which refracts floating wisps of color over the enlocked dancers. There's a good primitive swoony orchestra behind a gold grille. Every fifteen minutes of the past spring this orchestra has played Roses of Picardy. And the effect, together with the dim barbaric colors, those floating lights, the crying saxes, the wailing violins, the throbbing drumheads—what is to be expected?

When Nathaniel began dancing Roses of Picardy with Laurel they were just two old friends who had been fond of each other and were reunited after long absence. But at the end of three measures this changed. Something—Laurel's soft littleness in his arms, the touch of her hair against his cheek, her faint perfume—and Roses of Picardy! Beginning with a little lightning flicker of queer emotion stealing on him, there came presently a gathering volume of storm that broke the ice in Nathaniel's soul, that tore its way through all his resolves, woke feelings he believed were dead forever—and became almost uncontrollable. Almost uncontrollable, because he gave no sign just then to Laurel. But he went home, stirred and shaken, and spent most of the night balancing his spiritual accounts—weighing all the possibilities, setting his mother's displeasure against his own necessities; even, it must be confessed, combing over the financial factors, and computing to a last nicety the ultimate economic shading. The next evening he went to Pear Street and, formal but resolute, asked Laurel to marry him.

She refused him. For the third time a little Todd rejected a big one. But an amendment, a new element entered into things that utterly upset Nathaniel. Laurel would not marry him—but she loved him! She had always loved him. Only she wouldn't marry him—for precisely the reasons she had always given.

"It wouldn't be safe," she said. "Something would happen—blow up—presently. I'm a little different from the rest of my family. I've got—I guess you'd call it a mitigating strain—about debt and a regular job and things like that, but in other ways I'm just—a Pear Street Todd. I mean emotionally. I'm full of storm. I like people with it in them! I want to be taken! That's not you, Nathaniel. It never could be."

Nathaniel, sinking into the old morass, cried out as once before, "But—I can be anything you wish, Laurel."

"Prove it."

Prove it. It sounded easy. But to the brushed-and-combed nature, fettered to the aligned paths of habit, how insuperably difficult! How hard to break the binding chrysalis! The old anxieties and problems revived and gnawing at him, Nathaniel paced his room in agitation. He did not sleep before the haggard daylight hour.

It was just before he fell asleep that he saw three letters laid on his bureau by his mother. Two were from tradesmen, a third from Leo Plank—evidently written in one of his lucid, coherent intervals:

"*My Dear Boy:* I have been a dying man for several years, but my condition is now acute. The shears of Atropos are imminent, my Hunter is at the gate. Nevertheless I am resigned. The power of Fate is not to be overborne. But there is certain substance I would communicate to you before I go. Come to me at your earliest convenience."

But Nathaniel was not in a mood for Leo Plank. As he himself said, Leo had been dying for years, and alarums had been frequent. Nathaniel lay down to restless slumber, thinking only of Laurel, and forgot Leo until four o'clock next day, when he was summoned by a pop-eyed neighborhood urchin to the old man's bedside.

And Leo was right. The power of his Fate was at last really upon him. The old man did not recognize Nathaniel for some hours. It was just before morning that he opened his eyes consciously, and saw the young man by him. Then with a glimmer of that old brooding look of rumination he put out his hand and drawing Nathaniel close told him—what he told him.

It did not make any particular impression at the time. A sick old man's disturbed fantasy, Nathaniel thought. He waited until that slumber which carried him finally to Charon's keeping had fastened its peace on the old Greek classician, then went silently away, giving directions for Leo's burial rites.

But in a day or so, returned to his old routine and perplexities, Leo's words came back to him. After a few days of speculative curiosity he packed a bag and went up to Stockville County, where he spent two days going over old files of dusty papers in the courthouse.

V

AS THE wheels of his train rumbled along over the tracks they sang a curious refrain into Nathaniel's ear. Indeed Nathaniel himself seemed a little curious. On the strength of those two days of research some basal structure of the soul seemed to have crumbled away, leaving him the victim of unwonted impulse. Which already had led to vagary. He had gone into a little shop in Stockville, and bought, without even asking the price, a gay plaid cap and a strident necktie, such as no big Todd had ever been seen in. In the breast of his coat were also cigars—strong cheap black My-Oh-Me's—carried just on a general wanton impulse to celebrate. To celebrate what the train wheels were now singing:

"You are a Smithers. You are a Smithers. You are a Smithers. You haven't a trace of Van Rensselaer blood—not a trace, not a trace of Van Rensselaer blood."

It was true. He was in no way related to old General Randolph Rutherford Van Rensselaer. Nor to the epergne. And by the same token, neither was his mother.

Worse, far worse—and most demeaning—they were related, yes, sprung from a reprobate old village party named Josiah Smithers. The story he had unearthed was absolutely veracious and ran thus:

Peter Remington, his maternal grandparent, had at the age of twenty been sent up to Stockville to rusticate after a college prank, and meeting and falling in love with a plebeian young lady named Delia Smithers, the daughter of said Josiah, he had eloped with and married her. Of this hasty ill-assorted marriage there had been issue of one female babe, whose mother had died at birth. And the year following, young Remington had married Miss Van Rensselaer, of Albany; whereupon the baby left at Stockville was removed, was adopted and reared by the new wife in lieu of any child of her own.

This, roughly, was the story's essence. But there were certain heart-breaking details concerning the Smitherses. For Josiah, in his early years merely a struggling carpenter with a large family, had gone eventually from bad to worse, and had died at the last supported entirely by the poormaster of his community. His mother's maternal grandfather, in short, had been an object of charity over many years, in the town he had lived in. It was incredible; and utterly ludicrous.

Mixed impulses tore Nathaniel. He wanted to hurry home and throw the general's epergne out of the window; he wanted to throw the general himself—his painted image—after it. More than all, he wanted to laugh and, unsparing of detail, pour the whole thing out to his mother and invite her to laugh with him—at both of them, reft of their chiefest glory. To share his amusement with her, the laughable futility of her special fetish. "When Adam delved, and Eve span—who was then the gentleman?"

But as the train neared Ivorburn he realized there was someone else he wanted to see first. There was rising in him an emotional torrent of a most peculiar type, associated with a sense of liberty and release from old repression; that was begotten audaciously out of his newfound knowledge of what was it Laurel called it?—his "mitigating strain," and that, breaking down a whole pattern of associations and restraints, pointed in but one direction.

It was late, but he knew where he would find what he wanted. There was a dance at Laird's, and that erstwhile cavalier, Harry Hay, had bespoken a certain lady for it. Nathaniel took a taxi and flew to Laird's.

He was not wrong. Across the arches leading to the Oriental ballroom moved a little figure in a kingfisher-blue frock spangled in sapphire. A lolling black check boy stood near by.

"Listen," said Nathaniel, handing over his bag and cap, "do you hear that piece of music—and do you see that young lady in blue? In about ten minutes they'll play that piece again—and I'll dance out here with that young lady. When you see us coming—beat it."

He extended something of a greenish hue toward the youth. The youth himself turned greenish. He knew the big Todds when he saw them; he also knew five dollars.

"Yassah," he choked.

Ten minutes later, to Roses of Picardy, Nathaniel danced out into the hall, with his arm around Laurel Todd.

"Why," Laurel was asking, "are we doing this? And where have you been, Nathaniel? And where did you get that dreadful tie? Oh, why are we out here in the hall?"

"Because," said Nathaniel a little incoherently, "I am not really what you think I am. I am—among other things—a Smithers. And I want to give you something."

He gave it to her. Back in a dark corner, close to the hat booth and the elevator, like a bold casual buccaneer, Nathaniel caught Laurel to him, crushed her in his arms, kissed her lips passionately, impetuously.

A DAILY REMINDER from "WMCA"

NEW YORK'S NEWEST BROADCASTING STATION

EVERYONE who has listened in on the nightly radio programs of "WMCA" knows the unusual enjoyment provided by "New York's Newest Broadcasting Station."

But, now that you know "WMCA," I wish to remind you of what each radio program means to me, and what it should mean to you.

Thousands of folks all over the country call the Hotel McAlpin their "New York Home"—which is the spirit I have tried so hard to imbue in everyone who stops here.

I have trained every member of the McAlpin staff, from myself down to the last bell boy, to render every visitor the most courteous, efficient, FRIENDLY service possible to make a visit to New York comfortable, carefree and pleasant.

The McAlpin offers unusually cheerful rooms, the world's best cuisine, the best entertainment and the most bewitching music that ever invited you to dance. But the most exclusive feature of the McAlpin is the cordial, restful atmosphere that pervades the hotel—the atmosphere that makes you agree "There's no place like home—except the McAlpin."

So as you "tune in" on "WMCA" for an evening's amusement, please remember that the entertainment you enjoy is but a simple expression of my sincerity and desire to please you—that each minute's pleasure you derive should remind you that you are always assured a warm, friendly welcome when you come to New York.

I, personally, will see that your wants are completely attended to—that you are at all times made comfortable and happy. This I pledge and this I will perform—just wire, write or phone your reservations.

WAVE LENGTH 361 METERS

Arthur L. Lee
Managing Director

IMPORTANT

When making your reservations be sure to request the handy, colored, service map of New York City which shows clearly and simply all subway "L" and other stations an exclusive McAlpin feature of course. Ask for Map HP

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ARATEX COLLARS

LANE

LANE is the first successful attempt at a clean-cut, rounded-tip soft collar. ARATEX COLLARS are soft, smooth and flexible. They will not wilt, shrink or crack. Being preshrunk and banded, they fit perfectly and do not sag, break down or gape open in front. The points are true and even.

35c each 3 for $1.00

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF

ARROW COLLARS

"Sweetheart! My girl—Laurel!"

She tore free

"Oh, you've been drinking something!" And you could see how she feared it. "You aren't like this at all. Why, you asked me to marry you—standing over by the mantel—with your hands in your pockets. You've been drinking."

"The wine of liberty!" cried Nathaniel. "Laurel, you told me to—to prove I could be different. Well, I am—forever! You said you wanted storm! Sweetheart! How d'you like my storm? Kiss me, Laurel. You're going to marry me. Do you know it, darling Laurel?"

He kissed her all through Roses of Picardy—this strange confident transformed Nathaniel, with the blazing determined eyes, this new-fledged spontaneity of manner; kissed her until she lay breathless against his heart—against those completely murdered My-Oh-Me's.

His little mother was waiting up for him at home.

"Well, Nathaniel," she asked, "did you have a successful trip?"

"Very," said Nathaniel; and rapidly—and without mercy, up to a point—he unfolded his discovery.

His mother trembled.

"My father!" The shame of it, the shock of it penetrated slowly. "My father! He was always so dignified, such a respecter of convention! Nathaniel—you mean that he actually went upstate to that little town as a young man—and—and let people of this type, this girl—victimize him?"

"He fell in love!" shouted Nathaniel.

"Love. My dear" she made a little gesture of distaste—"that sort of—er—feeling in well-regulated well-reared people! And you say it was—it was a very common sort of person. A carpenter's daughter."

"The head of your church was a carpenter," shouted Nathaniel.

Only it was not he who shouted; some invisible protesting shade, this new one, this Smithers who had risen in him, made him behave so queerly

"Doctor Brinsley!" His mother trembled. "You are mistaken. The Brinsleys are a very old Anglican family in Dorsetshire—gentlemen."

"I was thinking of Nazareth," cried the new Smithers again.

That silenced her a little. She sat twisting her small hands. And Nathaniel noticed suddenly how little, how old she began to look; also he realized how actually little to blame she was for this ritual of family reverence.

"I can hardly realize it, Nathaniel. That your Grandfather Remington with his careful—views—should have had, should have indulged—in a—past." She checked herself at a sudden idea. "But, after all, there was—was no issue—of this unfortunate marriage?" And she looked up at him.

This was the point at which Nathaniel had hesitated, the point which he had kept in suspension; and now, looking at his mother, knew he would always withhold. After all, what did it matter? Let her remain a Van Rensselaer. It was enough that he should have the mitigating strain. Smithers would stand by him and help him. He wanted Smithers. His mother wouldn't. And after all, Mendel and his family tree of beans notwithstanding, his mother was as perfect an example of what she wasn't as you could find. Such is the power of suggestion. But he had hesitated too long.

"There were no children?" she cried at him in horror.

And Nathaniel burned his bridges

"None," he replied boldly. "Grandpa Remington married Miss Van Rensselaer the next year. The rest—is your story."

She sighed with relief.

"I am glad. All families have their skeletons, I suppose. I don't think anyone is exempt. We can forget this episode, Nathaniel. We will keep it buried in the past We need never refer ——"

But Nathaniel was now referring to another matter.

"I brought it up," he said, "because I want to speak of another family matter. Mother, I am going to be married—to Laurel Todd. Next month."

Her face went so marble-pale he was frightened; then.

"An evening of—shock. In every way," she said slowly. "Oh—Nathaniel." Suddenly she wept softly. "I have always known they would get you. I have always known that woman would take everything from me. First the man I loved; then my son! It is true, Nathaniel. I respected, I revered your father; but—I—I was in love with Hazen Todd when I was young, and I think he loved me—a little. Oh, nothing had been said as yet, but we were together constantly until—until this girl, Margaret Richleigh—Daisy, they called her—with her pink cheeks and yellow curls and her her light heart and laughter—came to visit here. She—dazzled Hazen. They ran away together—not because they had to—just because she wanted to run. She was reckless, unthinking. She ruined Hazen—made him over completely. Oh, I was better off, far. Your father had a fine personality. It was for the best, I am sure. But—I would have run away, at one time, to the end of the earth with Hazen Todd."

"Mother," said Nathaniel gently.

"Oh, don't—pity me, my dear. It was long since finished. But it is only natural this woman should be a thorn in my flesh. And I wanted something different for you. But," she added suddenly, "more than anything else I want your happiness, Nathaniel. More and more as I grow older, I realize that the natural outlet of oneself, one's feelings, is most important. Time brings perspective—and since in a measure I was denied —— Though of course denial gave me—you!"

Her poor little face grew sweet and lovely. "You were my compensation. You—and my traditions. Thank heaven, I had them! A rock of refuge, Nathaniel, in moments of adversity! But I want it different—for you."

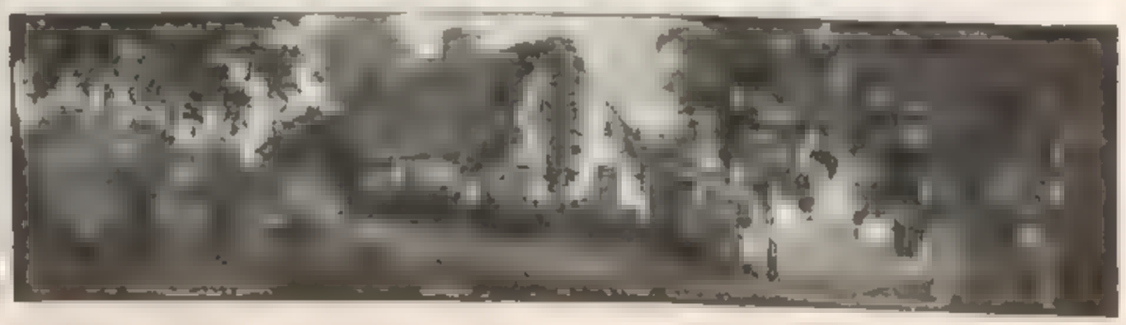
Nathaniel went to her and put his arm around her.

"Mother—dear," he said. A few days ago this would have been hard, but Smithers lent him abandon now.

"I will be honest," she was saying; "there is something I have always envied in Margaret Richleigh. Something—a splendid extravagance toward life—I never had. Something impetuous, daring—that was utterly cramped out of me. I have sometimes wished, in my heart, I had some of it I have sometimes thought if I were not too old to learn ——"

"Laurel will teach you," said Nathaniel, "you and me. We both need it. She will help us—and we will help her. We'll give each other the best we've got; and out of the mixture—well, this place'll be a regular riot; and the whole Todd family, the way God intended people really to be."

It was unheard-of extravagance on a big Todd's lip, but neither mother nor son noticed. Both were thinking how the gold of Pear Street would drive away the shadow in Allis.



Rickenbacker

A CAR WORTHY OF ITS NAME

Vertical-8 Phaeton
$2195

Price is f.o.b. Detroit plus war tax

Designed and built, not for the average, but for the exception. ¶ Not for the careless, but for the fastidious. ¶ Not for the tyro, but for those who know most about motor cars. ¶ Not for the inexperienced —but for the connoisseur. ¶ This is the mission and the merit of the Vertical-8-Superfine. ¶ You must see and drive this sensational car to appreciate.

Rickenbacker Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

It's the *second* 10,000 miles that makes the big hit

The

GENERAL

CORD

—goes a long way to make friends

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

bigger corporation, and he's behind the counter in that new Greek *patisserie* on the Ninth Avenue corner. He's an old man, but still going strong: his gray hair is parted straightly on the left side and is slicked down across his big round head. His red hand would hold a fair half pint in its hollow, and he shakes hands with all customers whom he has not seen for forty-eight hours.

He has such a cordial way of leaning across the counter to take your order for a chocolate malted milk with chocolate ice-cream float; his blue eyes narrow and beam and he smiles intimately as though you were telling him a secret. He makes you feel that your order is safe in his hands and will be dished up to the king's taste. Which it sometimes is not, to be quite frank. And I sometimes think that there is more of habit than of impulse in Bert's cordiality; but it is pleasant.

He polishes the counter a lot with his rag, as if he feared the marble would take harm from the wetting. His eye is on every glass on the counter; if you turn away in the least he is there to draw your glass back. There is no reason to expect that you will swing a forgetful arm and sweep the glass to destruction, but he is watching for it. If you drink two sodas he'll ask you to have the next with him; if you ask a friend to have a soda and the friend refuses, Bert will say coaxingly, "Don't take a shingle off the roof."

He seems to be scandalized by the sight of women drinking at his counter; he compresses his lips and looks aside at them, and then he is likely to sweep the frothy tops of their glasses with the side of the knife that he uses to cut lemons; once I heard him say, "Water or ginger ale, ma'am?"

A tipsy fellow came into the ice-cream parlor on New Year's Day, and Bert refused to serve him, and put him out. "Spends his money somewhere else, and then wants to come in here!" he growled.

"Why shouldn't he, Bert?" I asked. "Wouldn't ice cream be good for him?"

He smiled suddenly. I suppose ice-cream parlors were different when Bert learned his trade. —*Thomas McMorrow.*

The Sentimental Barber

BALLINGTON SCHULTZ was a barber,
Loftily proud of his art,
But beneath his white coat it is worthy of note
That Ballington
Schultz had a
heart.

Ballington Schultz
loved his
razors,
His clippers, his
combs and his
shears,
But far and above
was his pas-
sionate love
For the beautiful
Barbara Beers.

Daily with doglike
devotion
He worshiped the
maid from afar
As she rode by his
shop, never
deigning to
stop,
In her handsome
new high-
powered car.

He gazed at her fer-
vently, fondly
As he snipped off
some custom-
er's ears,
Or put soap in her
eye while with
amorous sigh

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

Pool Shark: "Hey, Mike, Git Yer Nose Off'n th' Table; It Looks Just Like th' Red Ball!"

He would dream of his love for Miss
Beers.

"Oh, maiden more fragrant than bay rum,
Oh, Barbara, say I dare hope!
Thy maidenly blushes I love more than
brushes,
Than towels or talcum or soap!"

One morning—oh, rapturous morning!—
The fragrance of spring filled the air;
She drove to his store and she entered the
door
And sat down in poor Ballington's chair.

"Oh, maiden more lovely than talcum!"
He sighed as he gazed at her hair;
"Oh, hear my avowal, there ne'er was hot
towel
As warm as the love that I bear!

"Oh, I've loved you since I was a shaver,
Pray marry me, Barbara Beers!"
But the maiden just said as she leaned back
her head,
"Don't trim it too close at the ears."

Now though Ballington Schultz was a lover,
As I may have remarked at the start,
He could not put aside his tonsorial pride;
He was loftily proud of his art.

So he eagerly reached for his clippers,
And he ardently reached for his shears,
And he bobbed and he shingled with art that
was mingled
With love and the passion of years.

He wooed her with ointments and lotions,
He wooed her with unguents and cream.
To show how he craved her he lathered and
shaved her;
The maid was too frightened to scream.

He wooed her with scissors and clippers,
Poor Schultz was near crazy with bliss.
Each clip at her tresses was filled with ca-
resses,
Each snip at his clipper a kiss.

He bathed her and swathed her in towels,
He washed her and slashed her with suds,
His passion Byronic he pleaded with
tonic,
With facial massages and muds.

He bathed her and swathed her in towels,
He tried everything in his shop,
Then he poured out his passion in barber-
like fashion:
"Your hair's getting thin on the top."

Then at last when the job was completed
And Miss Beers took one look at her hair,
In a voice faint and weak she just uttered
a shriek,
And she fainted away in the chair.

Poor Ballington still is a barber,
But he finds little joy in his art,
For beneath his white coat, it is tragic to
note,
Beats a battered and bruised broken heart.

—Newman Levy.

Famous Minutes

MINUTE steak.
Revolutions per minute.
60 seconds.
Of the last meeting.
Minute gun.
When a sucker is born.
Men.
Minute that seems an hour.
Three-minute eggs.

—Oliver Lea.

Drab Ballads

XIX

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, EUSTISE EURILIER (DRAMATIC PLAYLET: WON'T YOU . . . SIT DOWN?) sang with great success the slice of real life entitled:

MY LIFE WAS FILLED WITH BLATANT OPULENCE AND PURPLE PRIDE UNTIL I GOT A MARGIN CALL ONE DAY

'Twas in a Bowery lodging house
Where derelicts bent with age
Were sitting round the stove and read-
ing room.
They spoke of days when they took bows
And plaudits on Life's stage,
Ere Time had knocked the nap from off
their bloom.

A palsied vagrant sitting there addressed
them;
His eyes with reminiscent fervor glow;
His quav'ring voice had force, still, to arrest
them,
Said he: "I'd like to have you all to
know:

REFRAIN

"My life was filled
with blatant opu-
lence and purple
pride
Until I got a margin
call one day.
The bottom dropped
from Garbage Can
Preferred—it took
a ride
Down forty points,
my brokers wrote
to say.
In panic I rushed
to the nearest
ticker,
The ticking tape in
frenzied spirals
piled,
And there, to my
shocked gaze,
Did I see that fate-
ful phrase:
(Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN,
SAVE MY
CHILD!"

—Harry G. Smith

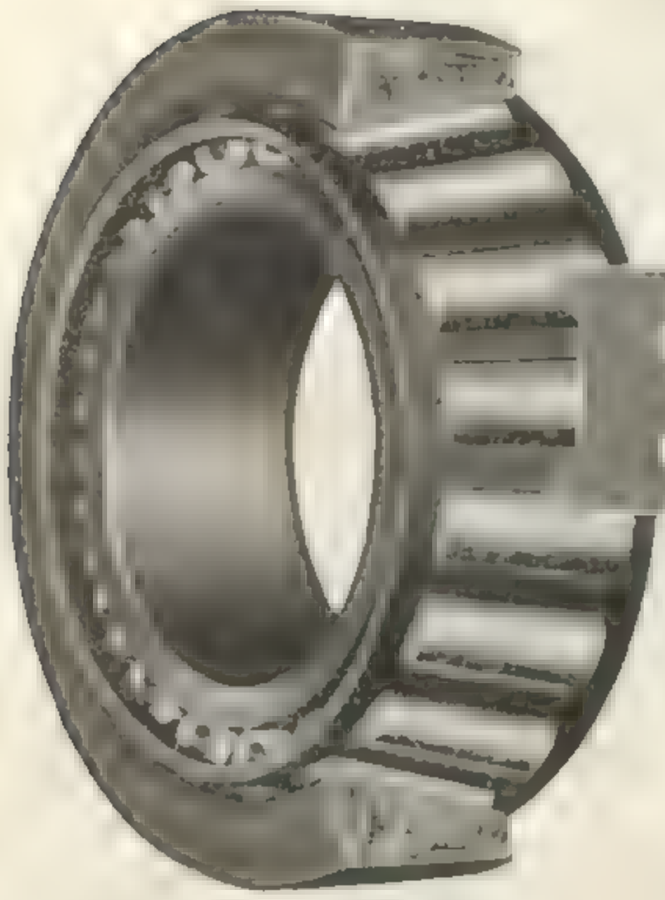
Unto this genera-
tion
It will be an inflam-
mation.

ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE.

Goodie Industrie, Your Majestye
Swelle!
Ye faire ladye unto dystreare
FRESSHE VARNYSSHE BELIEVE YE PAYNTERRE!
I propose we test ye surfasse wyth ye kettle of steame
Odd's mercy, I am firmly adhered to ye varnysshe
HYS MAJESTIE VARNYSSHE WORKES

An Intimate Outline of History—King Arthur and His Knights Varnish the Round Table

TIMKEN TAPERED ROLLER



The motor vehicles listed use Timken Tapered Roller Bearings

KEY TO LIST

In Transmissions . . . . . *No.* 1
In Differentials . . . . . *No.* 2
On Pinions or Worms . . . *No.* 3
In Rear Wheels . . . . . *No.* 4
In Front Wheels . . . *No.* 5
In Steering Pivots . *No.* 6
In Steering Worms *No.* 7
In Fans . . . . *No.* 8

KEN ereed BEARINGS

PASSENGER CARS

Ajax 2, 3 4 5
Anderson . . 1, 2 4 5
Apperson . 1, 2, 3 4 5
Auburn 2 3 4 5
Cadillac 4 5
Chandler 2 3 5
Chrysler 2 3 4 5
Cleveland . . 2, 3 4 5
Crawford 1, 2, 3 4 5 6
Cunningham 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Dagmar . 1, 2, 3, 4 5 6
Davis 2 3, 4 5
Detroit Electric 4 5
Dodge 2 3, 4 5
Doreas 2, 3 4, 5, 6
Driggs 2, 4, 5
du Pont 2, 4 5
Durant (Canada) 4 5
Elcar 2, 4 5
Essex 2, 3, 4, 5
Ford 5
Gardner 5
Gray . . . 1, 2, 3, 4 5
Hudson . . . 2, 3, 4 5
Hupmobile . . . 2, 4, 5
Jewett 2, 3 4 5
Jordan . . 2, 3, 4 5 8
Kissel . . . 2, 3 4 5 6
Lincoln . . 2 3 4 5 6
Locomobile 5 7
Marmon 5
McFarlan . 1, 2, 3 4 5
Moon 2, 3, 4 5
Paige 2, 3, 4 5
Peerless . . . 2, 3 4 5
Pierce-Arrow . 2, 3, 4 5
Rauch-Lang 2 5
Reo 2 3 4 5
Roamer 2 3 4 5 6
Sayers & Scovill 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Stanley Steamer . . 5
Star (Canada) . 3, 4, 5
Stearns-Knight 2 3 4 5
Sterling Knight 2, 3, 4, 5
Stevens-Duryea 1, 2, 3, 4 5 6
Studebaker 2 3, 4 6
Stutz 2, 4, 4 5
Velie 2 3 4 5
Willa Sta. Claire 2, 3, 4, 5
Willys-Knight . 2, 5 6
Willys-Overland . 2, 5
Yellow Cab 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

FOREIGN PASSENGER CARS

A. C . . . 2
Albert 2, 3
Alvis 4
Arrol-Johnston 2, 3, 4, 5
Auto Excelsior . 2, 3, 4
Auto Traction 5
Bayliss Thomas 5
Bean 5
Beardmore Taxi 2, 3, 4, 5
Bellanger 5
Belsize . . 2, 3, 4, 5
Bentley 4, 5
Berliet . . . 2, 3, 4
Beverly Barnes 6
Calcott . . . 2, 5
Calthorpe . . 2, 3, 4, 5
Clement Bayard 2
Clyno 2, 3, 4, 5
Cottin Desgoutes 6
Crossley 5
Daimler 6, 7
Darracq . . . 5
Deemster . . . 2, 5
Delaunay Belleville 2, 3
Datto 2, 3, 5
Ford 5
Galloway . . 2, 3, 4, 5
Gwynne Eight 3
Hampton 5
H E 7
Hillman 5
Horstmann . . . 2, 3, 5
Humber 2 4, 5
Isotta Fraschini 5
Itala 5
Lagonda 3, 5
Lanchester 6
Mathis 4
McKenzie . . 2, 3, 4, 5
Moon 4, 5
Mototloc 1
Overland 2, 5
Pallacium 2, 3 4, 5
Phoenix 2, 3, 4, 5
Rhode 5
Seabrook . . 2, 3, 4, 5
Standard 6
Sunbeam 5
Swift 5
Talbot 5
Waverly 5
Whitlock 5
Windsor 2, 3
Wolseley 2, 3, 4 5 7

TRUCKS

Abbott-Downing 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Acme . . 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Advance-Rumely . 5
Ahrens-Fox 4, 5, 6
American La France 2, 3, 4, 5
Appleton . 2, 3, 4, 5
Armleder 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Atterbury 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Autocar . 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Available 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Beck 5
Bessemer . 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Bethlehem . . . 4
Beta . . . 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Biedersman . 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Bridgeport . 1, 2, 3, 4
Brinton 1 2 3 4, 5 6
Brockway 1, 2 3 4 5 6
Brown 2 3 4
Chicago . 1, 2 3 4 5 6
Clinton 1 2 3 4 5 6
Clydesdale 1 2 3 4 5 6
Coleman 4
Columbia 1 4, 5
Commerce 1 2 3 4 5 6
Concord 1 2 3, 4 5 6
Corbitt 1
C. T Electric . . 4, 5, 6
Cunningham 1, 2 3 4 5
Dart 2, 4
Day Elder 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Defiance 2, 3, 4
Denby 5
Diamond T 1 2, 3 4 5 6
Dixon 2 3 4 5 6
Doane 1 2 3, 4 5
Dodge 2 3 4 5
Duer 2 5
Eagle 2 3 4
Fa to 2 3 4 5 6
Fageol 1 2 3 4 5 6
Federal 2 3, 4 5 6
Fifth Ave Coach 1 2 3 4 5
Ford 5
F W D 4 5
Garford 1 2 3 4 5 6
Gary 1 2 4 4 5 6
G M C 2 3 4 5 6
Gotfredson 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Graham Bros 2, 4 5 6
Gray 1 2 3 4 5
Gruhler 1 2 3 4 5
Hahn 1 2 3 4 5 6
Harvey 1 2 3, 4 5 6
Hendrickson 2 3 4 5 6
Hug 2 4 5
Hurlburt . 2, 3, 4, 5
Hewitt-Ludlow . 1, 5
Indiana 1 2 4, 5 8
International H S . 1 2 4 5
Kelly-Springfield 1, 2, 3, 4, 8
Kenworthy . . 1
Kimball 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
King-Zeitler 1, 2 3 4 5 6
Kleiber 1 2 3 4 5 6
Kelly 1 2 3 4 5 6
Lange 1 2 3 4 5 6
Lansden 2, 3 4 5 6
Larrabee 1 2 5
Lueding-Haus 1 2 3 4 5
Maccar 1 2 3 4 5 6
Mack 1 2 3 4 5 7
Master 2 3 4 5 6
Menominee 2 3, 4 5 6
Michigan Hearse . . 2, 3 4 5
Moreland 1 2 3 4 5 6
National Steel Car Co 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Nelson and LeMoon 1 2 3 4, 5 6, 8
Nelson (Jumbo) . 1, 5
Net o 2 3 4 5, 6
Newport Coach 1 4 5
New York . 2, 3, 4, 5 6
Noble 2, 4 5
O B Electric 2 4 5
Ogden . . 1, 2, 3 4, 5 6
Old Reliable 1
Olympic 1 2 3 4 5 6
Oneida . 3 4 5 6
Oshkosh 1 4 5 7
Packard 2 3 4 5
Philadelphia Coach 4 5
Pierce-Arrow 1 2 3 4 5 6, 7 8
Power 1 2 3 4 5
Rainier 1 2 3 4 5 6
Red Ball 4, 5
Reliance 2 3 4 5
Reo 2 3 4 5 6
Republic 2 3 4 5
Riddle 1 2 3 4 5 6
Rock Falls 2 3 4 5 6
Rowe
Sanford 1 2 5
Schacht 4 5
Schwartz (Tractor) 1 2 3 4 5 6
Seagrave 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Selden 1 2 3 4 5 6
Service 1 2 3 4 5 6
Signal 1 2 3 4 5 6
Six Wheel 1 2 3 4, 5 6
Standard 1 2 3 4 5 6, 8
Sterling 1 2 3 4 5 6
Stewart 2, 4 5
Stoughton 1
Stutz Fire Engine Co 4, 6
Sullivan . 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Super Truck (O'Connell) . 5
Tait 1 2 3 4 5 6 8
Three Point 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Tower . . . 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Treibold 2, 3, 4
Traffic 5
Triangle 2 4 5
Twin City 2 4 5 6
Twin City 4 Wheel Drive 2, 4, 5
Union 2, 3, 5
United . . . 1, 3, 4, 5
U. S. 1, 2, 4, 5
Upperty . . 1
Victor 4, 5
Wachusett 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8
Walker 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Walker Johnson 2, 3, 4, 5
Watson . . . 1, 2, 3, 4
White 1
Wichita 1
Wilcox . 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Willys-Overland . 2, 5
Wilson 5
Wilson, J C 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Wisconsin 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Witt-Will 1, 2, 3, 4 5, 6
Yellow Cab 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Yellow Coach 2 3 4, 5 6

FOREIGN TRUCKS

Beico 4
Bean 5
Beardmore 30-cwt. . . 2, 3, 4, 5
Birmingham Red Buses 4, 5
Commer 4, 5
Crossley Subsidy . 4, 5
Daimler 2-Ton . . . 4
Dennis 5
Electromobile . 4, 5
Garrett Steamer 2, 4, 5
Guy 5
G. V Electric . 1, 4, 5
Halley . . 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Karrier 1 4, 8
Leyland 4 5
Maudslay 7
Pageheid 2
Ransome 4
Star . 2 4, 5
Thornycroft . . . 4, 5
Yorkshire Steamer 1, 3

CAPTURED!—the full fresh flavors of wheat

After centuries of waste, the fresh flavors of wheat are now given to you to enjoy.

People who desire *freshness* in fruits, vegetables, milk, etc., are now to enjoy the delicious freshness of wheat.

The rich essences of wheat, as of all plant-foods, are in aromatic oils. When exposed to air, they quickly evaporate.

In strawberries, the flavor perishes quickly. Nature does not protect them with skin-like coverings. But Nature is particular about wheat. "The Staff of Life" is enclosed airtight by six tough coats of bran.

Wheat keeps—*as wheat.* But once crushed into flour, the protection is gone and precious flavors escape. In time there remains but a lifeless starch.

While other bakers have long believed that crackers could not "bake right" except with aged flour, we mill the wheat, and Edgemont Crackers are made from Wheat-to-Crackers direct.

This is a triumph of science! For *freshness* is the *vital quality of food!*

BAKED! —fresh with the true wheat taste

No other cracker is so made.

For years this cracker has been the most popular in the territory where it was sold. Then we invented a new form of package which has spread the trade from coast to coast.

People write from all parts of the country, saying: "Edgemont Crackers provide wheat in its most delicious form"—"They are on the table at every meal"—"Our children *love* them"—"They fill a long desired want"—etc., etc.

SEALED! —hot from the oven in triple-wrapped packages

Never were crackers so securely protected—*guaranteed to be delivered fresh and crisp.* This package was tested many ways, even sent to South Africa and back. They returned in their original condition.

Packages were left all night in a drenching rain. Came out just as they went in. *No other crackers are so protected.*

ALWAYS ASK FOR THE "GREEN" PACKAGE
(U. S. Patent No. 1,454,888)

DELIVERED!—across the United States as fresh as across the street

Now you may be sure of—fresh, crisp crackers in your home.

No matter where you live, you can have them. They come as though you had just baked them at home from fresh-crushed wheat. With the full bloom of the oven, baked a golden-brown.

After the first taste, we predict you will never be without them. Between meals you'll eat them—at night—at tea time. And before long they are sure to win a regular place on the table three times a day—even replacing bread entirely.

THE NEW PANTRY BOX
White-enameled, with green borders. Round corners. Close-fitting hinge top. Like Edgemont Crackers, guaranteed to please.

—now kept oven-fresh in your home!

The final link of service has been added.

A beautiful Pantry Box has been devised. When the "store package" is opened, transfer your "Edgemonts" to the Pantry Box; you will keep the crackers fresh and crisp until the last one has gone.

"Edgemonts" are not ordinary crackers and should not be kept in the ordinary way. You may secure a Pantry Box like here shown. Directions are in every package. By extending our Service into the home, we have gone all the way to protect the interests of Edgemont customers.

If you do not know Edgemont Crackers, you owe yourself a treat. Packed 1¼ pounds to the package. You will find them where good foods are sold.

THE GREEN & GREEN COMPANY, DAYTON, OHIO

IMPORTANT TO KNOW

34 Great Wholesale Merchants Have Joined Us as Distributors

Forty-three states and the District of Columbia are covered, so that all but a very few of the people in the United States can get Edgemont Crackers by simply asking their grocers for them.

All retailers who are not supplied can quickly secure them, except in a few parts of the South and West, where distributors will soon be engaged.

"Only to Selected Wholesale Grocers"

THE GREEN & GREEN COMPANY

Clinton Green *President*

EDGEMONT *Crackers*

THE "GREEN" PACKAGE

DULCARNON

(Continued from Page 39

"So long as you two don't kick me out," said Birdekin, with a grip which pained their fingers, "I'm happy, quite happy, *mabsout*."

Le Flèche made for the table.

"Well, then seize a flambeau," he ordered, "with zeal to destroy. Down we go and see what Bluebeard has left for us in his chamber."

Each with a pair of lighted candles, the three men went trooping from the billiard room, like an English house party on the way to bed.

XII

DOWN the winding stair they filed, in quaint procession. Runa led the way, a bronze Mercury; after him swayed Birdekin, all width and lightness of foot, with tunic unbuttoned, zigzag motley skirt flowing; and last came Dan in plain hospital white. The trembling shine of the candles, two by two, rendered them the more grotesque, and flung their shadows in a dance up the curve of the pink sandstone well. They descended like figures in a heathen rite or a little fag-end rabble of masquerade.

"Tell me one thing," said Dan: "How did you play the vanishing act on me here yesterday afternoon?"

Birdekin laughed.

"Nothing easier," he replied. "This room we're heading for, I dodged in and barred the door."

"What? It was barred already, inside."

"Yes; that's where I came from. You'll see."

Below stairs, through the long cavern, their lights wavered in a gloom opening before them, closing after, as they advanced toward the end, the angle of stonework matted with dust and cobweb.

"What's here?" said Runa sharply. "Who did this?"

He stood pointing at the door upon their left, the crack down its edge and the splinters underfoot.

"I broke in," began Towers; "opened her for you." He spoke as he came; then, arriving behind the other two, peeped over their shoulders. "How now? Why, somebody's been here!"

The door, which Runa pressed with his knee, held firm.

"Gangway, boys." Birdekin elbowed them apart, set down his candles, and planting both hands against the wood, shoved like a bull elephant. "There she fetches!"

The dry clink of bricks tumbling sounded within. Dead weight yielded inch by inch, then crashed and collapsed. The door came halfway open.

"Ah?" Birdekin, head and shoulders inside, growled. "No go. Too late."

He picked up his candles and went in, swearing. Dan and Runa followed at his heels. "They've beaten us."

The room was a wild excavation that smelled of mud. Torn up from end to end, what had been the floor now gaped in holes and mounds and trenches, banks of damp earth knee-high, flakes of mortar, broken bricks, all confused with shadow. An oblong pit like the grave of a horse yawned in the midst. Behind the door a brick pile stood awry—the barricade which their friend's muscle had shifted in one lump.

"Well, she's gone."

Over the clustered candle flames, without a word more, the three men eyed one another. A look passed among them which was not so much of annoyance as of mirth.

"She's gone," repeated Birdekin. "*Pola*, gutted! My circus friends, I dare say. Gulam Muhammad, for a bet."

La Flèche nodded.

"I am very sorry," he declared; "very, very sorry, Dan, to let you in for such a poor time. You see, Towers was making the vacation, and stayed here on my account. *Nous voilà les bras croisés.* A thin time of it."

"Me?" Dan cried. "Never had so much fun in all my days!"

It was true, but not the whole truth. After that moment upstairs, what signified a few holes dug in earth? Lately the bitterness of death had passed and he had his friend beside him.

"You take it well," observed their companion. "You take it pretty. Boys, you are the right thing. And now the show's over, look here, keep me on, will you, one of your company?" He had a wistful air, comical on that round red face, yet touching. "As sure as my name's Jack Birdekin, you'll never regret it."

His juniors replied together.

"You're elected, so far as my vote goes, Jack."

"Triumvirs!"

Birdekin seemed to glow and expand. He wagged his fiery head at them.

"Let the rest go then," he boomed, waving a candlestick over the mounds and holes. "This doesn't count."

On a slope of dirt where the marauders had thrown them leaned a pickax and two spades. The charpoy, that old couch of bamboo and rawhide netting which Dan had seen before, sprawled in a corner, broken; the dingy canvas, torn from it, lay as a wad half buried; and in the wall near these a breach, two feet square, opened like the mouth of a prisoners' tunnel.

"That," said Birdekin, pointing, "was one of our ways to come and go. Bushes outside. Not underground, this end of the building. We used the bed and the canvas to plug it with. I never had an inkling those beggars of mine suspected the right room, though. A sly worm he was, Gulam Muhammad."

"He called on me," Dan reported, "this morning. Tried to sell you out."

"He would do. This is what comes of my being away all afternoon, down at the ghat looking out for you, La Flèche."

Runa took a final glance round the burrowings.

"Gutted, as you say, *pola*." He turned and went sliding down loose earth toward the door. "My next job will be to catch them. I don't think they'll be caught in a hurry, your sly worms and moles; not tonight, anyhow, nor tomorrow. They're clear away. No, not in a month of Sundays. Let's go up to that illuminated bar of yours and procure a nightcap. We have a spare bed for you in the bungalow, Jack, down at Caltrop's."

They took their nightcap soon afterward in the billiard room, a cheerful group standing with glasses rim to rim.

"For a sentiment," said Runa, "I give you, better luck next time."

When they had honored this, had barred the window shutters and put out all the candles but one, Birdekin disappeared somewhere to heave in sight again lugging a fat brown choke bag beneath his arm.

"All my worldly goods."

Under the midnight stars they went home, tired but light-hearted, discoursing at random and cracking jokes. Dan dropped into bed like one exhausted, who felt in every joint and sinew the happy languor of work done for good.

"Over with," ran his last thought. "Well out of it."

The first thing he saw next day, before sunrise, was a great round body, white and flesh-colored, whirling in air between himself and the window. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, then beheld it as Birdekin, who wore nothing but a pair of linen drawers, and who was rapidly turning handspring after handspring. The man's face, when it came uppermost, wore a bland yet serious look, as of a cherub intent on some problem. At each whirl Dan thought to see their house come down, but the flying bare toes brushed the mat like feathers.

"Aha, Father William!" Clean and gayly dressed, Runa appeared on the threshold, laughing. "You turn a back somersault in at the door; pray what is the reason of that?"

The tumbler threw a lazy cart wheel and followed it with a flip-flap, lightning-swift, that never touched floor between beginning and end.

"To keep fit." He grinned sheepishly. "Habit."

His audience applauded.

"How did we ever get on without this chap, Danny? We need him; he is *nécessaire pour égayer la vie!*" As the object of his praise went romping out to the bath, Runa came and hauled Towers forth by one leg, under the mosquito net. "Up, *macha-tor!* Up, sluggard! Up, thou bed presser! The day has begun, oh, sloth!"

Dan smothered him with a pillow and a long Dutch wife, so that the day began briskly.

Nonsense and horseplay, however, were not all that Runa had in mind. His friend once thoroughly awake, he hurried him through bath and dressing. At the table—where Birdekin joined them, in cool white with silver tical buttons down his broad chest and the flame-colored hair brushed to a kind of stubborn gloss—Runa sat fidgeting, impatient. He hardly allowed his companions to drink their tea or munch their toast.

"Why the early hours and the rush, my son?"

"Because I want you both to take a walk, if you will," he answered. "A thought came to me in the night watches. On my way here yesterday evening, I heard some gossip. It came about thus: After traveling as a grand sahib, I dodged into the baboo's office at the hulk—he's an old friend of mine—and changed there to the coolie war paint that gave you so much distress afterward. A simple scape, but effective; a little blind, a handy cover, *shikar-tatti*. Well, aboard the boat poling up the *kul* by starlight, among us coolies we fell into talk, as always. One man who was on his way to a job of boat building, and someone else in the dark under the gunwale, began to jabber and *bukk* no end. The jute crop, it appeared, was booming strong now, dinghies were in great demand; and things being so, they thought it very peculiar that two men whom they'd seen, a couple of strangers, had a good large dinghy hauled up in the mouth of a nullah above here, empty, and refused to let her out for hire. What was the use of lying idle? Prices would never be so good again. What cargo were the fools waiting for, next year's harvest? And so on, so on."

Runa jumped up, lighted a cigarette and donned his varnished mushroom topee.

"I agreed with my gossips," he added. "I still do. It's very peculiar."

"You're quite right." Birdekin was on foot with him at once, helmet in hand, striding to the door. "We'll go see that pair of strangers and their cargo."

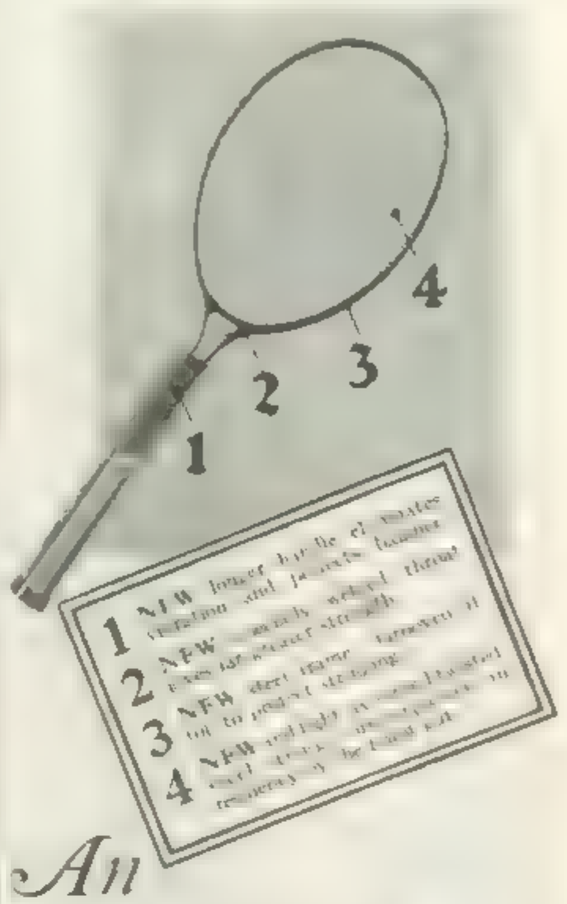
"If," said Dan, coming after—"if the boat's not gone."

"Ah, there's the point!"

They went down into sunlight, through the gap in the wild-grown hedge, and across fields where even at that hour the distant levels quavered and swam in heat. On their right and prolonged before them a green woodland frontier, palas, bamboo and sacred fig, towered like the edge of a forest; but entering its heavenly shade, and following a path which, trodden smooth by bare feet, wound among leaves deeper and deeper, the three men suddenly came out upon a broad open way, the shining of a stream and the clear glow of morning sky. The trees were only a band, a strip of tall grove bordering the creek, which along its bank near at hand lay cooled by sylvan reflection, but which beyond this margin hurt the eyes with a glare of muddy water, sulphur-yellow in aching light.

"Up the *kul*," said Runa. "Past the boat builder's. Not far."

The New DAYTON RACQUET



An *achievement!* enthusiastically endorsed by thousands of players

HERE is the tennis racquet of the century—*The New Dayton*—a wonderfully improved steel model. This racquet embodies suggestions made by world-famous players. Tested under all sorts of conditions, it has met with acclaim wherever it has been used.

The strings of *The New Dayton* are made of light six-strand twisted steel—equal in resiliency to tournament gut.

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Pat. June 13, '22; Jan. 29, '24; Aug. 26, '24. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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This is the Square End style of Spur Tie. Other styles are shown in the pictures below

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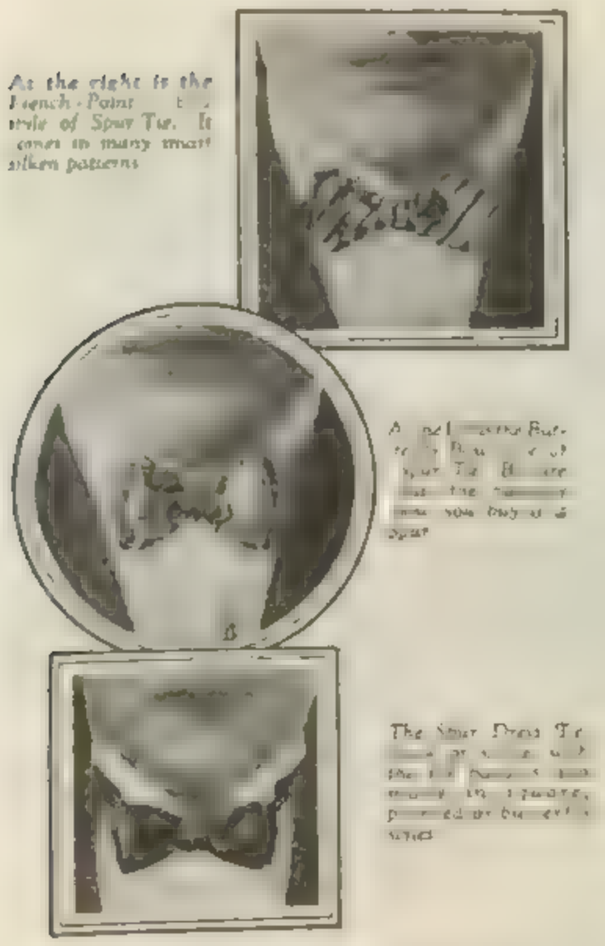

At the right is the French-Point style of Spur Tie. It comes in many smart silken patterns

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The towpath, well beaten, gave space for all three men to walk abreast in a pipal avenue that curved with each curve of the shore. Coolies met them once, a file of bronze manikins bent double, grasping on lean shoulders the rope which, far behind, pulled a boat as awkward as a barn gone adrift, its matting house with rounded roof swollen top-heavy, its bare crooked mast like a dead tree. Once an open dinghy floated by, pale frowzy hair of jute stuffing over the gunwale, and bearded men perching atop, frog-fashion, under black umbrellas. Then came reach after reach of lonely water, gleam and silence, breathless heat, sluggish flow, now jungle for background, now bilious green jute rushes vibrating in the sun

Their avenue broke off, their path dipped into a hollow or flat of mud and grass. Here the full blaze poured down on a sight so extraordinary that even they, who knew it well beforehand, looked one to another and smiled. It was a Bengali boat builder's yard or ways, one jack-straw castle of leaning, crisscrossing, interbristling poles, hung and wrapped and flapped and patched and bellied about with rags of golden matting.

"The same old hurrah's nest," quoth Birdekin.

As they went by, Runa paused.

"We'll speak to my fellow passenger of last night," said he, "and give him a surprise."

Inside the raffle of bamboo and woven tatters, kaleidoscopic among black shadows diagonally pierced by hot sunbeams, men were toiling. With dreamy deliberation they moved here and there, climbing over two unfinished boats, building them after the aged custom of the Ganges delta, skin first, keels and ribs not yet made. Each high prow, lashed in a bulge of matting cover, struck up through the roof; each body had begun to take a curve, graceful and deep, like a slice of melon; and the nearer boat, though still without ribs, had the crossbeams going into her.

Runa thrust his head beneath a pole, touched a workman on the arm and whispered something. The native slowly turned, then jumped as if stung and dropped all.

"Sahib—sahib," he murmured, aghast, "who knows? They are above at Hari's nullah."

As one who had met a devil or specter in broad daylight, the Hindu remained staring, his mouth open.

"He'll remember that the rest of his life." Runa passed on with a chuckle. "All serene. Our mysterious boat, Danny, has not yet cleared."

They left the boat builders' mud flat and climbed among trees where the towpath followed the bank once more. For half a mile Runa said nothing, but quickened his gait. Where the *kul* made another bend, he suddenly halted and raised a finger.

"Hark? Easy now!"

The path crumbled into mud. Below, at right angles to it, a hollow marshy glade overhung with branches lay drowning in heat and speckled shadow. Almost underfoot heaved the low round basket roof of a dinghy drawn ashore, hidden beneath foliage.

Three or four drums of jute, coarse dirty hanks wound in a snarl, encumbered the mire along her side. Loud and regular came a noise of snoring.

"Quietly!"

They crept down together, laid cautious hold on her gunwale and peeped over. Amidships in the gloomy arch of basketwork lay two men, asleep. He who snored, routing like a pig, was Dan's great Bearded Lady, Gulam Muhammad; the other, limp, still as though dead, their false blind man, the *gunguna*, a heap of thin arms and legs. From bow to stern the dinghy contained nothing but this pair of sleepers, a red clay water jar hanging by its neck, a platter of rice in which filthy paws had grubbed, two poles and a coil of hand-made rope.

"Got 'em!"

Birdekin was for climbing on board. Runa caught and drew him away.

"No; let them lie."

So saying, or so forming the words with his mouth, La Flèche beckoned, waded back to the path and hauled himself up by the snaky root of a bo tree. Without remark he led the way home. One of his old silent fits had come on. He hummed an air, *Monsieur de la Palisse*, and walked with a most jaunty swing, cocking his helmet, peering between half-shut eyelids, quizzing the long arcade of greenery and the furnace floor of creek water

"No." He spoke at last. "No, we did not want their society, Jack. We wanted It, and It is what they haven't. If they had the thing would be lying in the bilge, covered with those orts of jute—did you ever see worse rubbish?—and miles away by now, a night's journey. No, they did not dig it up. They haven't found it."

"Then comes the question," growled Birdekin, "who has?"

Dan put a couple of words in.

"Has anybody?"

From the slit of those drooping lids Runa threw him a black dart, all mischief.

"Do you know, I am inclined to think well of Brother Towers," he drawled. "A lugubrious wretch now and then, but solid, is Brother Towers, very solid in his pericranicks. We do not praise him often. But many a man loves his own house without riding on the ridgepole."

"What's all that meant to say?" asked Birdekin, laughing. "What do you think, yourself?"

"Who, I?" The youngster exhibited an airy shrug. "Think? Nothing at all. *C'est marrant*, but I am at the end of my Latin."

Past the tatterdemalion wigwam of the boat builders, down the towpath, across broiling fields to the gap in the garden hedge, he walked as before, silent but for a private hum. In the bungalow he stripped off his jacket, gathered a handful of cheroots, lighted one and, retreating to a veranda chair, flung himself down.

At noon they summoned him to table, but he would not budge.

"Smoking yourself to death?" Dan called. "Get up and eat. What ails you?"

"Go away," crooned a sleepy voice. "I let the legions thunder past and plunge in thought again. A fine, snug day for it."

The afternoon burned out in one long siesta. Waking, hot and bleary, they found him gone.

"Taken his helmet."

"What's the lad up to?"

He came strolling in at twilight, gave them a casual nod and presently made the bathroom ring with song and a waterfall of splashings from the jar. Dinner was a miserable affair of sinewy chicken—fried road runner, as Dan called it—with rice; yet they made merry, while Birdekin told a wondrous tale, broad and side-splitting, out of his past. All through the meal Runa had not much to say, but lent them the light of a countenance that sparkled. Hidden excitement charged him with something electric. He put Dan in mind of a black cat whose fur was ready to snap at the touch. When coffee arrived, he broke forth.

"And now, gluttons, hear me. Now to *vaquer à nos affaires*. They march." He sat as on pins and needles. "I have been to the palace and examined their hole in the wall. Good! Last night we were misled by maya, the appearance of things, illusion; a prettier way of saying that we were sleepy and stupid."

"Find anything?"

He laughed.

"I find that Brother Towers was right. Nobody had carried it off. Because why? Let us make a dichotomy. A thing is carried off either in bulk or piecemeal. *Bien!* Well then, my pupils, first, if they had carried it off in bulk, they would have scraped and scooped the loose dirt, dragging it along. Second, if piecemeal, they would have trodden a path coming and going.

(Continued on Page 137)

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What you should look for in a rug

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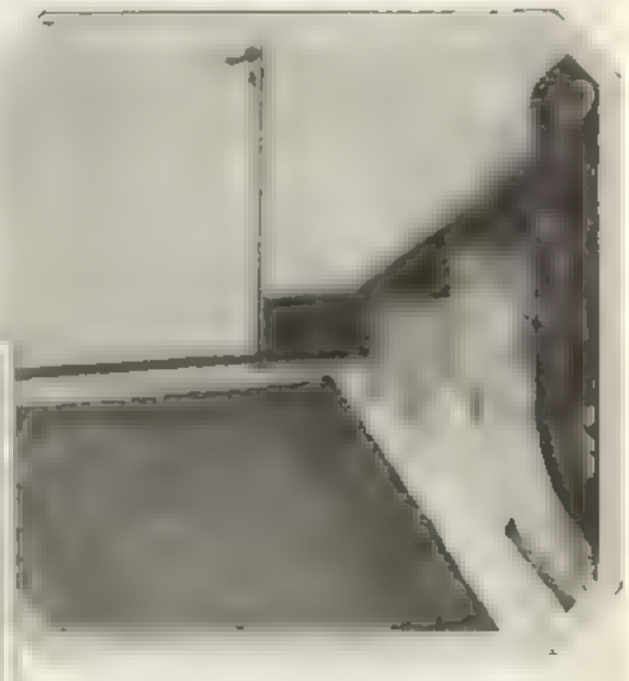

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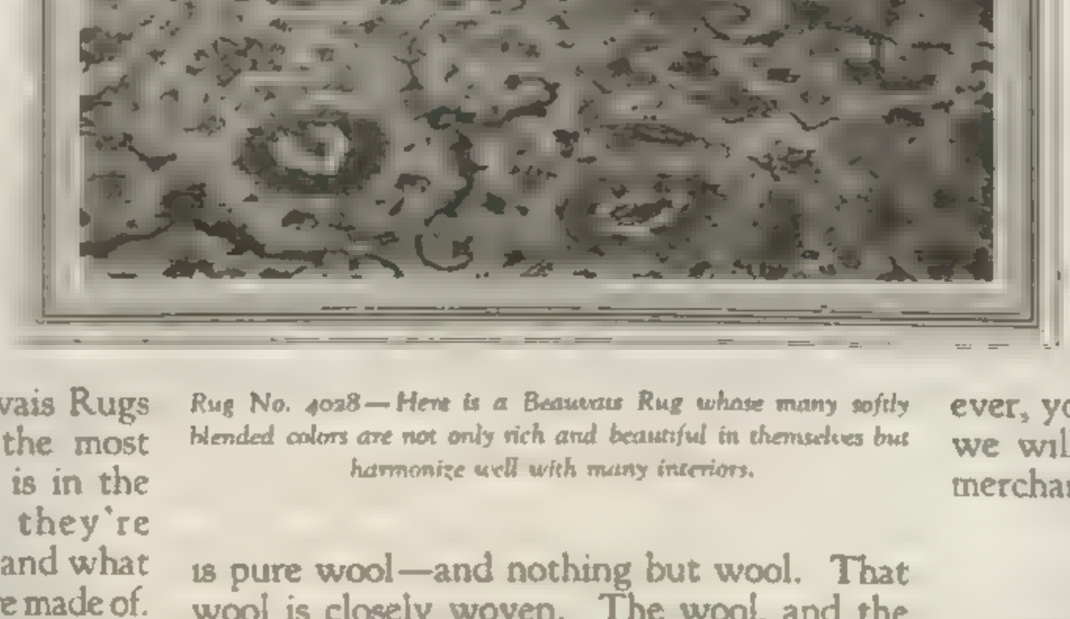
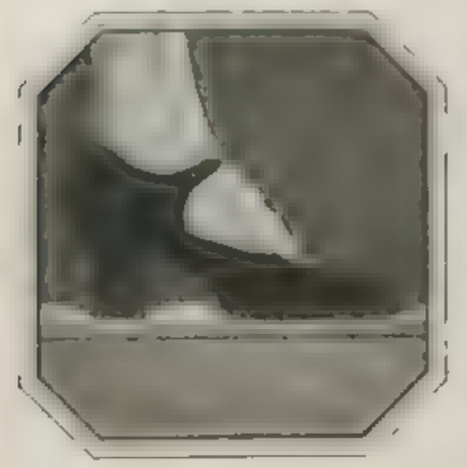


Rug No. 4028—Here is a Beauvais Rug whose many softly blended colors are not only rich and beautiful in themselves but harmonize well with many interiors.



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SANFORD'S *Beauvais Rugs*

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BACK

(Continued from Page 134)

Because, therefore, the dirt is neither dragged nor trampled down, boys, they got nothing. Nothing! That is pure Aristotle, which rimes with bottle, therefore let's have a drink and go."

"Go where?" said both his pupils.

He poured three thimblefuls of cordial, grinning.

"Here, give me Caltrop's Chaucer."

Dan reached him a book off the shelf.

"Wrong one." After a look inside, Runa pushed it away. "There were two Chaucers. Try again."

From the next room, where, like the lean and logic-worn clerk of Oxford, he kept it by his bed's head, Towers brought the other copy.

"There we are." Opening it, Runa scanned the flyleaf. "We overlooked part of our sailing orders."

They read together the lines which Caltrop had written:

"*Dulcarnon: See Cambridge ed. of E., pages 349 ff. On line FC take 12' N. Rev. let. R and L.*"

With his finger nail Runa scored beneath a few last words.

"It's all far by me," confessed Birdekin. "Rev. let. R and L. What's that? Revelations Right and Left?"

"Oh, King of Handcuffs, live forever! Thou hast said it! Revelations right and left, both barrels."

Runa could hold himself down no more. He flew from his chair like a jumping jack.

"So come and see what is now to be revealed."

XIII

STARS above areca and bamboo lighted them on their way up the path to the door in the wall; stars winked like fireflies among taller trees, and swam thick as minnows in the tank water, while Runa led on through the compound, through weeds choking the terrace, to that forlorn block of shadow, the abandoned house. Meantime he would neither explain where they were going nor answer any question.

"When on the ground," he promised; "not now."

In the hall, the godown of stacked furniture, baled carpets and watching mirrors, Dan found his lantern, which he lighted. The other men took each a pair of candles from the billiard table. Then, as on the night before, they went in single file down the curving stair.

"We go like monks in a crypt," said Runa. "White friars or penitents. We should have solemn music for this."

At the bottom he began marching slowly, holding his tapers high and dolefully chanting:

"*Entrez, Sara, dans la nacelle,*
Lazare, Marthe et Maximin,
Cléon, Marie et Saturnin,
Les Saintes Maries et Marcelle,
Eutrope et Martial, Sidoine avec Joseph,
Vous périrez dans cette nef."

The song and the moving lights gave, indeed, a solemnity to their progress under the vaults. He broke off his canticle, however, to ask, "Does it remind you of where you met, boys?"

They came again to the end of the building, the angle in the wall and the two squinting doors.

"You have your diagram?" Runa, halting, set down a candle. "If so, let us look."

Dan brought out and held among the lights his drawing of the triangles.

"Good! The two-horned figure, Dulcarnon," said La Flèche. "It is very simple, you know: child's play. Here is the passage where we stand, here the rooms branch apart as horns. Your line FC goes into the diggings. Good! But Caltrop mixed his memorandum, to be safer. He merely 'squeezed a right-hand foot into a left-hand shoe.' It is not Revelations, Jack, but what do you say to—Reverse Lettering Right and Left?"

Though on the way Dan had guessed as much, he found the paper trembling in his hands.

"Open her." Birdekin tried to speak, and stammered. His brick-red face had grown almost pale. "To it, my boy. Open her."

Runa laughed, bent toward the door on the right, unlocked it, and catching up his candle waved an invitation.

"Open's the word. Come!"

To a creak of hinges they entered the bare stone chamber. Dampness breathed in their faces, a stale warmth like that of a mushroom cave. Down the walls, whitened long ago with lime, ran tongues of discoloration brown as tobacco juice. A ledge crossed these, where the four candles, placed in a row, burned, streaming with a light which transformed the room to a kind of unholy chapel.

Birdekin was taking off his coat when he gave a jump backward.

"Great grief!" he shouted in consternation; then with a laugh, but the laugh of a man startled—"What spook is that?"

The door had swung halfway to. Behind it in the corner loomed a black woman, an ogress, with huge almond eyes that glared at them as bright as opal. She wore nothing but a necklace of tiny carven skulls and a tinsel crown. Her skin shone like oiled ebony. She had four arms, and in her highest hand lifted a blood-red human heart. At first glance the creature seemed ready to leap out and tear them.

"It's only Madame Durga," said La Flèche, bowing an introduction. "She frightened me this afternoon. A poor discarded goddess, Kali."

"Don't like her face," Birdekin declared, and promptly hung his coat over it. "The lady has all the earmarks of a scold."

"Nothing," cried Runa, "is sacred for a sapper."

He flung his own jacket on one of her outstretched arms. Dan followed their example; and yet, although they had blinded this terror and made her as humble as a hatrack, he continued to feel the disquiet of being watched. Runa had at once become busy with the lantern.

"Here's our mark," he was proclaiming. "Twelve feet eight inches on the diagonal. I measured it while you slept."

A ring of candle wax lay dribbled, marking the center of a hewed stone two yards long, perhaps, by a yard wide. All the floor was of stone, cut larger or smaller, tight-laid, with joints well broken.

"Odds Niggins, what a job!" growled Birdekin. "Why, we shan't know for a month to come, fellows! But hold on; are they blocks or only flags?"

He borrowed the lantern, skipped off across the passage to the other room, and returning with Gulam Muhammad's pickax and a spade, began to dig outside the door. Bricks flew splintering, then earth.

"They're blocks, drat 'em! See the underpinning? Deep." He shoved his companions back through the door and followed them in, one burly, red-headed scowl of anger. "Deep, three or four foot, the mortar hard as the rock. We should want drills, powder or dynamite—good Lord, a tackle and falls, timber for shears, everything! So near it, this very night, the nearest I ever came, and then to knock off and wait!"

Stamping like a child, Birdekin pointed at the greasy mark on the floor.

"Four foot down. Solid. To think, it drives you wild!"

The pickax hung from his hand, a wretched old tool of soft iron, both points blunt and splayed.

"Right there!"

He swung backward, heaved the pick and hit a tremendous blow, a mad stroke delivered in rage, enough to shatter his arms. Down it smashed, without care for what followed. The giant released power and something had to split before him.

"Hallo!"

Something split, indeed; a thing befell contrary to Nature. The pickax, blindly driven, struck the middle of the ring and bit deep into solid rock, which broke round its point, cracking star-fashion like thin ice or a windowpane. Birdekin yanked the tool

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free and stared at it in sheepish bewilderment. Its beak was coated with a pink dust.

"Do you see that?" he asked, wondering.

Runa dropped on his knees, to poke a finger down the hole.

"Brick dust. You've done it, old destroyer!"

The oblong stone was neither block nor flag, but a shell hardly an inch thick. Kneeling, the men tore up and shied away its fragments. Underneath appeared a surface of rough brickwork.

"Heads, all!" cried Birdekin. "Stand off!"

He began picking with caution, tapping, loosening, prying. The masonry, old and soft, crumbled apart. His helpers reached in between blows to extract the rubble. All three worked fiercely, without a word. Another course of bricks lay cleared, and when these were thrown out, a third course; then came four layers tightly packed, but without mortar. The heap grew alongside; the hole deepened like a grave in a church floor.

"Hoo-bloomin'-ray!" panted the digger at last. His cheeks were glistening wet. He rubbed them on his forearm, wiped his eyes, flung the pickax into a corner and held the lantern down at his feet. "No more! We've struck!"

A gray sheet of lead covered the bottom. He drew out a clasp knife, opened it with teeth which looked fit to have bitten the blade off, and crouching, slashed the lead from end to end in a silvery line.

"It's here." His voice rose muffled. "You shall be the first to handle it, Runa my lad, for it's yours."

He bounded up and sat on the edge, his legs hanging over, the lantern swinging between them. Cut and peeled back, the lead now formed, as it were, sides for a box, in which lay masses of rotten linen, rags, dirty films and tatters.

Runa shrank like a man who dreads cold water before the plunge. Then down he slipped, and treading gingerly, thigh-deep as in a tomb, removed the cloth bit by bit, shred after moldy shred.

"Ah, *bon Dieu!* Here, take it!"

He lifted something heavy that gleamed, something rounded, convex. It was an oval shield of gold, besmuttered, the surface dim with long tarnishing. It bore for device a Gorgon's head, beautifully wrought, and a Greek inscription.

"'Amitrochates,'" read Birdekin aloud. "Here's where my pidgin comes handy. Amitraghata, Queller of Foes. Why—why, a knock-out! That's King Bindusara, who came to the throne of India more than two thousand years ago."

Runa climbed out quickly and sat on the edge with Dan. He appeared to be shivering.

"I cannot," he said. "It—it frightens me. Carry on, you two. It is stronger than I."

The older man regarded them from a distance of thought.

"True. King Bindusara. A name. A shadow. Nothing more. And once an emperor."

Leaning the shield against bricks, where the loveliness of the Greek head shone dim and watchful, he went down into the pit again.

"Here's another piece of it," he called up. "Marvel. No, by the eye!"

For a long time he remained stooping over the light, handling an object which he turned carefully this way, that way. At last he unbent, rose and faced the two companions with a look of awe, his china-blue eyes wide and staring.

"The skull of Yorick?" said Dan.

Birdekin moved his lips, but made no sound. He had brought up and was offering a gold helmet, a snug-fitting headpiece with winglike guards for the cheeks, and no crest. At the temple on each side, in low relief, a ram's horn curled backward.

"Look!" he implored hoarsely. "Read!"

Inside the crown, as he held up his lantern, they saw words of Greek like a motto or the name in a hat:

"Alexander, Son of God."

It was Birdekin who broke their silence. He got himself in hand, clearing his throat with a gruff laugh.

"What price now, the Cambyses hunter? You won't chaff your Uncle Jack tonight. Legend, eh? Legends often have hard fact under 'em."

He suddenly put the helmet on Runa's head.

"No, let it stay. Noble. Keep her there. Look at him, Dan—a bit of Homer."

Under the gold casque Runa's brown face resembled that of a young Trojan prince. He smiled at them, but gravely, as though he heard something far away and listened.

"I wonder," said he, "what thoughts were last humming round in this brass pot."

Again Birdekin stooped over his lantern, to come up with a handful of rotted cloth in which there sparkled what might have been drops of pale blood, frozen.

"Balas rubies." He poured them into Dan's lap, rags and all. "They're from Badakshan, where the old rulers were of Sikander's line. Down here by the bushel."

Once more he dived, rose, opened a fist and let gold money chink on the floor.

"Guess! You never can!" He wiped sweat away, blowing hard. "Persian darics." And he held a coin out on his palm. "The archer king drawing the bow. I saw one like him in the British Museum. As gold alone, it's worth more than a sovereign. The sack's burst, both feet are covered with 'em, and double darics underneath. My dear men, the stuff goes down to China. There's no bottom. However it got here, it's the loot of nine kingdoms!"

While he ranted with joy, in all their heat and hurry Dan felt a return of his distress, that former sense of being watched. He looked uncomfortably about the room. It was not the Gorgon, though her face on the shield of Bindusara calmly held him in scorn. The watching was behind, somewhere, as if the black goddess in her corner ——

Dan swung his head round quickly.

Against the panel of the door, his body browner than the planks, motionless, waited a man, an Indian. From his hips hung a plain white length of cloth. He wore nothing else, no caste mark on his forehead, neither beads of basil wood nor any rosary of dried berries; in one hand he carried, not the professional mystic's iron bar, but a rattan staff; his head was without elflocks, clean shorn; yet in bearing, in dignity, he was every inch a pilgrim and seeker, who had no tricks or frippery of the trade, not even a beggar's bowl.

"I see you have found it." Their eyes meeting, the figure slowly nodded. His voice had a tranquil sound, though he labored from word to word like one remembering foreign speech. "Good night to you, gentlemen."

Nevada Falls, Yosemite Valley, California

Years ago Dan had known him as a petulant fat cynic, swaddled about with riches and gloom. He was the master of the house, their Old Man back from disappearance, the lord of Mayaganj.

"Good evening, sir."

On foot in haste, Dan and Runa replied together, bowing. Meanwhile Birdekin had sprung from the pit with his lantern.

"I think," said the maharaja.

It was hard to believe. This dark, spare body, in which the ribs and clavicle showed their framework as under brown satin, could not be his.

The triumph of spirit over flesh appeared too great a change.

"I think that I did promise you one-half." He leaned on his rattan without moving, like a statue. "But I have changed my mind. Yes."

Birdekin made a queer noise in his throat and a movement as if to fly at him.

"But it is nothing. Dross. Keep it if you like," continued the pilgrim. "Your friend. I forget his name; he who cares for good sacred things in the—the—the museum. I have left with him a paper, writing, saying you may keep all, for all is nothing."

It was a kindly face which regarded them. The eyes had a brightness, a depth without desire, a peace not of this world.

"I have gone," said the maharaja, "into homelessness. You did well for me, sir, according to your word given. I wish you all a good night, gentlemen."

He turned away, smiling. Runa would have gone with him.

"No, I thank you." He halted in the doorway, to refuse company. "I thank you. But there is a journey for me, and I am about to enter into meditation."

He went from them. A shadowy hint of white cloth melted in the passage. Afterward, how long after they could not recall, the three men of the West began to speak again.

"What a rebuke! Well," said Birdekin, "hanged if I have to touch a penny of it."

Runa, who sat swinging his legs in the hole as before, looked up with alarm.

"Heaven's name, don't let it start us quarreling!" he begged. "That's the curse of the trash."

"Right!" Dan dropped in beside him. "No Pardoner's Tale business here."

"Quarrel? Why need we? Nor part, I hope." Kicking their Gorgon shield out of his way, the big wanderer made room to sit down opposite them. "But, Dan my boy, don't you let any woman come and marry you for this. They will, you know, the wrong kind; aye, coil their grapples round your neck with a joyful scream. . . . Humph! A yarn worth telling, that's all. It's in the shikar as you go, not the bag at the end. We'll never have any fun better than tonight's."

They dangled their legs back and forth over a darkness of treasure. To Dan came conviction that all had but the same thought—a long dream, the old age of the world, the slow defile of human life passing from one mystery to another; a pagan acknowledgment, the oneness of the living with the dead, which many a dreamer, not pagan, had felt in catacombs like these.

Birdekin laughed it away.

"Quarrel, my eye and Betty Martin! We're quite *mateout*," he declared. "The only man walking who can hang a Persian double daric to his watch chain. Let me be him. There's every blessed thing I want."

Runa, with the gold helmet forgotten but glorious on his head, stared into the pit as if down through all the earth.

"They won't have to live round the corner in a garret any more," said he. "I don't know whether it's good or bad. Except that much. My wife, Leda, and the little pair. We'll all be able to pass the time of day with one another now."

His friends did not answer at the moment. They had seen a tear go rolling down, catch on the curve of the golden cheek piece and hang there, shining.

(THE END)

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(Continued from Page 29)

though it had been hot. Jolly awkward to be caught with that just now! Perhaps she hadn't noticed.

"What do you think of Tomp's things?" said Lady Dorothy.

"Bilge!" said Jeremy, unable to trifle with his conscience any longer.

"Splendid!" said Lady Dorothy, to his amazement. "So do I! I don't think it means anything at all. Violet sent them to me for my opinion. I'm so glad you agree."

"There you go!" thought Jeremy bitterly. "That's the sort of luck I have. She agrees with me!

"Well, why do you read such stuff?" he queried, anxious to gain time.

"One must know," said Lady Dorothy earnestly. "Surely you realize that. I know you did not approve of Marcel Proust, but you read him. After all, only ignorance is impossible."

"The perfect highbrow. My hat!" said Jeremy to himself. "I've a jolly good mind to read some of this stuff, go Bolshie about it and smash all the mental furniture that way. I wonder who this chap Proust is?"

Aloud he said rashly, "It's all very well to rave about things just because their date happens to be early twentieth century. But I'm not so sure. My taste is going backward, I think."

"But how far back?"

That was a poser. He knew so little about either backward or forward. There was something so irresistibly comic about the two of them discussing literature in that farcical room, each completely in the dark as to the other's real tastes or character. It was the more comic when the real drama of the situation was remembered. Lady Dorothy was waiting for him to declare himself, to make some demonstration of affection.

She had been away; she had expected a warm welcome. Olivia, bless her heart for her old-fashioned ideas, had gone away and left them together. She wanted him to show her that he still cared.

Jeremy, on the other hand, was seeking wildly for some sort of lead which would bring his courage to the sticking point and enable him to break off the other man's engagement. Olivia—the cool cheek of the girl—had gone off and left him to face the music.

"How far back? Well, what about Milton?" he said at last, Milton being the only poet's name he could remember offhand.

"Arthur!" she exclaimed. "And then you say you're not modern! Why, it's the very latest fad to go back to Milton in poetry, to Bach and Handel and Purcell in music. Why, you're positively highbrow!"

"It's awfully hot in here, isn't it?" said Jeremy. "Let's get into the air."

He felt perhaps he could say what he had to say more easily out in the open, when he was not bothered by those silver walls and that monstrous painting.

"Do you like my room? I had it done while I was away."

"Sorry," said Jeremy truthfully; "I don't."

"Now why?"

"It's—I don't know—it's restless. You see, I like a room to be friendly. Some rooms feel kind immediately you enter them. Perhaps it's the silver walls; I don't know

"I can rig up a quarrel on this if I'm careful," he thought, snatching at straws.

"Perhaps you're right," she said. "I wasn't satisfied myself. But there is a need sometimes for something more than mere restfulness. Don't you feel it?"

She took his arm as she spoke and they moved across toward the sunken water garden.

"Personally, I've had enough restlessness," said Jeremy grimly. "I could do with a little peace and quietness now and again. The ideal world as I see it is where everything is what it seems and there are no fakes."

"What do you mean? What have fakes to do with it? I don't understand."

"Well, you see—er—I mean"—stammered Jeremy, conscious of having made a slip—"I mean fakes. I like real things. You know—muffins and good solid restful things like that. I hate imitation anything, imitation poetry, imitation opinions, imitation men and women, imitation art. I suppose the only bird that won't go to heaven is the cuckoo, just because he isn't what he seems."

"Honesty being the best policy?" she smiled.

"Well, isn't it?"

"I wonder. Is it for women?"

Jeremy pondered this for a while. There seemed to be a catch in it. If he agreed she might take him at his word; and from what he could see, she was modern enough to tell him straight out she was in love with him. If he said no he would look a silly ass. He felt like a man lost on a common at midnight in the middle of a bramble thicket.

Whatever he did was wrong and any moment he might come a cropper.

"I don't know," he said absently, and let his thoughts wander back to Africa, where the only dangers had been lions and snakes and malarial fevers and natives and crocodiles.

All the time he was saying to himself, "When we get to the water-lily pool I'll do it; pull myself together and go in off the deep end. Ugh! I wish it was tomorrow night, or next year, or anything but now. The water-lily pool—not a foot farther—I'll do it."

"Doesn't it?" he heard her saying, and realized with a shock he hadn't been listening to a word she had said.

"Doesn't it what?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter. I suppose we were both talking nonsense. Come, I want you to see my roses."

She sheered deliberately away from the water-lily pool and bore off to the left, where a mass of climbing roses swept in waves of color over a stone arch leading into the walled garden at the side of the Hall.

"All right," thought Jeremy. "Never mind the water-lily pool. When we get to the arch. Not a step farther. I've got to do it. Heaven help me!"

But he did not do it. For quite casually and utterly ignorant of the effect she might produce, she suddenly sprang a mine under his feet, the shock of which left him speechless

"I forgot to tell Olivia. I knew there was something I had to tell her. And now perhaps she'll settle down and get married like a reasonable person."

"Get married? Eh? What? I say ——"

"What's the matter with you? You knew that it was practically a settled affair before Aleck Thane went to America. She was practically engaged to him. It was an open secret anyway. I thought you knew. However, Aleck Thane has come back. I met him in London last week, and he's coming up here today. I don't know, but I believe he's going to speak to Olivia right away."

VI

JEREMY LAYTREE, alias the Hon. Arthur Arthurton and heir to the title and estates of the Amlett family, sat in the seclusion of the Blue Room miserably reviewing his position. On the table at his elbow lay an open book of poetry. Forced to carry on the farce and hide his real identity from Lady Dorothy, he had managed to scrape a nodding acquaintance with half a dozen or so of the most important of Arthur's favorite poets. He liked Masefield. Especially he loved that perfect lyric "I must go down to the seas again." That awakened a quick sympathy in him. He would have liked to go down to the sea again and take the first boat for anywhere. Before him on the table lay the draft of an advertisement he had sketched out for the Agony Column in the Times:

"Jeremy Laytree. For the love of Mike, come back. Bargain off. Situation hopeless."

That might catch his eye. Every day the situation grew worse. Old Milton, the station master, had begun to look at him sideways; there was Lady Dorothy and this confounded poetry nonsense; and now to cap it all, this business of Aleck Thane, who was expected at the castle any moment.

He groaned and turned to his poetry books. He turned a few pages of a violet-backed volume and came upon:

He is debonair beneath the spreading gum tree,
But what is that thither-whither light in his eyes?
That is Trotter of the tribulations,
That is the man who is not as other men.
For he has been across those seas and seen the blue country.

"You can search me," he said aloud, "but that's not poetry. It isn't anything. And I haven't broken off that beastly engagement!"

A few pages on he came across another passage:

He is gone. They are all gone. Gone. Gone!
It is nothing. I'm taken this way sometimes.

"That's the first sensible thing the blighter has said. Suppose she wants me to discuss that? I'll discuss it! I'll discuss it so that there'll be nothing left of it. It's more like a literary and debating society than a love affair. Pah!"

He closed the book and lit a pipe. From his window he could see out across the gardens to the river. Everything looked perfect; the early sunshine of a flawless day lay over the lawns, and farther off deep-blue shadows lined the distant woods. He thought of Olivia—thought hopelessly of her. After all, she was not for him. She was born and bred to all this. She was part and parcel of it. There was something of her in the quiet peace and settled serenity of the place, in its clean, fresh beauty, in its finished perfection. Not that he was an outcast or a social impossible. His family was as old as hers perhaps, but the Laytrees had never been content to stay in one place.

They were wanderers over the face of the earth, adventurers, seamen, explorers, colonizers; they were rolling stones and they had gone on rolling until not only was there no moss but hardly any stone.

"I'm the last Laytree," thought Jeremy, "and I'm out of place here. I took this job on for a lark. It's not a lark, not by a long way. I wish I were out of it. Save for Olivia —— Um—yes, I know she kissed me, or she let me kiss her. I hardly know which now. I've had that anyway. But I can't hold her to it. I can't hold anybody to anything. I'm an anachronism, a fake, a sham antique, and I wish I was anywhere but here."

But even as he faced the idea of immediate withdrawal, he knew it would be hard.

"I'll go back where I came from," he thought. "There's this fellow Thane too. I wonder what about that. Perhaps he's a decent fellow. I'd better see Olivia about that too."

For in spite of his having rushed away from Lady Dorothy the previous day, he had not had an opportunity to discuss matters with Olivia. In fact, she had almost avoided him. He went in search of her and found her in the library arranging a bowl of roses. He stopped by the curtained doorway to admire her. Whatever she thought of that kiss in the wood, there was [illegible]

Continued on Page 145

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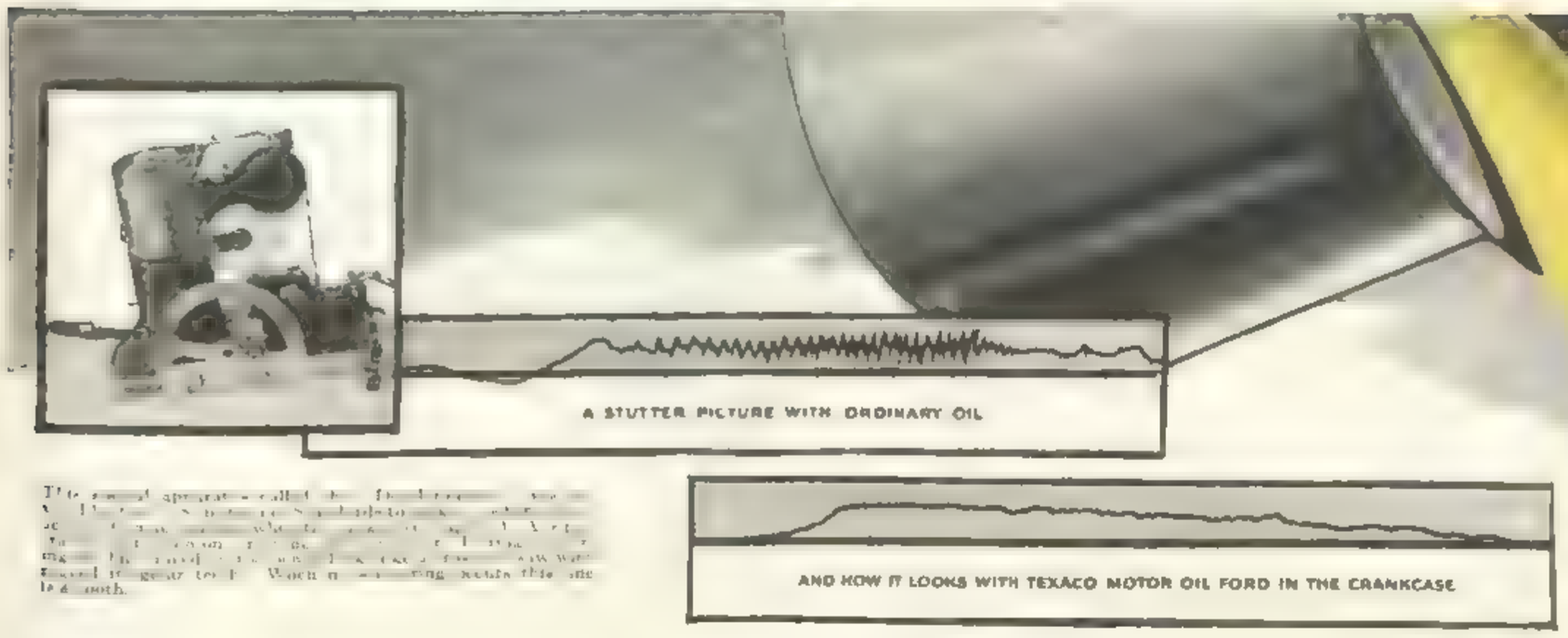

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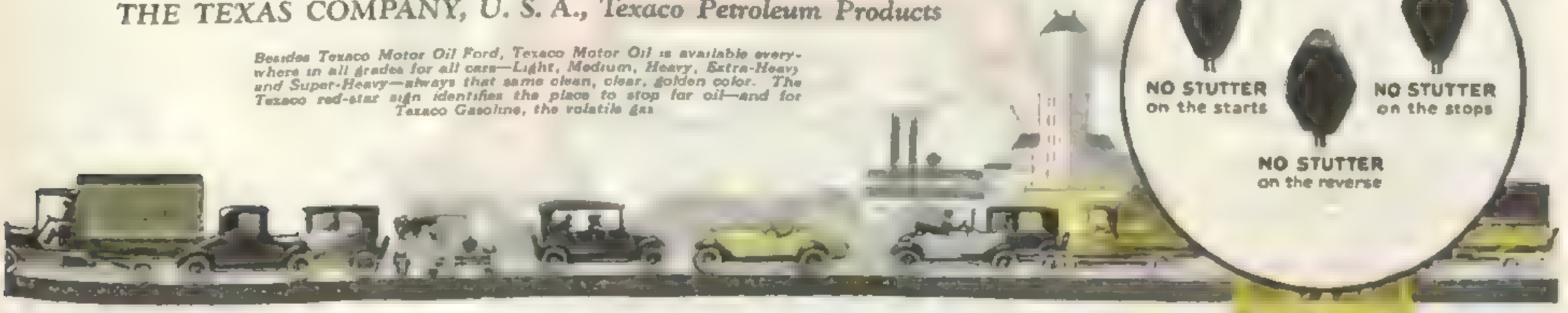

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(Continued from Page 140)

about his own feelings. He loved her. Quite simply, loyally, finally and completely, he loved her. It is rare in life to come up against some emotion, some enthusiasm, some belief, which is at once recognized as true once and for all, complete in all its details, which will hold fast for all time. It had happened to Jeremy. As he watched her dark shapely head bent over the roses he was conscious of an overpowering rush of emotion. There, before him, was the one girl in all the world: he had met her, and whatever might happen in the future, nothing could change the fact that he loved her. This was one of those emotions which are instantly true and for all time.

She turned and saw him.

"Sluggard!"

"I haven't slugged a bit! I've been up in my room trying vainly to read some of that ghastly poetry."

"Ah? Then you've decided not to jib?"

There was, he thought, a faint note of disappointment in her voice.

"Not it! But the jibbing is postponed unavoidably."

"Why?"

"It wasn't the moment. There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken by the scruff of the neck—you know how it goes. Well, yesterday wasn't the tide. I missed the boat. You haven't got a book on etiquette handy, I suppose? I'd like to read up something about breaking engagements."

"Is that what you came in here for?"

"No. To be quite frank, I came in here to see whether I could find you."

"Ah?"

She was smiling again, but with a grave preoccupied air.

"Yes; I wanted to talk to you."

"Seriously?"

"I don't know. Look here, do you know a chap called Aleck Thane?"

"Yes, I do." She answered in a low voice. "He wants to marry me."

"So I gathered," said Jeremy.

"From whom?"

"From Lady Dorothy."

"Why from her?"

"She happened to tell me."

"Why?"

"Well, I was just summoning up my courage to break off my engagement, and wishing I was dead, when she came plump out with the information that Aleck Thane was expected here any moment, and was in fact on his way here. I lost my head and left her. She'll be furious. I can't help that. I wanted to see you. Then I couldn't find you. Where were you?"

"I didn't want to see you, that was all," said Olivia. "Oh, can't you see that my position is not too easy?"

"Mine's not exactly a bed of roses," said Jeremy.

"I'm sorry," said Olivia, coming closer to him. "I would have told you before. But, you see, I didn't think he was coming back so soon; and we're not engaged; and besides, it wasn't exactly your affair then, was it?"

"What do you mean—then?"

"What I say," said Olivia, looking down. "Then isn't now, is it—or is it?"

"You mean yesterday morning—in the wood?"

"Yes," said Olivia, looking away. "If—if that meant anything to you—I mean—well, I suppose it is your business now, or it will be."

She raised her eyes to his, and for a moment he was tempted to take her in his arms. But no, he would take no unfair advantage of his position.

"I can put him off for a while," went on Olivia quickly. "But if I say no straight out, and you break your engagement with Lady Dorothy, he'll begin to think things. It's going to be very awkward. You see, you and he were supposed to be in the same regiment in Palestine."

Jeremy groaned. Here was another snag. He knew the strange fads religiously pursued by regimental messes; each had its separate customs, queer little odds and ends of procedure. They performed strange little futile ceremonies with the port wine and had private mannerisms carefully cultivated.

"Item," said Jeremy: "I have never been in Palestine. Item: I don't know anything about the jolly old Dragoons he belongs to. Item: If he talks about the war, all my lies will be African ones, and I'll put my foot in it. This is worse than ever."

"If I remember rightly," said Olivia, "there's a very fine regimental history on the second shelf over there."

Jeremy contemplated the three fat volumes.

"No," he said, "I can't bear it. I'm no bookworm. I've already read far too much today. Besides, he'd catch me out. It's no good. I must just rely on my native capacity for tact and lie like a genius when it comes to the difficult parts. If I can get the game past Lady Dorothy, I can get it past Aleck Thane. Cheer up, Olivia! We'll win through yet."

He met Thane at lunch. Lord Amlett had not yet returned, and Jeremy, as the heir, took the high carved chair with his back to the great window. Thane was on his right, Olivia on his left.

"You're lookin' pretty fit and bobbish," said Thane.

"So-so," said Jeremy.

"But you're lookin' just a shade fatter. Better diet, you know."

"I'm all right," said Jeremy uneasily, wishing he would not be so personal.

"I met old Gaiters in the club yesterday," went on Thane. "Asked after you. He's getting a bit long in the tooth."

"They ought to give him a staff job," said Jeremy. "His teeth are long enough, I suppose."

It was a bold stroke, but it happened to be right. Gaiters was the regimental nickname for the colonel, and it would have been fatal not to know anything about him. In fact, the increasing net of difficulties about his feet was becoming so painful that Jeremy was growing reckless. He could see there would be a violent explosion before long, and he felt that he might as well give a brilliant performance before he was snuffed out altogether. Moreover, the way Thane looked at Olivia annoyed him. Thane had a hard mouth, so hard that it clipped the endings from his words and the unnecessary words from his sentences before they could escape.

His eyes were hard and straight, the eyes of an open-air man, hard living, hard riding, Spartan and hostile.

"He's the sort of man who makes saints," thought Jeremy, "by making martyrs of them first."

"You staying in England long?" asked Jeremy.

"That depends," said Thane deliberately, looking at Olivia.

"That's right," said Jeremy. "Be tactful, do!"

Thane colored slightly and crumbled bread.

"Don't get quarreling, you two children," said Olivia. "If you'll excuse me I'll go and order the car for Philip. He comes back this afternoon. We had a wire this morning."

As Jeremy held the door open for her to pass she whispered, "Go slow."

It was difficult. Jeremy had been going slow all through lunch. He did not like this man. He hated to have to eat a meal with him, for in the elaborate ceremonial of eating he was afraid of giving himself away. There had been several references to the regiment, all of which Jeremy had parried or Olivia had warded off. Now he was left alone with the man.

"She's right. We mustn't quarrel. Never know. Look here, old chap, have I any sort of chance?"

"Do you want my advice," asked Jeremy, "or do you merely want me to tell you that what you think is right? I can do both."

"Want your advice, of course," said Thane; "I'm not a child."

"Well, keep your wool on. But you won't be particularly joyful about it when you get it. My advice is very simple—clear out."

"Thanks," said Thane. There was a long silence, and then he added, "You don't know what you're talkin' about."

"I knew you didn't want advice," said Jeremy. "You wanted soft soap. Well, I don't deal in it."

"Why should I clear out?"

"Don't be chuckleheaded. Anyone could see with half an eye that Olivia is not thinking about getting fixed up. Besides, if you break the subject now, so near to her father's death, you'll upset her."

Thane watched him curiously. He had caught the words, "her father's death," which seemed to come strangely from Arthur. The late Lord Amlett had been his father too. People didn't talk like that. Perhaps it was just a slip, but it made him cautious.

Through the windows from across the lawns came the sound of a mowing machine—a soft, drowsy, summery sound, full of the busy peace of the countryside.

"How jolly it could be here," thought Jeremy, "if this silly chump would only go away, and there were no Lady Dorothy, and I were really what I am supposed to be!"

Inside the room there was no sound save the murmur of their voices. They were alone there, and Jeremy could feel that on this interview between them the whole of the future depended. This man could make it very awkward for him—impossible, in fact. If he once suspected the real relations between Olivia and Jeremy he would take a rare pleasure in upsetting the apple cart. Jeremy's impersonation would be a double affront to him. It would offend his sense of what was right and fitting, outrage his regimental and caste pride, and, more important still, would reveal the fact that he had a rival in his love for Olivia. He could not have come at a worse time.

"I'm not goin' to go like a bull at a gate exactly," said Thane. "There are ways and means. I think she was glad to see me."

"Maybe," said Jeremy. "Have a glass of port?"

He pushed the decanter over with his right hand, so full of his own thoughts that he did not realize what he was doing, did not realize what he had done. He should have passed the port with his left hand, to be true to the immutable traditions of the regiment. A slight thing, but no regimental mess worth its salt ever takes port casually. It is a serious business, and any deviation from the established tradition is severely discountenanced.

Aleck Thane noticed the lapse, which fitted in with a score of tiny details he had noticed in his supposed old messmate. They were all tiny things. He was not wearing regimental cuff links for one; he had refused sherry before lunch for another; most important of all, he had omitted the toast of the regiment at the end of the lunch. Whenever two or more of the Dragoons were met together, it was an unwritten law that the toast of the regiment should be drunk, in silence and standing, at the end of a meal. All these things puzzled Thane. The Arthur Arthurton he had known had been a stickler for such points, even to excess. He seemed to have changed. There was something queer about him. As yet Thane had no inkling of the truth, which was far too unlikely, too fantastic, to be considered. He was just puzzled and a little irritated. He had liked Arthur Arthurton as he had known him; he was not so sure now. Perhaps being heir to the title had upset him. Men were curious about such things.

Jeremy had risen.

"Shall we move on? You'd like to see the horses perhaps."

"Yes," said Thane absent-mindedly. "But look here, about Olivia ——"

"What about her?"

"I can't go on like this. I've got to know just where I stand. Will you speak to her for me? Tell her that I don't want to bother her, but that you have an idea that

(Continued on Page 147)

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wrote the Welsch Waterproof Block Co. of Joliet, Ill. And as a sample they sent along a battered old Red Edge Shovel.

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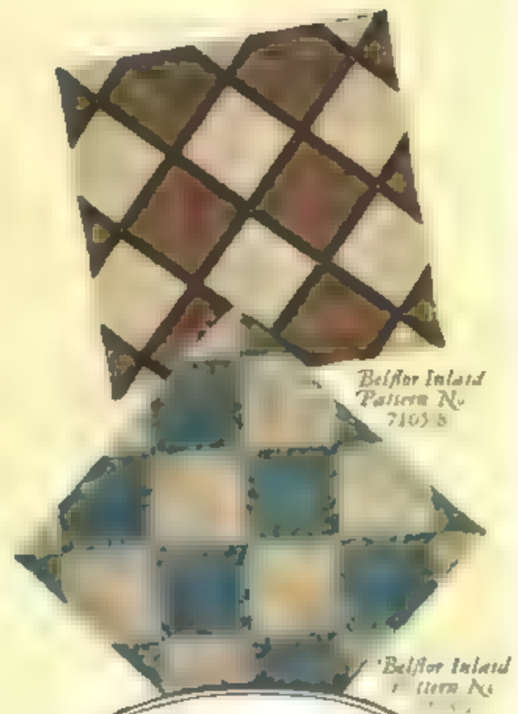

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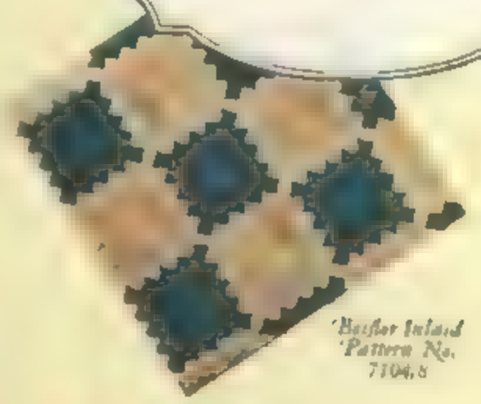


NAIRN INLAID LINOLEUM

Continued from Page 145

I'd like to know whether she has changed her mind—or not."

"Better take my advice and leave it alone," said Jeremy.

"Damn it, you might be a sport! I'd like to know where I stand."

"Do you suppose," broke out Jeremy angrily, "that you're the only one who'd like to know just where he stands? D'you suppose nobody else has any difficulties? Why, my dear fathead, I know one or two people not a hundred miles away whose troubles would make yours look like a farthing candle in a film studio! You're just being darned selfish. I can't see my way clear to blurt out anything to Olivia. She'd probably box my ears and tell me to mind my own business, and quite right too."

Thane stopped dead in his tracks. The lines about his mouth hardened.

"Better have this out," he said brusquely.

"Have it out, certainly," said Jeremy. "But there's no need to break the furniture about it."

"Are you definitely against me in this then?"

"Yes," said Jeremy; "since you ask it, I am. I've given you my advice and it was well meant. But since you ask me whether I am going to help you to marry Olivia, I may as well be frank and say no straight out."

"You remember that night in Palestine?" said Thane.

"Look out!" thought Jeremy.

"When I first put the idea to you, you weren't hostile to it then. Remember what you said?"

"No, I don't."

"You said 'Go in and win,' if I remember rightly," said Thane. "Frankly, I don't understand you. You pick a quarrel with me, and then calmly announce you've changed your mind. What am I to make of it?"

"Make what you like of it," said Jeremy, who was thoroughly unhappy. "I'm not the final court anyway. Ask Philip. After all, he's the elder son. It's nothing to do with me."

Thane was pale, very quiet and perfectly self-possessed.

"Then I can count on your unfriendliness?" he said coldly.

"Don't be a blithering idiot!" said Jeremy. "You can't count on anything. If your own good sense doesn't tell you there are reasons why you should make yourself scarce, then no words of mine can do any good. You used not to be a tactless galoot. For heaven's sake, don't behave like one now!"

He turned away and left him standing there. His patience was strained to the utmost, and he could feel that in another minute he would blurt out something fatally indiscreet.

"I'm about the world's worst impersonator," he said to himself. "Oh, be hanged to it! I'm going to find Olivia. Anything for a little peace and quiet. Let the blighter do his worst."

The blighter seemed in no hurry to act upon the powerful hints conveyed by Jeremy. He wandered across the lawn toward the boathouse, and for some time paced up and down the banks of the stream. He was half making up his mind to get a boat out and row upstream for the sake of the exercise, when he became conscious of Lady Dorothy, who was approaching across the grass.

"Where is everybody, Thane?" she asked.

"Dunno. Arthur's just left me in a rotten temper, and Olivia's not to be seen. I'm going to row up the stream a bit."

"It looks very inviting," said Lady Dorothy. "Suppose you punt and take me."

"Right-o!"

He was not by any means averse to the company of Lady Dorothy. She at any rate favored his wooing of Olivia, and having failed to get at Arthur direct, he thought he might tackle Lady Dorothy as a side issue.

The punt swung lazily out into midstream and then glided along beneath the overhanging willows. Thane looked at Lady Dorothy as she lay among the scarlet and gold cushions. She was all in brilliant white, without a speck of color anywhere. The set perfection of her face appealed to him.

"You are a magnificent animal, Thane," she said softly, watching his powerful lithe movements with the punt pole.

"Meaning I've no brains to speak of?" he said, smiling. "Granted."

"No, I mean you're mostly physical, that's all. Do you ever read anything?"

"Never," said Thane. "Look at the Times now and again. You mean books, I suppose?"

"Um—poetry ought to appeal to you. It appeals to Olivia anyway."

"I want to ask you something," he interrupted. "I want you to put in a word with Arthur. I think he's gone mad."

"Ah?"

"When I mentioned Olivia he saw red and wouldn't listen. Told me to clear out."

"Perhaps the idea of your marrying her was a shock to him. You should be more tactful. You should have given him time."

"But there was no sense in his quarreling about it. After all, he knew all about it."

"Was he very much upset?"

"All to pieces, if you ask me. Can't make the beggar out. Not like the Arthur I used to know."

"Oh? Can't you explain a little more? I'm very much interested you know—personally."

"Well, it's odd. It's little things mostly. But I find him different. We used to be pals, you know. After all, he saved my life once. I'd cricked my ankle and there was a nasty business with three Arabs. He turned up with a lump of clay they thought was a bomb. They ran for their lives and he brought me in. Jolly sporting of him. But he doesn't seem to care now."

Lady Dorothy filed the story for future use. It was new to her, and she could see it might be valuable. But she was not disposed to run in harness with Thane. What she knew she was keeping to herself, except as it pleased her.

"You said just now he knew all about your wanting to marry Olivia," said Lady Dorothy at length idly.

"Why, yes! Years ago, in Palestine, he told me to go in and win. It was all cut and dried."

"Curiouser and curiouser!" thought Lady Dorothy. "When I broke it to him he looked as though he'd trodden on a snake."

Aloud, she merely remarked that perhaps Arthur had changed his mind. She did not wish to discuss Olivia. She wanted to keep Thane on the discussion of the new Arthur. But at the same time she was not giving anything away. If she had cared to share her partial knowledge with Thane, the two of them could have held the whip hand over Jeremy. They could have forced his hand any way they liked. But Thane was not sure of Lady Dorothy and she was not sure of herself. She knew only that since this new warm intimate feeling had come to her, she did not dare to do anything which might imperil her enjoyment of it.

Completely selfish, she had set her heart on fulfilling the promise of the moment at any cost. Thane was merely an extraneous circumstance. She could not see how she could use him and so she dismissed him from her mind.

Thane turned the punt before they reached the weir and they slid softly back to the boathouse.

"That was delightful," said Lady Dorothy. "I always think water is so soothing. I feel much more composed now. I'm going up to the castle. Are you coming?"

"Well, I'm doubtful," said Thane. "I think perhaps I'd better go up on the off chance of seeing Olivia. Dash it all, I'm going to risk it. I'll ask her point-blank. No use funkin' a hedge when it's there. I can't go on like this anyhow."

They went across the lawn to the castle. The windows of the library were open.

"Let's go in this way," said Lady Dorothy.

The castle seemed strangely deserted. Thane rang a bell, but no one answered. He rang again, and at last a worried and harassed footman appeared.

"Tell Mr. Arthurton I'd like to speak to him, will you?" said Lady Dorothy.

The man looked foolish, as though he didn't know what to say.

"What's the matter with you, man? Don't stand there!"

"He's not at home. They've all gone down to the village."

"Well ——"

"There's been an accident—I don't know ——"

At that moment there was the sound of the grinding of motor wheels outside.

"Steady there! Be careful! Where's the doctor?" The confused sound as of several people speaking at once came to them as they stood listening.

"What is it?" said Lady Dorothy in a whisper.

They went forward and looked out upon the drive. A little group stood bareheaded round the car. Jeremy, his hair all rumpled in the faint wind, was standing bewildered and unhappy, talking to the doctor.

"It's all over," the doctor was saying. "He is dead."

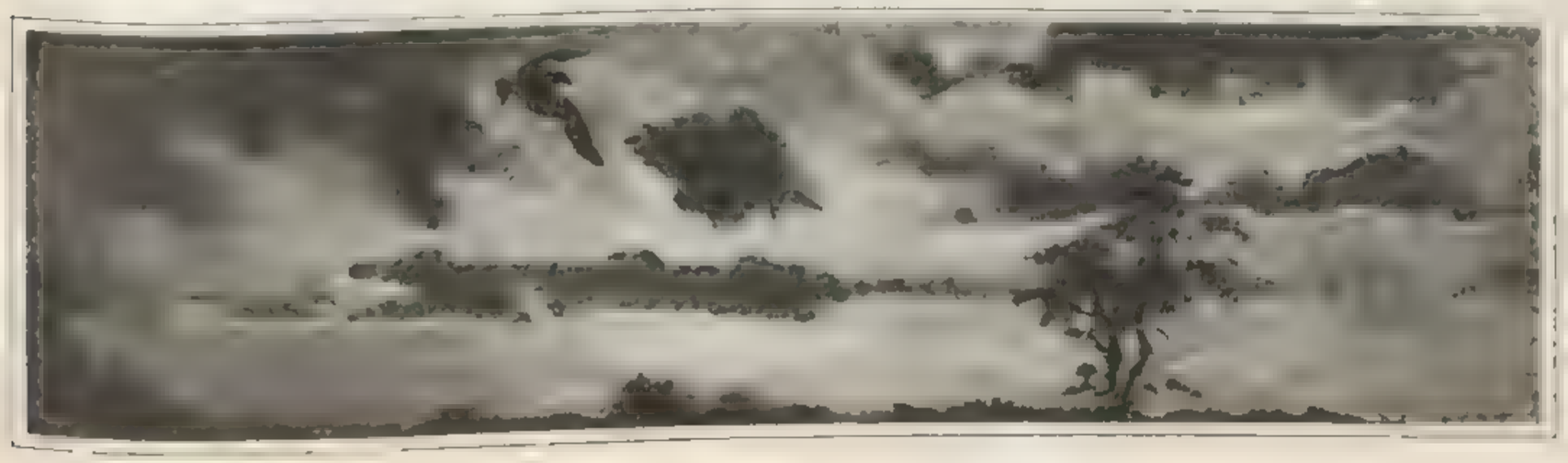
A whispered word from one of the servants and Lady Dorothy knew the truth. Lord Amlett's car had skidded and overturned in a ditch. Lord Amlett himself had been killed. For the second time in that short period, the title had passed on.

Jeremy, bewildered and worried, beckoned to a servant and gave some brief order.

"Yes, your lordship," said the man instantly.

And then Jeremy knew to the full the measure of responsibility which he had undertaken. He, Jeremy Laytree, was now Lord Amlett!

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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THE RESPONSIBILITY OF WEALTH

(Continued from Page 33)

And in his efforts to achieve this wish he applied to the art of giving money wisely those principles which were approved by his business experiences. Until very recently the administration of benevolent gifts has been operated in hope that the noble purpose of the benevolence would so tinge its administrations that efficiency would result. But benevolence is a broad, sweeping sentiment, and efficiency a precise science of detail. It has been Mr. Rockefeller's practice to combine the two.

To give away money is a simple operation. To give money wisely requires more ingenuity and as much sweat of brow and brain as it takes to accumulate the same given amount of cash.

Back in those days when Mr. Rockefeller was active head of the Standard Oil Company, an investigating committee found it necessary to request his presence at a hearing. He listened with absolute attention to the remarks of counsel for the investigation. The counsel said a number of things bearing on the subject and then turned sharply to the witness:

"Mr. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil Company is successful, very successful. Now will you tell us, Mr. Rockefeller, to what you consider this success of the Standard Oil Company due?"

The absolute belief in an idea upon which he acted both industrially and philanthropically was contained in this answer. He said, "To others."

Always, in his building up of business enterprises, Mr. Rockefeller had favored the use of specialists and boards, and his judgments were seldom made without first questioning and listening. So it was natural that, in the unique task of solving the problem of giving money with the most benefit and the least harm, he should adopt the mechanics which industrial precedent had proved wise. Gradually, with his increased thought on the matter, his philosophy of giving took on the aspects of an exact science, and as a preface to any action on a request for aid he applied a precise study of facts before answering that request.

In his book Mr. Rockefeller tells, as an example of the application of this scientific study of a request to help, the incident of a gentleman who was urgently solicited for funds to be used in founding an orphanage in a large city near New York. The appeal struck the heart of the gentleman, yet he begged permission to ask a few questions before making up his mind.

Self-Help the Best Help

"Could you tell me," he said, "how many beds the asylums at present serving this community provide? Are the asylums efficient? Where are they located?"

The committee in charge of raising the money for the new project did not have these data. The gentleman therefore requested their patience while he considered the matter further.

At once he started a survey of conditions on his own account. The results showed the city for which the new institution was planned to be so supplied with well-run and properly located orphanages that there were far more beds for children than there were applicants to use them. On these facts the gentleman preferred to apply his gifts toward an enterprise which should not duplicate effort. The underlying idea of conservation, the dread of wasted energy cropping out again.

In the earlier days oil was produced so much faster than it could be sold in a limited area, and competition was therefore so intense, that, in order to keep business going, Mr. Rockefeller and his associates were forced to extend their market into national and then international channels. Gradually their sales organization was flung out to the farthest spots of the earth. It was probably the reports coming in from these outlying representatives, telling of world conditions, which first crystallized in John D. Rockefeller's mind the personal conviction that the two greatest evils of civilization were ignorance and disease. And the purpose back of his later application of scientific philanthropy has shown the wish to have his gifts operate to combat ignorance and disease on behalf of all mankind, rather than for the benefit of a confined locality.

When a man has decided what items of the world's distress he hopes to soften, he at once begins to cast about to see how he can aid that distress. Of his own conviction, Mr. Rockefeller has written:

"If the people can be educated to help themselves, we strike at the root of many of the evils of the world. This is the fundamental thing, and it is worth saying, even if it has been said so often that its truth is lost sight of in its constant repetition. The only thing which is of lasting benefit to a man is that which he does for himself."

The Scientific Approach

The General Education Board was founded by John D. Rockefeller with the broad aims, as set forth in its charter, to further "the promotion of education within the United States of America without distinction of race, sex or creed." One of its prime interests was to help the cause of education in the South. A scientific survey of conditions in the district chosen for study yielded the dominant fact that though the counties had schools, the lack of sufficient public funds made it impossible to elevate the quality of educational mechanism. It was, of course, not feasible for a private enterprise to step into a district and support a public-school system. Such an offer would have been resented by a self-respecting group of hard-working citizens, to say nothing of the fact that no private philanthropy could secure sufficient funds for such a program. Doctor Knapp, who later devised the plan by which the board carried through its educational assistance, put the matter tersely:

"Schools should follow as the sequence of greater earning capacity, and should not be planted by charity to become a tax on poverty."

Holding in its mind the conviction of Mr. Rockefeller that "If the people can be educated to help themselves, we strike at the root of many of the evils of the world," the board started an inquiry as to the best methods of teaching the most intelligent farming to the average working farmer of the South, in order to increase the prosperity of that region.

After a year of search they found Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, who had done remarkable work for the United States Department of Agriculture in establishing a community demonstration farm at Terrell, Texas, for the purpose of showing farmers how cotton could be cultivated profitably despite the ravages of the boll weevil. The board figured that if a demonstration farm paid in a pest-ridden area, it should be more highly successful for districts whose greatest disadvantage was lack of scientific farming knowledge

Doctor Knapp was convinced that if demonstration methods could be financed at the start by a private organization, the success of the methods would eventually attract attention sufficient to enlist local support; and each farm which demonstrated the most approved ways of crop culture would be a point from which agricultural knowledge would radiate out into surrounding districts.

The plans of Doctor Knapp dovetailed so precisely with Mr. Rockefeller's fundamental wish to have his benefactions operate so that a man might be aided to help

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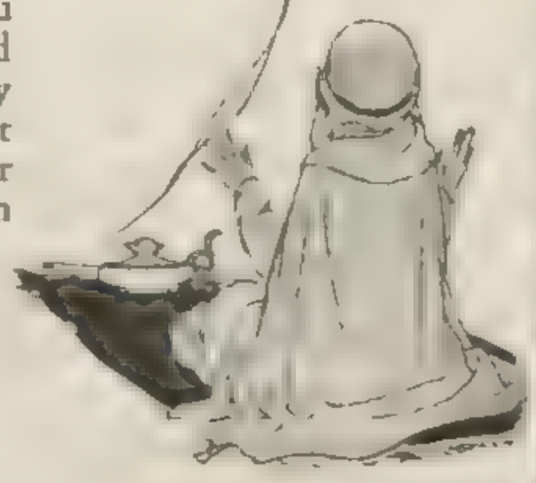

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himself that it was adopted by the board. An arrangement was made whereby its activities were to be under the supervision of the United States Department of Agriculture and the work started.

A single characteristic example will serve as an index to the success of Doctor Knapp's application of Mr. Rockefeller's personal conviction as to the purpose of philanthropy. In Southern Alabama was a one-mule farmer, in debt up to his ears, and with no hope of putting his fields on a paying basis. He was finally persuaded to apply modern methods to his farm, although he was loud in his disbelief of any good it would do him. No matter how painful it was to his pride, his disillusionment was profitable. Where before he had produced two-fifths of a bale of cotton to the acre, he now picked one and one-seventh bales to the same acre. From ground which had previously yielded eleven bushels of corn per acre, he now procured twenty-six bushels. The preceding year his total crop had brought him $224.90. His first year of applying the improved methods as recommended by Doctor Knapp yielded him $865. That man is now local demonstration agent and his neighbors are learning the secrets from him. A source of living energy had been created—an energy which is not wasted away through being drawn upon, but becomes stronger and more capable of service.

The Watchful Eye

Proper school equipment and fair wages for teachers, which the lack of public funds had previously made impossible, have sprung from the financial betterment of the citizens of these districts. "Schools have followed as the sequence of greater earning capacity." And the cause of education which Mr. Rockefeller set out to help is now supported by the citizens of the districts which profit by that education.

There is an old gentleman in Cleveland, formerly a manager of one of the Standard Oil Company branches, who once said a very illuminating thing:

"About Mr. Rockefeller now. He's never there, and yet he's always there. I remember once, years ago, a hot July day. The sweat came out on your face faster than you could mop it off, it was so hot. For some time I'd been figuring what I'd do with a lot of junk stacked in a corner of the yard. Of course, the idea had to strike me so hard on the hottest day of the year that I put on my hat and went out to look it over again. After I'd spent some time poking around the mess, I came from behind the pile, and there strolling up and down, slow-like, before that junk was the old man—and if I'd thought of him at all, I'd have guessed he was in New York. Well, I just said, 'How do you do,' and he didn't say very much himself. He sort of nodded and smiled, and headed the other way, stopping just long enough to say, 'That's right, eternal vigilance. Good day.' And before I knew it, he was gone. That was just like Mr. Rockefeller. Never there, but always there."

The relationship of John D. Rockefeller with the administration of those benevolent organizations which his plans and funds have initiated is extremely simple. After he has considered—sometimes for years—the wisdom of the underlying idea of a scheme to aid a particular distress, he extends invitations to various gentlemen to serve on the directing board of the organization. He selects his boards from men whom he believes to have the broadest grasp of the situation to be considered. And having selected them and acquainted them with the general object he wishes to attain, he does not meddle further in their activity. Such an attitude, however, does not mean lack of interest in the matter.

A gentleman who has had the chance to study him intimately for many years says of this point:

"Mr. Rockefeller is like a searchlight swinging about and revealing the results of his organizations. After he has persuaded men who know more of the particular subject than he does to serve on the administrative boards, he leaves them alone. But he knows every last iota of results that the organizations get."

Some years ago Mr. John D. Rockefeller was walking home from church with his son. As they approached Fiftieth Street and Fifth Avenue, Mr. Rockefeller, Junior, paused.

"The Institute"—he referred to the huge structure of the Rockefeller Institute at Sixty-sixth Street and Avenue A—"is only a few blocks away. You've never been there. Let me call a taxi and we will go there now."

The War on the Hookworm

Mr. Rockefeller, senior, deep in a conversation which gripped his attention, stepped into the cab which his son had hailed and kept on talking of the matter uppermost in his mind. The car stopped at the entrance to the building where scientific medical research, which has been of incalculable benefit to civilization, has been carried on, and the son and father stepped down. Mr. Rockefeller, senior, still talking of the other interest, looked up at the edifice before them, climbed back into the cab and paused just long enough in his discussion of the interrupted subject to suggest that they go home to dinner.

Mr. Rockefeller, with logical adherence to his passion for conserving energy, both personal and economic, evidently felt that there was no need for him to examine the physical arrangement of a plant from which such great results had radiated. He knew of those results, and they were what mattered to him.

In October, 1909, Mr. Rockefeller addressed the following letter to a group of men whom he hoped would act with him in a plan of great importance:

"*Gentlemen:* For many months my representatives have been inquiring into the nature and prevalence of hookworm disease, and considering plans for mitigating its evils. I have delayed acting in this matter only until the facts as to the extent of the disease could be verified, and the effectiveness of its cure and prevention demonstrated.

"Knowing your interest in all that pertains to the well-being of your fellow men and your acquaintance with the subject, I have invited you to a conference in the hope that it may lead to the adoption of well-considered plans for a coöperative movement of the medical profession, public health officials, boards of trade, churches, schools, the press and other agencies, for the cure and prevention of this disease. If you deem it wise to undertake this commission, I shall be glad to be permitted to work with you to that end, and you may call upon me from time to time for such sums as may be needed during the next five years for carrying on an aggressive campaign, to the total of one million dollars.

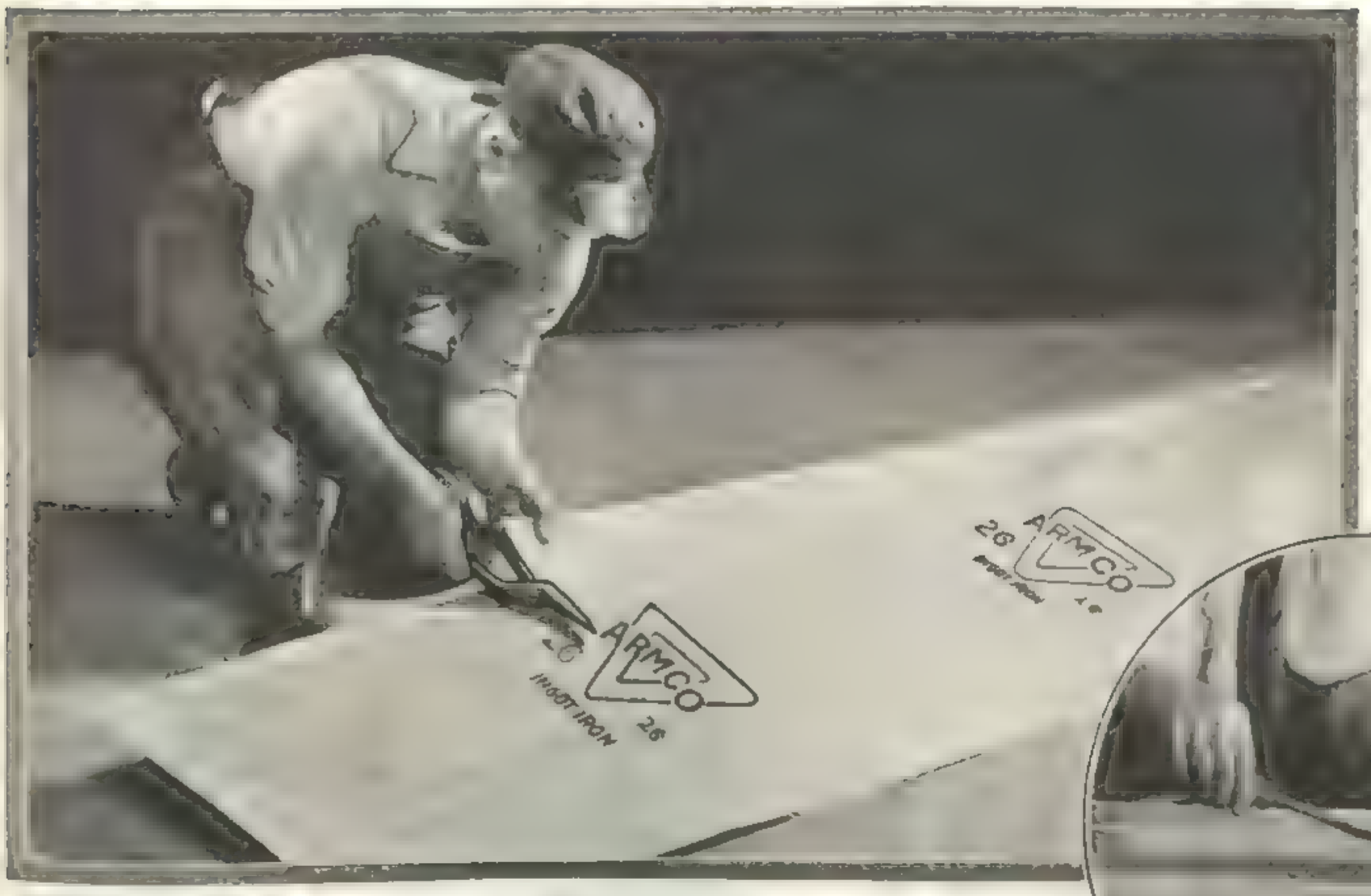
"Very truly,

"JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER."

It is a commentary on the mind of a man that instead of attending only to those ills and misfortunes of the districts in which he lives, he should go out looking for greater trouble. And in the hookworm disease he found a distress great enough to satisfy his wish to help the greatest number of people. For the hookworm disease menaces 900,000,000 persons; half the world's population lives in infected areas. To a person who dreads wasted energy, the idea of conserving the vitality of half the world from a disease which saps a man's strength to a point where he can't help himself is a stupendous, yet satisfying, philanthropy.

The gentlemen who accepted Mr. Rockefeller's invitation to work with him for the eradication of the hookworm disease, at the very start, stated their belief that public health is primarily the function of a government; that private enterprise may act

(Continued on Page 153)

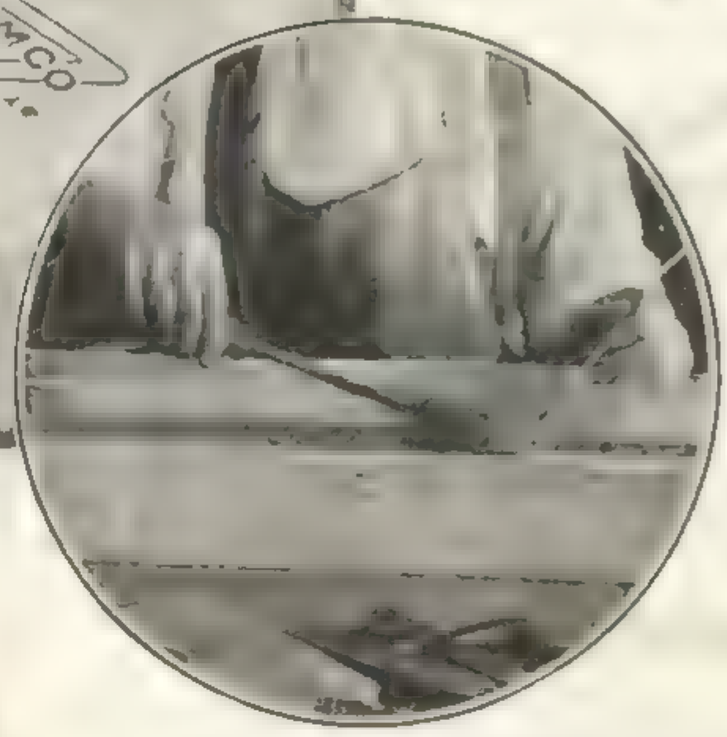


You see, pictured above, a sheet of ARMCO Ingot Iron (galvanized). The sheet metal worker using the "snips" is an ARMCO "Ingot Iron Shop" man. There are thousands of them throughout the country. They know their reputation depends upon good workmanship and the metal they use. You will know their shops by the blue and white ARMCO Ingot Iron Shop signs.

IS IT MADE OF ARMCO INGOT IRON?

Every day more and more people are making sure of enduring articles made of sheet metal by asking this question.

ARMCO



The sheet metal contractor will tell you that eighty cents of every dollar you spend for repairing goes for labor. Have him use ARMCO Ingot Iron. It will last longer and the labor charge is the same as for ordinary metal.

A metal that fights time and weather

LOOK at the sheet metal on your building. Day after day the weather is attacking the eaves-troughs, gutters, flashing, downspouts. Perhaps they are rusting rapidly away. If they are not made of metal that can fight time and weather, their life will be short.

Wherever metal is exposed to weather or corrosive influences, use ARMCO Ingot Iron. There is nothing that equals it, considering its low cost.

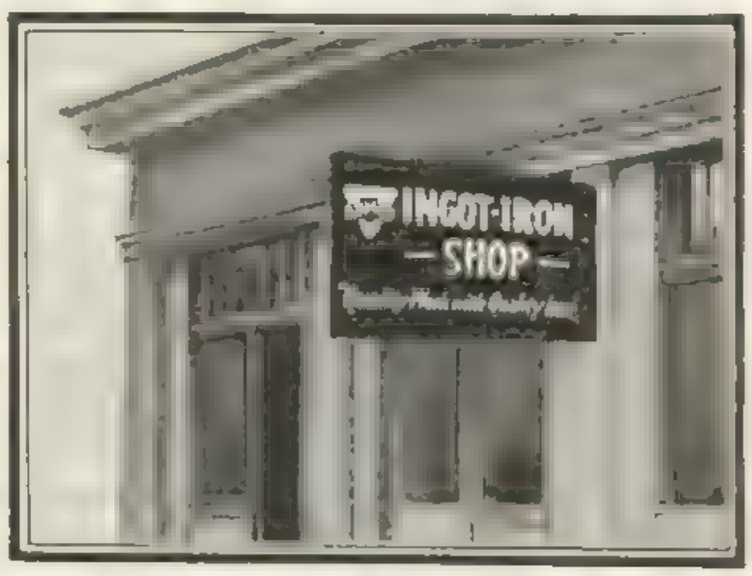
ARMCO Ingot Iron—the purest iron made—is iron like the old-fashioned kind our grandfathers used to buy.

It is purity that gives ARMCO Ingot Iron its long life. Moreover, this iron takes a purer coat of zinc than any other metal. Thus the purity of ARMCO Ingot Iron, plus the zinc coating, offers a double protection against rust.

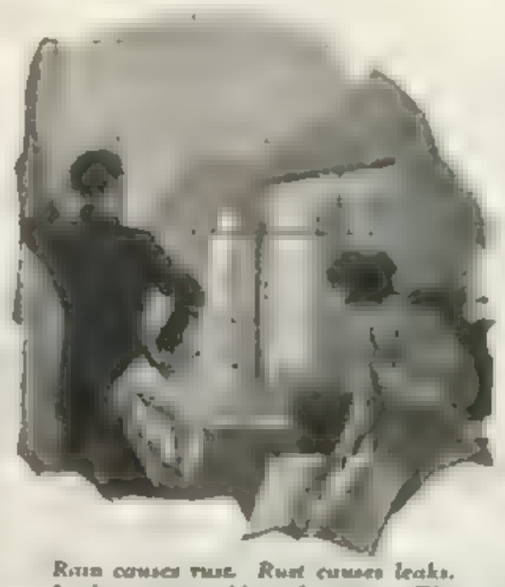
Whenever you need roofing, siding, gutters, downspouts, flashings, cornices, heating and ventilating ducts, furnace casings, and the like, be sure to get ARMCO Ingot Iron.

When you buy articles made of sheet metal always ask: "Is it made of ARMCO Ingot Iron?"

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO.
MIDDLETOWN, OHIO
(Export) THE ARMCO INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
MIDDLETOWN, OHIO Cable Address—ARMCO
Distributors in all principal cities



Whether you own or intend to own buildings—house, office, factory, shop, barn, garage, etc.—it is worth real money to you to know what this sign means and where it is located.



Rain causes rust. Rust causes leaks. Leaks cause trouble and expense. The way to avoid this is to use ARMCO Ingot Iron.

ARMCO TRADE MARK INGOT IRON
The Purest Iron Made

IS IT MADE OF ARMCO INGOT IRON? *Every day more and more people are making sure of enduring household articles by asking this question*

One Dollar

YOU know how little a dollar usually buys nowadays. Do you want to see how much a dollar *can* buy?

Walk into your dealer's and ask for a Topkis Union Suit.

Look at the quality garment he hands you. Compare it critically with any you've ever worn.

You'll admit that a dollar buys tremendous value in Topkis.

Just think of getting fabric like in higher-priced underwear:

Big, roomy fit, that lets you exercise, or relax, with freedom.

Careful tailoring—down to the smallest detail of stitching and sewing-on of buttons.

Reinforced wherever strain comes. Buttonholes are strongly made. Fine pearl buttons.

Man's underwear! It stands every test of service.

Ask your dealer! He knows Dollar Topkis to be the most conspicuous underwear value in the country today.

Look for the Topkis label.

Men's Union Suits, $1.00; Shirts and Drawers, 75c each. Boys' Union, Girls' Bloomer Union and Children's Waist Union Suits, 75c. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware

General Sales Offices: 93 Worth St., at Broadway, New York

Write for free illustrated booklet

Buy Topkis by the box—Six union suits for $6. Some men pay as much for three suits, but they don't know Topkis

TOPKIS

Athletic Underwear

(Continued from Page 150)

most efficiently in stirring up public interest to a point where the government will take up and continue the work for public health; that wherever a local sanitary organization was found already at work, attention should be called to that existing body and effort made to have all activity carried on through it. This very definite schedule of coöperation harks back to Mr. Rockefeller's statement that "The genius of the Standard Oil Company is conservation and coöperation."

The initial work of the hookworm commission was done in the United States. During the five years mentioned in Mr. Rockefeller's letter, more than 1,000,000 people in the country were examined microscopically for the disease, and more than 440,000 were treated. Gradually public interest was aroused.

In 1910, a year after the inception of the commission, two counties in the South appropriated $241 for supporting dispensaries; three years later interest had increased to a point where 208 counties supplied $43,649.

The advance in figures indicates the awakening of interest on the part of government. People were becoming conscious of possibilities in fighting the disease and were helping themselves.

In 1914 Mr. Rockefeller wrote again to those gentlemen who had directed this operation:

"The work thus far accomplished would seem to have brought about in all of the Southern States a very general knowledge on the part of physicians, health authorities and the public regarding the prevalence of hookworm disease, and the method of treating and preventing it. The chief purpose of the commission may thus be deemed to have been accomplished."

The fight on the hookworm disease, however, did not stop here, but was taken up by a branch of the Rockefeller Foundation which had been endowed by its founder with a fund of $100,000,000. Functioning under this latter organization, the campaign, as approved through practice in this country, became international in its efforts.

The far-flung labors of those scientists who are rapidly showing how to eradicate the hookworm disease of the world comes in a story from the Fiji Isles. A native boy, who had heard in one and the same day a talk on hookworm and a dissertation on the great Milton, announced that author's best known writing as "Parasites Lost" and "Parasites Regained."

One example will show what happens when the improved program for hookworm control is applied to an area.

On the Island of Jamaica an initial survey of conditions on four large estates showed that more than 46 per cent of the people were suffering from the disease. Three years of treatment and education, and the percentage of infected population had fallen to 7.

Went to His Head

Not only would it seem that the hookworm treatment restores the vitality of the sufferer, but at times it goes beyond that normal condition, as the letter below from a Jamaican native to the field representative of the hookworm control body would evidence:

"*Dare Dr. Sir:* I write to complan erbout the hook Worm medsin. It is too stronge an has caus me a lot of trubble. From since I take the medsin two treatment I feel strong and well in bodie and mine an like work more than before. The which is all very well.

"But Dr. Sir a grate change have come ovr me in other ways. From till I tak the medsin two treatment I was of mild an of a sweet disposition an were known by sich throughout the country round erbout. An very patient.

"Now Sir all is chang an I feel quite civil to myself. So much so that on a last Satday when one Hannibal Hume cussed me I box him down too hard an him now treaten to run law wid me.

"Sir from your kindness if the aforesaid person run law wid me I respectful asks you to see his Honour for it were no other than the hook Worm medsin make me act in sich a fierce manner.

"Expectin your kind help if need be an you indulgence ever crave I remain, as of ever, Your patient,

"ESAU JAMES."

In spite of their size, the gifts for educational and health ends are not known nearly so broadly as Mr. Rockefeller's dime and nickel habit. Approximately 7500 people each year receive one of these coins from his hands. Some days, when many people come to see him, the stock of coins in his pocket soon goes, but there is always an attendant in the offing with a fresh supply of dimes and nickels ready.

To children, whenever he meets them, he usually gives two dimes. The first dime he holds up for a second and then pushes it into the young hand with a quick jab, as though to emphasize by its suddenness the invariable admonition, "This is for your savings bank." And with the second coin he says, "And this is for you to spend." It is very natural for a man who has found life pleasant to wish to pass on to children the precepts which were constantly in his ears when he himself was young. Of the memory of his home training as a boy, Mr. Rockefeller says, "From the beginning we were taught to work, to save and to give." And when a man has had respect for thrift drilled into his youthful consciousness, has prospered in his business by appreciation of that thrift, he wouldn't be human if he didn't try to advertise a respect for saving in those who are coming along. And one of the fundamentals of successful advertising is to attract favorable attention. Any person who gives ten cents to a child is viewed with distinct favor by that child—any sensible suitor of a small-brother-encumbered sister will bear witness to this truth. And when that person jabs a nickel into the youthful hand with the words, "And this is for your savings bank," he can rest fairly sure of having the attention of the child in a favorable way. There has been a generally accepted theory among educators that the impressions received by a child before he is ten years old remain strongly active in his maturity. And if Mr. Rockefeller can, at the cost of ten cents per child, leave an impression in the child's mind that thrift is a desirable trait, he has discovered a formula which certainly coincides with the idea of conservation.

When a man first starts to earn money, he is most vitally fascinated with the amount of money he earns. As he makes more and more money, he gradually becomes interested in how it is made rather than in how much is made. The same principle operates in the giving of money.

Reflection and Decision

Some years ago the scheme for a very extensive benevolence was being considered. It required a tidy sum of money. All the facts of the project had been supplied to Mr. Rockefeller and he had had it under advisement for six months. And then, with no definite statement as to his intention, he went to Florida. A while later one of the executive gentlemen of the proposed scheme journeyed down to see him there. On Sunday morning they went to church, and then in the warm noon sun walked slowly back toward Mr. Rockefeller's home. Their line of march crossed a railroad track, and on the crossing rested a long and quiet freight train completely blocking progress. They paused in the dusty road for a few moments, and as the train showed no instant sign of rolling politely aside for them, they stepped over to a rustic bench under a near-by tree and seated themselves. The picture is there: the dusty road, the high sun, the quiescent and unlyric train, and the placid discussion of the sermon. A stage for the ordinary coin of life. No word was spoken for some moments.

Then Mr. Rockefeller reached out and gently tapped his guest on the shoulder, and slowly and irrelevant of any recent conversation, said, "We'll do it."

Which would seem to epitomize Mr. Rockefeller's idea of the responsibility of wealth when freely translated as:

"For some months I have considered this project and am inclined to believe that it is a plan by which energy, which is now wasted through ignorance, may be conserved through education, and that it will tend to aid people to help themselves. You may count on me for $25,000,000."

JOHN A.

(Continued from Page 23)

At heart our chief was not brave, but had he been as brave as the bravest his choice could not have been different. Trembling, pale, he drew on the flying suit. I aided him with the intricate breast flaps, helmet and boots, pretty much the same as an undertaker dressing a corpse; with about as much assistance from the attended. We were ready.

"Frank"—brief and decisive, Rutter enjoined the field manager—"when the plane is tuned up, have them pull the wheel chocks. I won't stand for any interference—no monkey business! Googan's taking his first ride, perhaps his last; say when you are set!"

The motor roared through its warming up, then fell suddenly to an equable, retarded idling. Googan seemed to sink with it. In the center of the office floor he tottered, speechless, block sold and delivered, a man at the edge of the abyss. The chief mechanic reported the plane in readiness. Frank relayed the word.

"All set, chief, let's go!" Farr stepped to the door and kicked it open. I passed out, but, without looking back, knew that Googan hesitated. "I said let's go!" The trigger again clicked, and the gun must have been leveled. Googan came.

Out at the throbbing plane, hanging to the wings and sprawling across the tail surfaces, the field crew, to a man, waited. With faces averted, they gave us no apparent attention. Somehow they had wind of what was coming to pass.

"Put the colonel out front where he'll get the propeller blast," Farr recommended as we prepared to climb aboard.

The mail pit is a bulkheaded fuselage compartment immediately behind the motor, some five feet from the propeller, and between the upper and lower wings. Adjoining this is the large gas tank and the pilot's cockpit, in close proximity. The mail pit, with cover removed, will accommodate two cramped men. John A., being large, would have furnished an enviable windbreak against the cold slip stream from the propeller. I relinquished the comfort and spared him. Not with commiseration. I knew nothing of this old bird's physical condition and he was already handing as much grief as his drawing-room anatomy could absorb. Withal, I really had no desire to enhance his suffering. The next few hours were going to take all that he had—and then some. That gun-bearing he-Nemesis, climbing into the pilot's cockpit, had not yet begun. I knew this.

"If I could only get Googan off the ground!" had been Rutter's wail of lamentation for months.

The compartment was not equipped with life belts. John A., sitting flat on the floor, with legs extended full length, hogged most of the room. He also projected, head and neck, above the gas-tank cowling at his back. Later, he was destined to shrink and require less space. Straddling his legs, and on knees, I assumed a squatting position, face to the front. I made final adjustments on my helmet and goggles, serviced John A in a like manner, and gave Farr the okeh sign He slipped the shotgun into the cockpit holster, and we taxied down field, swung into the wind, the boys fell away, and we were off the ground.

Jim Little's hellish take-off was duplicated. No; with greater skill than Jim possessed, Farr added much more, by way of impressing the boss. Where Jim had struggled to check his rocketing ascent, Rutter did all in his power to abet the vertical zoom. With motor full on, control stick pulled back, and a gale under our wings, we shot straight up. When the plane staggered and hung on the propeller, as the parlance of the game terms it, he redressed to the horizontal, for a moment, then repeated the zoom, time and again. The chief was impressed. Overwhelmingly so.

John A., eyes closed and face chalky white, gripped the mail-pit gunnel and prayed for additional hands. Over my shoulder I watched the face of the avenger. Here was a man who believed in taking his pleasure where he found it. Behind the sheltering mica windshield, grinning and screaming—unheard—the reckless, elated Farr enjoyed every new thrill of the hectic climb. There are in this new calling hundreds of good pilots. In all the flying world only a few score deserve the appellation "wonderful!"

Farr Rutter was peerless, uncanny; the better you knew him, and watched his career, the more you wondered and the less you understood.

Cresting the apex of his insane climb, he leveled out, northeast, into the storm and a world of crazy clouds. Facing that wind we seemed held in leash—stationary It was cold, bitter cold, and ages dragged by before we put the towns behind us a matter of a few miles. Then the wasteland to the east, with here and there a stretch of clean-blown railroad track, lay in wait. Crystalline bejeweled peaks, effulgent where the sun broke through, heliographed their myriad-colored reflex rays; into the low places and across the barrens whirled the dry, drifting snow. The sun, finding more and ever more points of weakened resistance, was rapidly dispersing the clouds and dispelling the gloom. The storm, relinquishing the siege, fled through the mountain passes, and to the west.

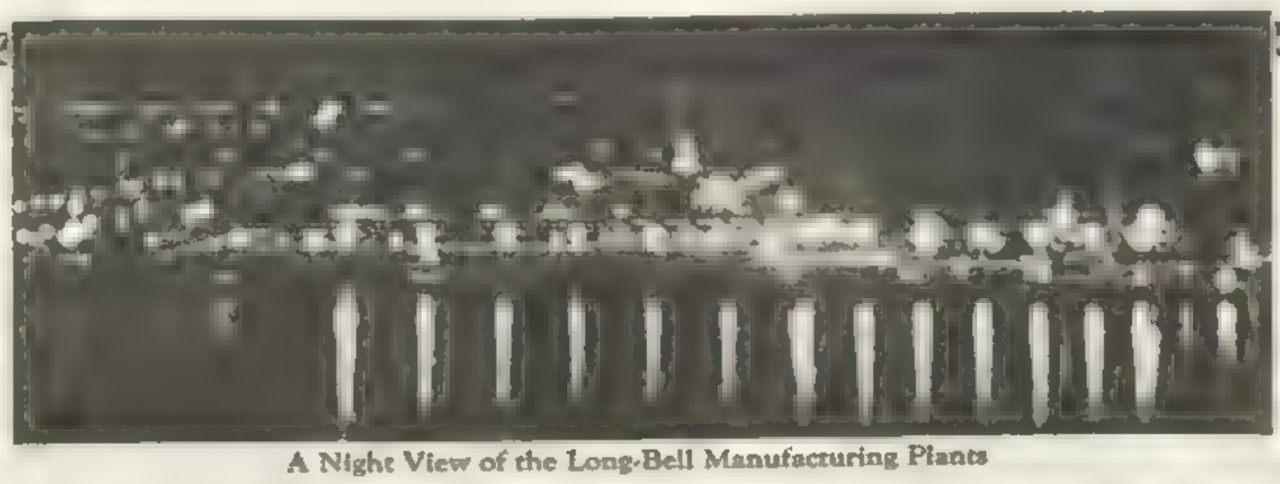
The flying was growing smooth. Even John A. took his eyes from the floor boards and chanced a reconnoitering glance into the awful splendor below. In that one look, against fear and inbred cowardice, he was won. A tin god or brazen image might easily have been proselyted by such a sight. John A. was possessed of no more imagination than either of these—the Detroit god or flapper image—but he was blessed with eyesight, and he showed some signs of dawning appreciation. Yet, no respite for him. His pleasure was to be short-lived. Kicking his rudder bar, slowly, right and left, and rocking the plane up and down on its longitudinal axis, Farr now imparted a seagoing, slow, sickly motion to the ship. Without changing his position in the least, John A. first and for only fleeting seconds looked into troubled cloud-blown skies, and the next moment at the distant, shifting, glistening earth below—or above—or wherever he located it. There is a nine-to-one chance that such a motion will cause air sickness for an untried voyager in the realm; John A. was all nine of his ten. His

(Continued on Page 157)

Mammoth Industries choose

Because Longview, Washington, Was Proved by Thorough Investigation to Offer Completely Those Essentials Necessary for Successful Industry, the Weyerhaeuser Lumber Interests, the Fleishhacker Banking Interests and Other Great Business Concerns Now Announce Large Investments In This New Industrial City of the Pacific Northwest

Hotel Monticello



A Night View of the Long-Bell Manufacturing Plants

Community Church

Big Business MUST Be Sure

Carefully conducted business enterprises do not invest in lands and plants without exhausting in advance every means possible to determine whether or not the essentials for successful industry are unquestionably present at that location.

More than three years ago The Long-Bell Lumber Company, through its engineers and transportation experts, selected as the most efficient site for its greatest lumber plants a body of land at the junction of the Cowlitz and Columbia Rivers, halfway between Portland and the Pacific Ocean. At this point the new city of Longview, Washington, in many ways a city without parallel in the history of municipalities, is located

The same tests by which this large lumber concern decided upon Longview for the future home of its greatest plant expenditure have been and are now being applied by other industries seeking an ideal location in America's fastest growing section—the Pacific Northwest.

Though less than two years old, Longview has grown from nothing to a bustling young city of more than 7,000 population.

Community House

Weyerhaeusers Select Longview

Now comes another great lumber and timber company and, after applying those indisputable tests just as Long-Bell did, or, if possible, with greater care, also selects Longview as the site for one of its great manufacturing plants—the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, the largest private timber holders in the United States.

This company has timber enough immediately available to the Longview site to justify its largest plant. Construction will begin and progress as rapidly as is practicable.

The Weyerhaeuser development means a great influx of construction labor and, with the plant complete, a large payroll—a considerable and permanent increase in population. The Weyerhaeuser development means more huge docks stretching their way westward along the Columbia water front. It means hundreds of new homes and all that goes with a greatly enlarged population.

Why They Invested in Longview

"We consider Longview as the best possible mill site on the Columbia River affording, as it does, the most economical water transportation as well as railway facilities for shipment that are not excelled by any other location in either Washington or Oregon."
—From a statement by the Vice-President and General Manager of the Weyerhaeuser Timber Co

"After looking into the general situation at Longview and feeling confident of its future growth and stability, negotiations for the purchase of the controlling interest (in the Longview National Bank) were completed.—The purchase is a striking evidence of the impression Longview has made upon business and financial interests in other parts of the country."—*From a statement by a vice-president of The Anglo & London Paris National Bank of San Francisco.*

Banking Capital Proves Its Faith

The conservatism of large bankers is proverbial and the new city of Longview feels special pride in the coming of the Fleishhacker interests, the controlling group in The Anglo & London Paris National Bank of San Francisco, one of the largest and most outstanding national banks on the Pacific Coast. These bankers have purchased the control of the Longview National Bank, founded in May, 1923 and today with resources of $932,000.

This banking purchase was not made by the San Francisco bank but by individuals identified with it.

Long-Bell To Enlarge Its Plants

Though The Long-Bell Lumber Company is now operating its extensive lumber manufacturing plants at Longview double-shift with a capacity of 1 million feet a day, announcement is made that there will be built at once a second manufacturing unit which will greatly increase the capacity. Thirty-four acres of roof house the present plants. The export dock is 1,225 feet in length

A Residential Street

Columbia Theater

The 1925 Building Program

Longview's building activities this year in addition to the large projects described above will include:

The first unit of a $200,000 public hospital with 80 beds now being erected

A $150,000 public library

A $75,000 passenger station

A $125,000 Community Church.

Five larger business buildings aggregating $250,000 being built—others to follow

A $100,000 addition to the public school.

15 additional miles of concrete paving

Where Rail, Water and Highway Meet

Longview on the Columbia River with its ocean-going commerce to all trading ports of the world is halfway between Portland and the Pacific Ocean. Three transcontinental railways—the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific and the Great Northern—using a double track line between Portland and Seattle, are at Longview's door.

The Longview, Portland and Northern has Longview for its southern terminus and taps the rich Cowlitz River valley to the northward. Across the Columbia River from Longview passes the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railroad. Forty miles to the north, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul has a southern terminus of an important branch line and at one point is approximately 20 miles from the Longview, Portland and Northern.

The Southern Pacific, reaching the lengths of Oregon and California, connects with Longview's transcontinental carriers at Portland.

Two internationally famous paved highways—the Columbia River Highway and the Pacific Highway—serve Longview, the former connecting Portland and the east with the Pacific Ocean, and the latter, via Seattle and Portland, connecting Canada with Southern California and Mexico.

A third highway, designated as the Ocean Beach Highway, now being built, will connect Longview directly with the Pacific Ocean. Motor traffic passes quickly (15 minutes on ferry) from one main highway to another via the Longview-Rainier ferries plying on regular schedules on the Columbia River.

The Longview of Today

The laying out of Longview was done by expert city planners far in advance of the first construction work. The new

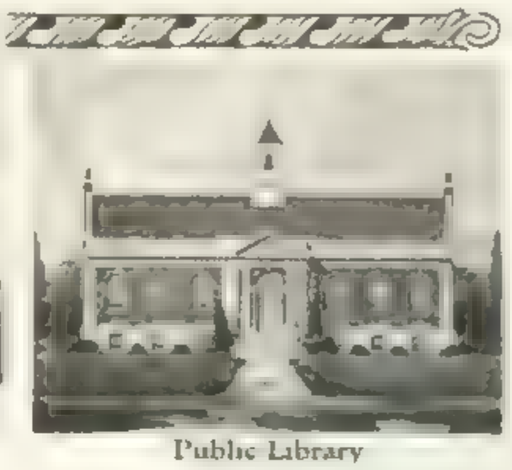
Continued on next page

LONGVIEW, *Wash.*

A Tremendous Building Program Launched Including a Lumber Manufacturing Plant by the Weyerhaeusers, Another Unit For the Long-Bell Plants, a Public Library, Additional School Unit, Hospital, Community Church, New Railway Station, Business Buildings, Homes—All Aggregating Millions In Investment

Public Hospital

Ocean Freighters Loading at the Longview Docks



Public Library

city was zoned for residential, business and manufacturing with reasonable restrictions to insure its future for all time to come.

The first street work was done in August, 1922.

The first piece of real estate was sold in February, 1923.

The city was dedicated and the first permanent building—Hotel Monticello—was opened in July, 1923.

The city was incorporated as a third class city, in February, 1924.

The Long-Bell manufacturing plants were opened in July, 1924.

A MOST SIGNIFICANT FACT

Longview has grown from nothing to a permanent, modern city in less than two years' time without the use of "boom methods."

The Ten Essentials for Successful Industry Offered by Longview

1—Transportation by river, by sea, by rail and by highway.
2—Accessible markets, domestic and foreign.
3—Expertly planned industrial districts.
4—Reasonable land prices.
5—Raw materials.
6—Fuel and power.
7—Labor.
8—Unexcelled climate.
9—A modern community.
10—Community spirit.

Longview is located on the Washington side of the Columbia River 50 miles northwest of Portland, 50 miles east of the Pacific Ocean and 135 miles south of Seattle.

Longview has today, in addition to the projects mentioned elsewhere:

64 miles streets graded.
40 miles graveled.
11 miles concrete paved (city site).
3.28 miles concrete paved (mill site)
22 miles concrete sidewalk.
43 miles water main.
27 miles storm and sanitary sewer.
5.37 miles lighted by ornamental street lights.
4.35 additional miles lighted by overhead units.
52 business buildings complete or under construction.
275 business enterprises.
Two banks with combined deposits of over $1,000,000 and more than 4,000 depositors.
Post Office from fourth to second class in year's time; made postal savings depository, January 1, 1925; established carrier service March 1, 1925; made third expansion to larger quarters in April, 1925.
$250,000 four-story theater and apartment building.
Eight to twelve page daily newspaper published in model printing plant; 4,400 circulation.
More than 1,400 permanent homes complete or under construction.
Three hotels, one six-story, 200-room structure, thoroughly modern.
Five dormitory hotels with capacity of 500 men.
Six-acre civic center park.
Nine tennis courts.
Nine-hole golf course and country club.
Baseball stadium; city baseball team.
Community building with gym, swimming pool, bowling alleys, etc.
School enrollment of more than 1,100 with 31 instructors; both grade and high school accredited.
Complete water system.
Electric light and heat supplied by power plant with present capacity of 18,000 kilowatts.
Eight buses operate through the city.
Two ferries ply across Columbia River connecting Pacific Highway and Columbia River Highway.
110 boats have discharged cargoes of 53,592,666 pounds; 76 ocean-going freighters have called for export cargoes.
Longview was second only to Seattle in the State of Washington in number of new factories established in 1924.
More than 25 large delegations held conventions in Longview in 1924.
Longview was third in State of Washington in January, 1925, and November, 1924, and fifth in the state during year 1924 in value of building permits issued.

Railway Station

The Robert A. Long Gifts

Robert A. Long has announced that he personally expects to spend for the benefit of the city of Longview at least a million dollars, within the next five to seven years in the development of the civic center, the beautification of the city's park system and in assisting the city in providing exceptionally good school facilities. He has announced details only for the 1925 program, which provides for a library

Longview National Bank

building at the civic center and for the commencement of the park beautifying plan.

You Must See Longview

Longview must be seen to be appreciated. Include this new city in your trip to the Pacific Northwest. It offers a dramatic spectacle of a city being built before your eyes.

Longview is on the direct line of summer tourist travel between Portland and Seattle in the midst of wonderful, scenic grandeur, at a point where the paved Pacific Highway, running north and south, meets the famed Columbia River Highway.

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THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

(Continued from Page 153)

otherwise pale gills turned a livid green. The well-known inner urge was there—yet there were no fish to be fed.

I signaled Farr that he had scored, and that demon, propitiated, roared with puerile glee, at the same time continuing the motion, always with that nauseating, easy rhythm.

After one hour and fifteen minutes had elapsed our line of flight quit the railroad, cut east and sent us into and over a piled-up, trackless, mountain stretch of some ninety-odd miles. When you reach this point you idolize the motor, pray to it, hope in it—and trust that the thing will see you through.

At that time, some years ago, back from the northeast shore of a lake and on the railroad, was a small, modest shack—a pioneering establishment of a new industry. Fact is, it was the only bootlegger's castle in America boasting a suitable four-way landing field of its own.

The passing pilot—assuming that some did pass—always studied the effused, voluminous smoke from the shack's chimney, with an idea of checking the wind's velocity and direction. If the going was good he could fly straight in, set down, taxi to the very door, get his stuff and hop out again, all in a few minutes. The vigilant nation-wide suppression of rural liquor has, perhaps, eliminated this oasis. At that time its owner, Black Water—opprobriously named by jealous competitors—was on his second million and spoke some of going back to the practice of law.

John A. was still sick and draped his batik complexion over the right side of the mail pit as we sought the cabin's smoke and searched the snow-clad stretches to the left. Here our quest was to end. Farr rattled his controls, to hump the ship by way of attracting my attention. Less than a mile from the cabin—Rutter pointed to the spot—he had located Little's plane, wing deep in snow.

Farr lowered his left wing, throttled the motor, and started a long, breath-robbing, side slip toward the grounded plane. At closer range we could determine the damage done, and perhaps locate the pilot. With the precipitous slipping plunge, John A.'s panic and air sickness, each engrossed, knocked the last bit of starch out of him; and he buried his face on the floor boards.

Swooping past the plane, a few feet above the snow, we could discern no apparent damage. Little, stopped by the storm, had unquestionably been forced to wait it out, and this was the last available landing place west of the bad country. Continuing the long fast glide, Farr pushed on toward the cabin. There the hunt terminated. Jim Little and Black Water waved from the door step. Rutter, by way of showing his satisfaction, shot full throttle to his motor, pulled back on the control stick, and zoomed skyward five hundred feet. When a zoom exceeds the vertical and the plane hangs for seconds on its back, the maneuver is called a chandelle, and during the suspended moments, as the plane again rights itself, the Grim Reaper stands hard by with all the brightest prospects of promised business at hand. I plead guilty for anxiety felt as the mad Farr flew that chandelle. John A. almost passed out. He stopped his heart at his teeth.

The snow thereabouts was too deep for a safe landing, but our purpose had been accomplished. Little was safe and, with the storm ended, could easily pack-mule the mail pouches to the railroad. The sun, low on the whited Sierras, was about to sneak out and filch the little remaining light of the brief December day. Farr did a wing over, west, for home.

A good stiff tail wind drove us down the world's broadest highway. In less than twenty minutes we could identify our destination in the gathering evening gloom. Rutter gave all his attention to the plane's climb, and since he was climbing I knew that he was also scheming more thrills for the unreceptive boss. I longed to be on the ground. The cold was on the increase. My teeth rattled, like castanets, to the accompaniment of the motor's laborious drone.

Observing the sun's position, Googan realized that we were on the return, and spruced up. Not much, but a little. He knew nothing of our finding the lost ship and pilot. The chief failed, however, to perceive that we were climbing—to the plane's limit—and at a dizzy, motor-crowding rate. Had he so noticed, it is hardly likely that he would have tumbled to the significance of that desired altitude. When John A. pulled my sleeve and feebly attempted conversation we had no less than seven thousand feet and were getting more.

"We're going home?" he blubbered. "We're going down?"

"I'll say we are!" I exclaimed. "Down is right!"

Yes, we were about to go down. I was dead sure of that. When a pilot tries for altitude, he does so with one intention, he means to use it.. Whatever destiny, and the laughing Rutter, had culled, was going to be something well worth missing. A tail spin? Perhaps. A falling leaf? I wondered. A vertical side slip, with power? I prayed against that and didn't dare guess beyond. The climb continued. And the cold increased—if that were possible.

A hard quick climb in a powerful fast plane, especially when another does the flying, gives you a disconnected, helpless feeling of total isolation. Where, in normal flight, the horizon line cuts across your radiator, you now see nothing but sky. Ahead of you there is no earth, and you appear to be lying flat on your back, as destitute as a babe in its cradle. The struts incline at a rakish critical angle and the tail surface points to the receding ground. With forward speed diminished, struts, stays and wires no longer whistle, and the motor beats and throbs with failing power.

Altitude—great altitude—is awful. Nearly all flyers detest and steer clear of it. It isn't so much fear as abhorrence: about the same odious lack of regard that is felt for birthdays and New Year's Eve, say, when the recorder first realizes that he is getting on—perhaps into his roaring forties or moderating fifties. Only a few birdmen ever seem anxious to try for the ceiling. How high is up? usually finds its answer in a few thousand feet.

Seen from away up there, mundane objects are whittled down to your own size. Mountain ranges appear much like the row of beauty spots on the ridge of an alligator's hide, and the greatest desert waste has its visible limits. You thought that certain objects—peaks, rivers, lakes, towns, and so on—were very far removed from other known spots. They are all neighbors when altitude's acute angle draws them in. But you feel alone. Alone! Altitude brings the ultimate definition of that word.

The overlabored motor, starved and sapped by the rare air, spun feebly. The control surfaces flapped loosely, and, now and again, the plane staggered, mushed to the side, pancaked, picked it up again—and repeated — gained — fluttered — settled — stalled. We were at the plane's absolute ceiling, and Farr couldn't wish another foot out of it. My ears were ringing and the helmet prevented my head from breaking bounds and scattering. Arms and legs were heavy, numb—dead. Cold! Man, I'd willingly have swapped places with Sam McGee: "looking cool and calm, in the heart of the furnace roar." If one, it was fifty degrees below zero.

The town, its lights, the deep purpling twilight and that great inane void were under us at last. Googan stared over the side, recognized the city's glare, and smiled. That smile went out with the motor's roar as Farr throttled to idling speed. The climb had ended.

At last I felt the long awaited, portentous tremor pass through the ship, as Rutter shook the controls. I looked back. His lips framed the customary conventional "Hold on!" I did.

In the floor boards of the mail pit was an inspection hole. Diagonally across and below this opening ran two stout fuselage brace wires. For a long time past I had had them spotted. My left fingers instinctively closed on a handful of these wires, while my right hooked itself through the belt of John A.'s flying suit. The latter, startled at my touch, sensed the situation, and as long as I live I hope never to see that look on another man's face. It was not that he bleached so chalky, nor was it the agued mask of fear. The man was spectral—ghastly. Behind his goggles, glassy eyes gleamed, sightless, his mouth hung agape, frosted—my breath steamed—he was cold.

The nose of the plane dipped, and we gathered speed in a long glide. Because of the tail wind, perhaps, two hundred miles per hour was the rate. The motor raced, the wires and struts whistled demoniacally, and I looked over the radiator at the ground below. Slowly the nose came up, and up, the earth fell away, and the sky came down. We were climbing into a loop! Then the plane reached the vertical, and I waited for the crest and redressing backward dive, down the chute of the circle—it did not come. As we made the top of the arc I sensed Rutter easing his control stick ahead—this would keep the plane on its back—he intended flying inverted! Oh, for additional hands! The octopus is the Lord's chosen. At that moment every hair in my military cut attempted to stand at rigid attention. Hope abdicated.

When a loop is properly flown, even without safety belts, you are glued to the seat. The centrifugal force holds you there. You could not fall out, even if you so desired. Flying on your back is another thing. Gravity comes into play. You hang on your safety-belt if you have such a belt; if not you hang onto everything within reach of two hands and hooked feet. From the ensuing mêlée gleanings are yet vivid.

John A. looked straight up and saw the ground—that is, if John A. was seeing at all. As I said before, my left hand gripped the fuselage cross braces while my right held the chief at midriff. That bulky individual now hung entirely clear of the mail pit, a limber flying suit of scarecrow arms, legs and supreme quitter. His feet kicked holes in the upper wing and I gazed through the inspection aperture in the floor boards at the sky above. Now you understand the mark of Googan on the air-mail escutcheon.

This type of plane, heavy, fast, and with a comparatively small wing area, could not fly on an even keel while upside down. It lost altitude, slowly. The ship trembled and shivered in all its members. The motor coughed and sputtered, and being on its back, effused a shower of hot oil from its breather pipes. We received full benefit of this anointing. Much of the oil reached the hot exhaust manifolds, burned with great clouds of bluish-white smoke, and added greatly to the pleasure of the winter sports. The whole effect went for naught—physically John A. was still among those present, otherwise he was not there at all.

I looked through the dangling, suspended tangle that was formerly the haughty, arrogant, air-mail chief, gazed eagerly beyond the top wing and to the ground. To the best of my enchained, distorted judgment, in the semidarkness, the city lights were getting too close for safety. I considered myself the goat. I was enervated, drawn and quartered—stark mad! My hands were bare and numb, and my heart stopped, dead—Rutter had throttled the motor.

The forward speed then ceased and we were slipping from side to side, still keel side up—lazily, with a falling-leaf motion. Oh, this Rutter was a playful cuss, and supremely reckless with the lives of others. And, marionettelike, the dead-weighted John A. still dangled at arm's length, while the burning exhaust gases, eddying from the idled motor, lapped the ship's sides—and the ground lights came closer and ever closer.

There are minutes that seem as days, and days that seem as years; then passed seconds that lagged and limped as centuries. This last maneuver could only occupy a

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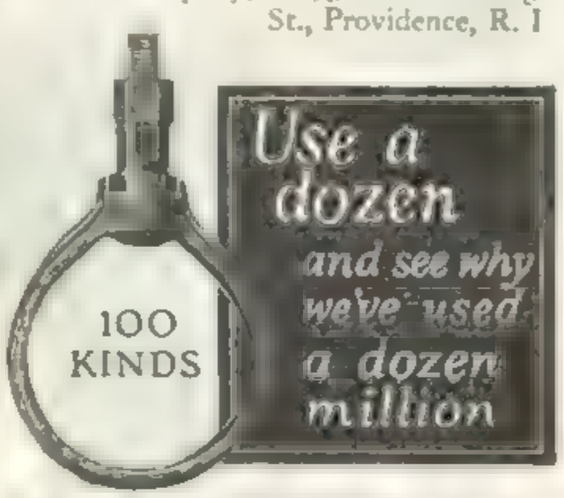

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very short time, at the most. Certain laws govern all falling bodies—some more than others, I contend, all scientific knowledge to the contrary. And gravity drew strongest of all on the chief.

At that time—and during previous ages—I could have borrowed Rutter's satanic laugh and done murder joyfully. Tight minutes, they say, cause one to repeat and repent wicked hours of the past. Not so in my case. I reviewed nothing more than a medley of fancy methods of mayhem, murder and assassination; the happy resultant to be used on one Farr Rutter. But limbo is permeable; we came out.

The returning shrill crescendo of struts and wires finally indicated that we were swooping down, off our back and into normal flight once more. The motor whirred gladly, the nose of the plane came back to the murky horizon, and John A. plunked, leaden, into the mail pit. Paradoxical as it may sound, he was in but out. I was all in and nearly out too.

We were low. A conglomeration of telegraph poles, chimneys, roofs and lighted windows brushed by in startlingly close disarray. Trees no longer looked like potted plants, and were plainly ramified in their winter nudity. Automobiles and pungs, in the streets below, were no longer as mice. Pedestrians, staring up bewildered, ceased to masquerade as ants. I did not look back. I could not face that—what I then called him in my mind means fight in that country, and in any other country or county—but, judging from the manner in which we hedge-hopped to the field, I knew that he was happy. In this game I have known men—apart from the four-flushing, grandstand variety of lobby ace—who seem bereft of all fear. Farr Rutter was one. He never boasted. All his flying was done in the air, and he seldom talked shop. I knew that the air would never get him. Perhaps he had been born to be hung; that evening—as we unhinged frozen limbs and stepped out of the plane—I hoped so.

The willing, anxious hands of smiling, happy mechanics lifted—pulled—their inert boss from the mail pit, and gently tossed him into the tonneau of a car, for town and his hotel.

In the flying office, the center of a grateful gathering, Farr stood, panoplied. We discarded our frosty flying gear. Rutter's rise potently accentuated my fall. The field crew, of course, had seen all—or nearly all—from the ground. They took me into camp for failing so indecently in my trust.

"Farr put him out, and you brought him back," the dissenting ensemble ganged against me. "What a fine, white-haired boy you turned out to be!" They appeared quite sincere in their badinage. Aerial accidents, accidental or otherwise, seem to soar beyond the law.

"And Little—what about Little?" Barney Morgan, ever mindful of his paper work, changed the subject.

"Sitting on the top of the world, with both legs dangling." Farr told them about it. "He's spending the week-end at Black Water's."

"Some guys have all the luck!" Davie Davidson had been on the tank wagon for months, and would gladly have been found dead at Black Water's.

So, that day checked, and the last hour had ended but will never be exorcised. Time and time again, I awake at night. Now it is just a cold clammy chimera. I'm not in a flat spin—John A. isn't dangling below my mattress—I'm not icy cold—the wind, clouds and smoke aren't swishing past the bed posts—and the lights! There are no lights. It's just a dream—an incongruously bad one.

"Ain't it a flying fool." Farr referred affectionately to the plane's air qualities.

"It is a flying damn fool!" I referred to Farr.

We and the happy field crew drove into town.

If on schedule, at 8:40 P.M., a through train of the transcontinental service pulls out for the coast and San Francisco. That night it was late.

In the lobby of the hotel the whole town seemed to have gathered. The story of the search, John A.'s grit and Farr's prowess furnished no small part of the evening's evening. I was still seeing red, feeling thankful for being, yet, in this vale of tears, and saying nothing. And tongue-tied air-service men are rare birds indeed.

Along toward ten o'clock the elevator door rattled. I don't know why everybody turned and looked that way, but they did. A ghost walked—with an unghostly, senile step; and John A., mechanically mouthing a dead cigar, hobbled to the desk, followed by a bellboy and grips. He checked out.

"I'm going on to Frisco," he informed the field manager, stopping before our gathering.

"Wait till morning and I'll fly you there," Farr volunteered officiously.

The crowd laughed. The revolving doors took the parting wallop at John A.'s heels as he shuffled out.

Two or three days passed, then one evening when we were once more gathered in the same lobby Farr told us the worst. He had received his notice of transfer to an Eastern station. At 2:25 A.M. the eastbound would whistle for the tower, Farr would be with it.

The system came in for a panning. Rutter, truly, had been shot down with the cause, but some good had resulted. We felt sure that John A. would be long gone from our station. It later developed that his sting, if not entirely removed, at least was rendered less deadly. The service grew steadily better; those who saw wood and pray always win.

"Read these, you flying lobby aces; read these and weep!" Chick Wright rushed from the magazine room, fumbling several newly arrived issues of coast papers. "If you'd follow the city papers you birds'd know more about what is coming off back here in the hills."

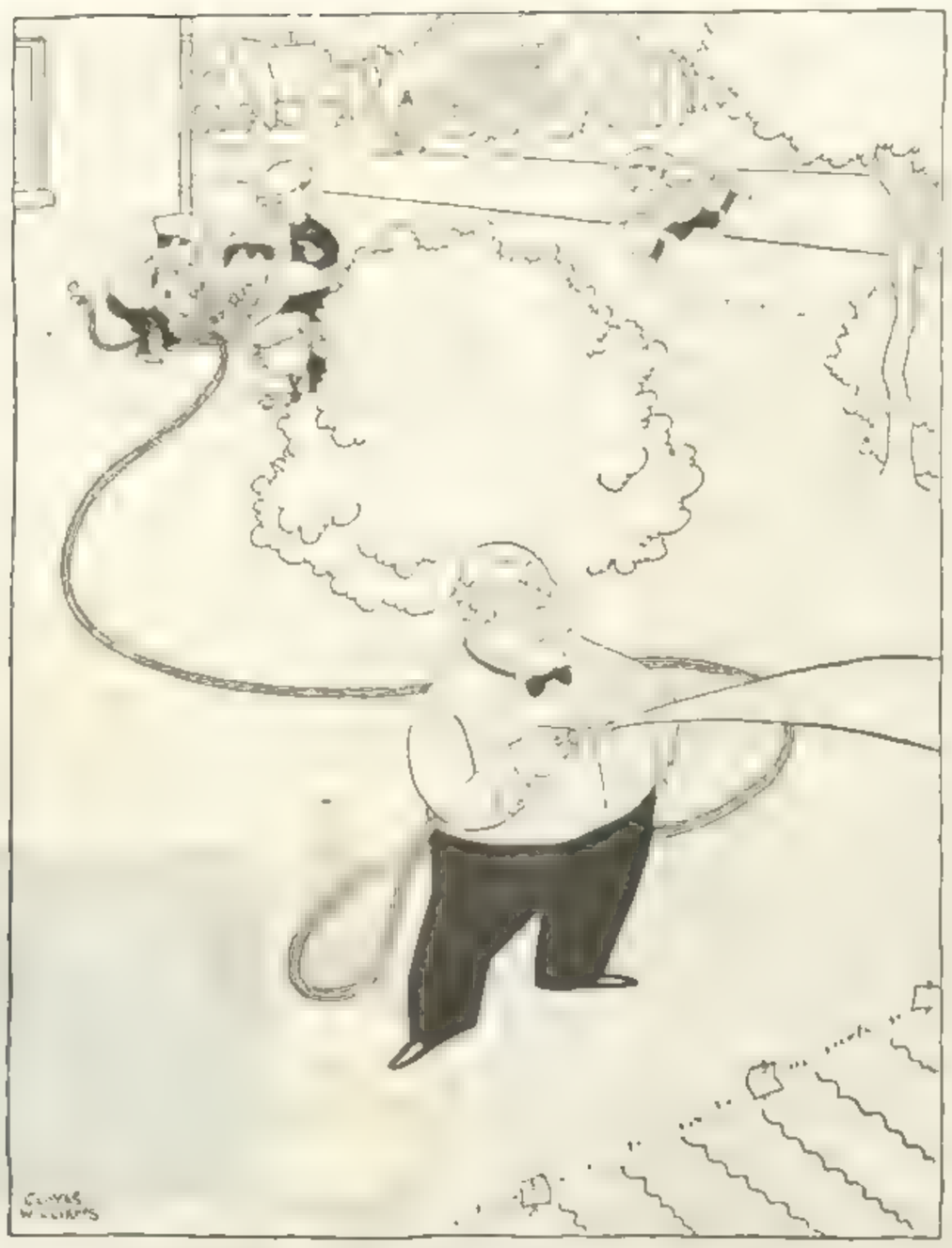
Somewhere in each daily, block typed, was a headline to the effect that Air-Mail Chief Leads Flying Search for Lost Pilot. In all issues at least two columns were given to an account of the heroic-epic search. There was a superabundance of first-person-singular accomplishment by our hoctin', rootin', hifalutin', daring chief.

"The publicity stuff is bad enough," wailed Chick. "Bad! It's criminal, but those pictures knock me for a loop!"

In each paper, plus all the flying gear to be found at the San Francisco hangar, stood the nonchalant John A. posed and smiling before a mail plane. The nonchalance was as ill fitting as something he had walked up two or three flights to get.

"You can't keep a good man down," Rutter resigned, "although you might have to use a gun to get him up." He studied the pictures again, one by one, and appeared puzzled. "It's all clear, except one thing." He glanced at the cuts fixedly. "How did they ever get Col. John A. Keegan to pose near that plane without a gun?"

And nobody had the answer.



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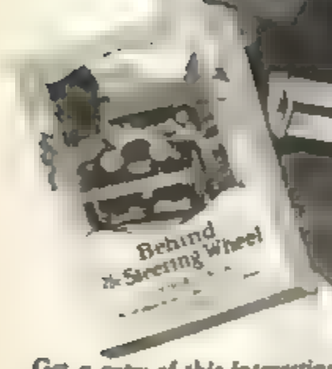

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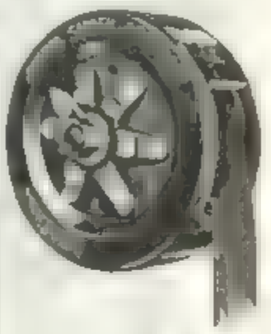

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REDWOOD INVESTMENTS

(Continued from Page 20)

Even our railroad system came into being to a considerable extent only because of the rapid exploitation and sacrifice of the forests. It has been possible to build railroads into numbers of the more remote places only because the lumberman provided the freight. To be sure, in half a century the virgin timber was gone, but "during that period, quite regardless of reforestation," says Dr. Wilson Compton, manager of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, "civilization strikes its roots deep into the wilderness and lives on one industry while building up others."

The northern transcontinental railroads have subsisted to a large extent upon lumber. In 1924 the St. Paul moved more than two hundred and seventy thousand cars loaded with forest products alone. Taking the railroads as a whole, lumber is one of their largest and most valuable sources of revenue, yielding between two and three hundred million dollars a year.

"We always felt here . . . that we should in no way hinder the exploitation of our virgin forests," said Hugo Winkenwerder, dean of forestry of the University of Washington, in addressing the Senate committee, "because of the fact that our welfare in this state, particularly our early development, has very largely hinged upon the exploitation of the forests."

Since national and local development alike have been so closely tied up with the removal of the forest, it is only natural that the lumberman should resent the imputation that he is a devastating agency. He may admit the vices as well as the virtues of the system, but will assert that at most he has been only an instrumentality in working out the national will.

Particularly when the facts are localized does the lumberman's part in sustaining the activities of any given community become apparent. In Humboldt County, California, where the oldest of the redwoods are to be found, more than half the population is dependent upon the operating companies. The lumber interests pay 65 per cent of the taxes, and the largest of the concerns is also the first or second largest taxpayer, employs more men, pays more wages and puts more money into circulation than anyone else in the county.

"We redwood operators pay 65 per cent of the taxes," said the head of another large company, "so that when nineteen thousand dollars is spent for shower baths in a high school we know it."

A Lumberman's Model Town

Now it so happens that the company which pays the most wages, employs the most men and is one of the largest taxpayers, also owns the finest stands of trees for purposes of preservation. Suppose that the county should issue bonds or authorize a special tax levy to buy these groves. The company would then be paying taxes to enable someone else to buy its own property. Amazing thought!

All of which local detail is referred to here merely to emphasize the fact that in the Northwest, and in other forested regions as well, the lumber industry is part of the very texture of social and commercial life. "We have to look the pay roll square in the face here," was the expressive way in which the secretary of a local chamber of commerce summed up the situation from his viewpoint.

The lumberman knows that he supports the community in and near which he operates, and what is more, everybody else knows it. The lumber owner and operator provide the employment, pay the taxes, and supply the railroads with their freight. Without them there would be no community.

The lumberman has been there a long time, longer at least than any other important business interest. In certain cases he has developed a very fine property. Here is a model town with excellent labor conditions, clean, comfortable workmen's houses at moderate rents, a garage for practically every family, a big motion-picture theater where prices are kept low, a bank especially designed for the workmen, a store with low prices, clubs, an excellent hotel for the higher-paid clerical help, and the most modern of hospitals.

In addition, this plant is the finest that experts have been able to build. When California markets were paralyzed this company pioneered in Eastern markets. Every effort is made to find diversified uses, especially for the shorter lengths, for which there is no large commercial demand. Earnings have not been paid out in dividends, but poured back into the plant, and there is pride in doing the best possible job.

Then along comes a group of outsiders who insist upon saving a number of the best lumbering areas. In order to raise money to buy these tracts it has been necessary to call attention to the ugly cut-over areas. The general public, knowing little about the facts, gets the impression that the lumberman is a vandal, and the lumberman feels he is under an undeserved cloud.

Pioneer Background

It would not be natural if the lumberman enjoyed having outsiders insist, no matter how diplomatically, that certain of his holdings must be reserved apart from operations. Even though the preservation of these areas is for the highest benefit of the public, and regardless of the price received, there is the human nature of the owner, of practically all owners of property, not merely those of lumber, to be reckoned with.

To say the least, it ruffles the feelings of a large property owner to be obliged to sell his best holdings because of an outside demand. There is a chance at least, in such a situation, for misunderstanding to go on, as Goethe said, like a fallen stitch in a stocking.

In new or sparsely settled communities large business enterprises must from the very nature of their location loom up more importantly than similar concerns in the populous industrial centers. The copper-mining companies of Montana and Arizona are compelled to assume many functions that a machine-shop owner in Bridgeport, Connecticut, never thinks of exercising. There is pioneer background to mining and lumbering: they are competitive games with great natural resources which until recently seemed inexhaustible.

There is something about the open spaces or in the spirit of the West that makes for forced production and use of land.

The old pioneer desire to cut, dig, reclaim, irrigate and build, often regardless of markets and prices, irrespective of sound business principles, is strong in the newer communities. Restriction does not sit lightly upon these Western activities.

It is true that lumbering has "bridged the gulf between wilderness and civilization," developed great areas which would not otherwise have been utilized until much later, and sustained them in many cases until other industries have arrived. But what price glory? Generally speaking, lumbering has not proved to be permanent. It is generally migratory, admittedly so, as we saw in a previous article, and very large areas cannot be used for any other purpose; they were intended by Nature to grow trees and no other crop.

When the consuming centers of the country reach for the timber in a remote, sparsely settled region, the goose for a time hangs high. Even if the lumbermen themselves do not prosper, the country does. New towns are built, railroads extend their lines, and the country is settled. The region runs, as it were, full blast. But when the timber is cut the lumbermen in that locality

This Advertisement Registers a Violent Kick

TAKE a look at the suits in the snap-shots.

Smartly cut, finely tailored, well fitting—aren't they?

Besides that, they are the coolest, lightest-feeling suits that ever brought relief to a sizzling body.

And now for the glad tidings—

Clothing stores offer Palm Beach Suits at prices which usually range about $12.50, $15.00, $16.50 and $18.50. Some styles and makes sell for more.

And here comes that kick—

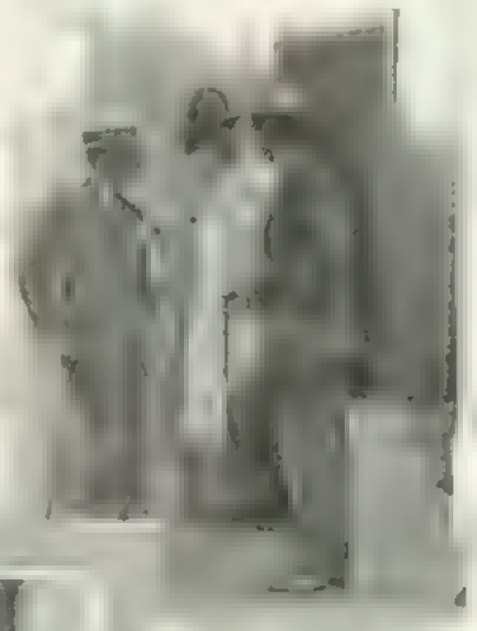
The weavers of Palm Beach Cloth protest against having people think that all suits made of summer fabrics look as though they had been slung together by a tent-maker. They want you to know that you can get good-looking suits of genuine Palm Beach if you pay for good tailoring.

And you can get Genuine Palm Beach Suits in all the handsome new colors and patterns—in both light and dark shades—that you see in the finest imported woolens and worsteds; also the famous tan and other light colors individual to Palm Beach.

You just can't get better looks, greater comfort, or longer wear than you get from a well-made suit of Palm Beach—and that's a *fact!*

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
GOODALL WORSTED CO., Sanford, Me.

Selling Agent: A. ROHAUT, 229 Fourth Avenue, New York City



SNAP-SHOTS

Some of the well-tailored Palm Beach Suits—just as they look on regular men—no fashion-plate tricks about these pictures.

Wear Palm Beach clothes all around the clock—morning, afternoon, evening—for business, sports wear, automobiling. You can be well dressed for any occasion and still be cool. And for golfing, Palm Beach Knickers are ideal

Your clothier can show you cool Palm Beach Suits in light and dark colors and patterns just as in woolens and worsteds.

Ask for Palm Beach by name and insist on seeing this label in the suit. It identifies the genuine.

For men, young men and boys—COOL SUITS OF

PALM BEACH CLOTH

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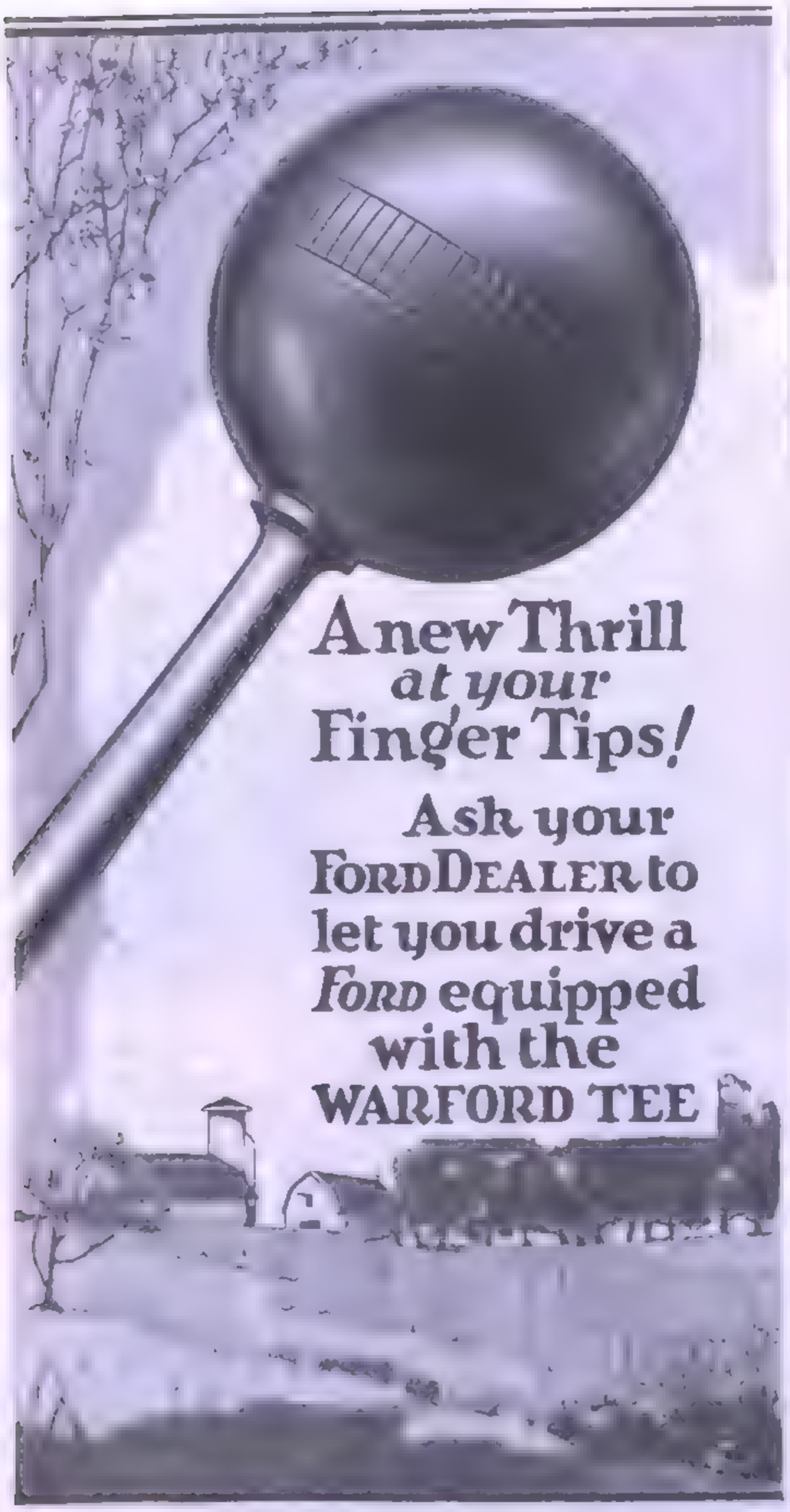

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Foster Warford Co. - Auburn, N Y
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World's Leading Producers Of Auxiliary Truck Transmissions

Neither The Warford Corporation nor its manufacturers have any connection whatsoever with any company manufacturing motor cars

can no longer employ so many men or pay such high taxes.

"It would be more economical to keep 35 per cent of this state in forest production than to use it for anything else," said Dean Winkenwerder of the forestry work in the University of Washington to the Senate committee. "Our situation here from an economic standpoint is very important to us, because we have prosperous communities, which are bound to retrogress in the future unless we have some provision for another crop of timber. We have communities in which the people themselves feel that the forests immediately tributary will not last them over fifteen years.

"It is barely possible that they may be able to get logs shipped in from some distance, but even that would not prolong the time very long. I have in mind, for instance, one community which depends for its life upon the lumber industry to the extent of about twenty-one million dollars a year. All the other industries of that community together total between five and six million dollars. If the timber is to be cut off in fifteen years, it is going to be pretty hard to develop industries to replace the twenty-one million dollars.

"We should take into consideration also that the other industries are to a very large extent dependent upon lumbering, because the labor and capital invested in the lumber industry call upon these others for food, materials and supplies. So I feel that this question [reforestation] in the state of Washington is of fundamental importance to us."

It certainly is of fundamental importance if the history of the Lake states and portions of the Southern pineries is not to be repeated. Because of its migratory nature, lumbering has left behind it whole empires of denuded, practically worthless land. Last year a company whose operations maintained a town of three thousand people in a Southern state moved bodily to one of the Western states, organizing a new town in its new operation.

Causes of Increased Prices

In the Lake states alone there are twenty million acres of denuded land, with depopulation, torn-up railroads and pauperized townships. The lumberman has been able to make the most money by going in once, taking all that could be handled with profit, and then getting out. "They had planned their entire economic structure," says one authority, "on the basis of forestry destruction, and not forestry, and intended to go through with it and quit."

Not only have the operations been nomadic but the industry as a whole has had no permanent interest in the land. Logged-off sections have been dismantled the same as the sawmills. "Unfortunately," as one lumberman has said, "when the supply was thought unlimited, fires were allowed to run at will, with the result that a large part of the second growth has been destroyed." For years little attention was paid to fire unless it threatened merchantable virgin timber.

Nor is it an unmixed blessing that the lumber industry supplies the railroads with so much of their revenue. Each lumbering migration has left the main sawmill industry farther removed from the principal consumers of its product, with consequently increased retail prices due to greater transportation costs.

It is said that the price paid by the average consumer of lumber increased, from 1840 to 1921, three and one-half times as rapidly as the average or index price of all commodities.

"I cannot interpret that in any other way," says Col. Wm. B. Greeley, chief of the United States Forest Service, "than as reflecting the gradual removal of the timber supply and sawmilling industry from the great bulk of the users. When the large mills moved from the Lake states to the Southern pineries, following 1900, you could trace within five years of that general movement an increase of about 50 per cent in the general level of lumber prices in New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. That was the result of the rise of transportation costs and, of course, of distributing costs. The retailers' investments and profits have pyramided themselves on each increase in lumber freight.

"I think right there is a partial answer to the declining per capita consumption of lumber, which has been going down steadily since 1906. A part of it represents the substitution of other materials, but a part represents what I call an unsatisfied demand, such as that reflected in the present shortage of dwellings."

The same authority has said that if the two hundred and fifty million dollar lumber freight bill, which is the consumers' money, could be put into locally grown trees instead of into transportation, the source of supply would shift from a temporary to a permanent basis.

Longer and Longer Hauls

We like to think that it has taken three hundred years to cut the forests, but the last seventy-five years have witnessed a great part of their removal. As pointed out by President Coolidge at a recent conference of the woodworking industries, the illusion of permanence has been due to a transportation system which permits the following up of the retreating timber and its shipment to distant buyers, always filling the market with supplies, although at rising prices, lengthening haul and falling consumption.

Though it is true that the forests are being depleted very rapidly, there is not at this time, and will not be for some years to come, any actual total scarcity of lumber. There are still large quantities in the South and enormous reserves in the Northwest, as well as in Siberia and South America. But the best utilization of a raw material is had only when it is available at reasonable prices in the great consuming centers.

The freight now paid on lumber is often more than its delivered price thirty years ago, and the rise in freight rates bids fair to continue as the haul lengthens. Common lumber is being shipped from Pacific harbors through the Panama Canal to the Atlantic Coast in growing quantities at a rate of fifteen or sixteen dollars per thousand board feet.

"Such shipments may be expected to keep pace with the gradual curtailment in the cut of Southern pine," says the Senate report on reforestation, "and, in a measure, foreshadow a general level of lumber prices in the Eastern states based upon transportation costs from the Far West.

"Furthermore, as the source of timber becomes more distant and restricted, the competitive movement of lumber into consuming markets is curtailed; the stocks in distributing centers are more limited by seasonal factors or congestions in transportation; and the tendencies to advance retail prices become more marked."

Whatever decision any person may reach as to the wisdom or unwisdom of our past system of forest exploitation, it should be self-evident that future policies must follow a different course. We have reaped, without planting, the mightiest crop that natural bounty ever gave; now we are obliged to plant. We know that the era of free wild timber is fast nearing its end, as that of free wild food ended so long ago. There are those who say that not all our wealth will bridge the gap between virgin and second growth, that living standards must be lowered. There are natural laws which cannot be disobeyed, however great the wealth of the country. Others insist that though we have paused on the brink we are yet in time.

In any case, as these conditions have recently begun to receive wide attention many people have jumped to the conclusion that reforestation should be brought about on an extensive scale and without delay. They merely damn the lumberman

(Continued on Page 185)

Get one for the house

Keep one in your car

. . . and don't lend either of them very often

"THE man who lends Stillsons is out!" says a sign that you will often see conspicuously displayed in garages and plumbers' workshops, where a Stillson lent usually means a Stillson lost. Steam fitters and garagemen post this cheerful placard to protect themselves from the casual borrowings of the one tool they can't get along without.

For your own use it's mighty handy to add a Stillson to the tool kit in your car and keep it there for bolts, rods, piping and odd-shaped lugs that no other wrench can turn.

But you really need two—the ten-inch size for all kinds of odd jobs round the house and a larger one for the automobile, so that you and the family won't have to keep borrowing one or the other. Hardware and motor-supply dealers sell all sizes of Stillsons from 6 to 48 inches.

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TRADE MARK STILLSON REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Dan Stillson's Mark

The STILLSON trade-mark is forged into the head of every genuine Walworth Stillson wrench. It stands for these advantages:

1 Jaw and bar are *drop-forged*, not cast.

2 All working parts are of the finest steel used in tool making.

3 A special heat treatment gives extra toughness to resist years of wear.

4 A grip that won't slip and can't get jammed.

5 Made with wood and steel handles. In eight sizes from 6 to 48 inches.

"Whatever You Build You Need Walworth"

WALWORTH
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"The Handy Helper in Every Home"

The "Mother, I'm hungry" hour!

Kelvinate the children's foods, and "special diets" can be planned with half the usual effort

Each day you wrinkle your brow and ponder as you ask yourself, "What shall I get for the children?" Every week-end yes, every day—the question arises, "Will it keep?" or "Is it still good?"

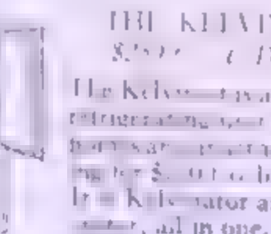
Here is where Kelvinator refrigeration would take a real load off your mind. With Kelvinator chilling your refrigerator you would *know* that the special foods you buy or prepare *would* keep—not only until tomorrow but until the day after, or the day after that. You could safely plan and prepare your children's diet far in advance.

Kelvinator electric refrigeration preserves both purity and freshness. It is so cold that the air in the refrigerator becomes frosty and dry. It does away with the uncertainty of ice delivery, for Kelvination is as constant as your electric service and requires no attention.

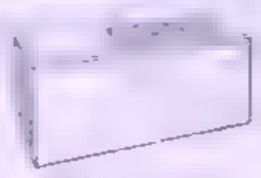
Ask your nearest Kelvinator dealer how Kelvinator can be installed in your present refrigerator. Write for his name, and for Kelvinator literature.

The ZONE *of* KELVINATION

FITS ANY REFRIGERATOR



THE KELVINET



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Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., 60 Temperance Street, Toronto

Kelvinator

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigerator

(Continued from Page 162)

and call him a devastator for not beginning sooner. They forget that until recently everybody regarded the supply as practically inexhaustible, that in earlier days agricultural settlement was expected to follow the lumberman, and that economic conditions have made it practically impossible in most cases for private capital to engage in reforestation.

The lumberman did only what anyone else would have done under similar circumstances; he used his property as seemed to his best financial interest at the time. Lumber was too dirt cheap to handle according to what are now considered forestry principles. With low prices, fierce competition and virgin stumpage beyond, there was little choice except to clean up and move. The life of a sawmill was only about twenty years; to rebuild it required the growing of a second crop, and that was a long time to wait.

Before the lumberman puts his capital into an investment that will make no profit for half a century, he wants to feel pretty sure that his investment will be returned with a fair rate of interest. It is a long time to look ahead, to uses, markets and prices. Besides, the lumberman does not know what taxes will be fifteen or twenty years from now. He merely knows that carrying charges—made up of taxes, interest, fire protection and other items—double in an amazingly short period of time.

Taxes and Fire Hazards

To grow a second crop means reserving a portion of the old trees until the second growth is mature, properly disposing of slash, organizing for fire protection and holding cut-over lands for long periods of time, whatever the taxes may be; all of which the lumberman fears is charged with indefinite hazards.

Though the rapid cutting of the virgin timber and the failure to reforest have been due primarily to other and more potent causes, the practice of forestry as a private business enterprise is hindered by the prevailing tax system. A timber crop may be harvested once in fifty or a hundred years, yet the general property tax is levied year after year.

Even when taxes are only a few cents an acre they become a large fixed charge, at compound interest, in fifty or seventy-five years. This piling up of charges has tended toward rapid cutting of old timber on the one hand, and has discouraged the growing of new timber on the other. An adjustment in the tax system will have to be one of the conditions necessary to large-scale private reforestation. Yet the obstacles are real. Many communities and even counties have no other resources from which to maintain their local government organization. School-teachers and constables cannot wait fifty years for a yield or severance tax to pay their salaries.

Then, too, the fire hazard has been a large deterrent factor in respect to private reforestation. People who have not studied the subject usually think that new forests can be made to take the place of old only by the artificial planting of trees. But Nature is the great planter of trees, with fire their chief enemy. Dr. C. A. Schenck, ober forester of Germany, and former head of the Biltmore School of Forestry, remarked last winter as he was going through a second-growth redwood forest: "Fire protection is 95 per cent of forestry. The good God will see that trees grow."

The lumberman's methods in the past have been anything but calculated to minimize fire on cut-over lands. But now that changing economic conditions are bringing about an eleventh-hour conversion to less wasteful operations, the lumberman finds to his dismay that a large portion of all forest fires are caused by the carelessness of the very public which condemns him for his destruction of the forest. The lumberman pays large taxes, in the aggregate; he does not feel that he always gets the fire protection to which he is entitled.

One authority has said that if growing forests could be insured at reasonable rates, or if their security from fire could be made comparable to that of other classes of property, a tremendous impetus would be given to the production of timber.

We are not going to replace our depleted forests until a general moral obligation rests upon every citizen to be careful with fire in the woods. It seems impossible in this country, especially in the West, to keep the tourist, the camper, the hunter and the careless cigarette smoker out of the forest. But we might just as well recognize that reforestation on a large scale will not take place until the fire hazard comes under better control; and that will probably result only from a marked curtailment in the freedom and independence of the American citizen in the open. If it had been feasible to keep fire out of the woods in the past there would be no danger of timber depletion today.

Lumbermen and foresters maintain also that more research in the field of reforestation is needed before private capital can embark on a large scale with safety. It is said that if governmental agencies will remove the hazards of burdensome taxes, fire and insufficient scientific knowledge, most of the financially responsible lumbermen will start in on business and not sentimental grounds, while those that do not so react can easily be forced to.

Into the dispute as to who is the more responsible for getting large-scale reforestation under way, government or industry, it is not necessary for the layman to enter. Whatever the obstacles and whatever the attitude of the lumberman, the fact is that he will be forced more and more into the business. As the main supplies of virgin stumpage are found farther away from consuming markets the value of second-growth timber in older regions steadily increases, and the growing cost of transportation is translated into higher prices for locally grown timber. Sooner or later such a process seems bound to make commercial reforestation feasible.

One leading authority has said that lumbermen cannot be converted to reforestation; "modification of policy must come, if at all, from within, and must be based upon economic facts which are self-convincing."

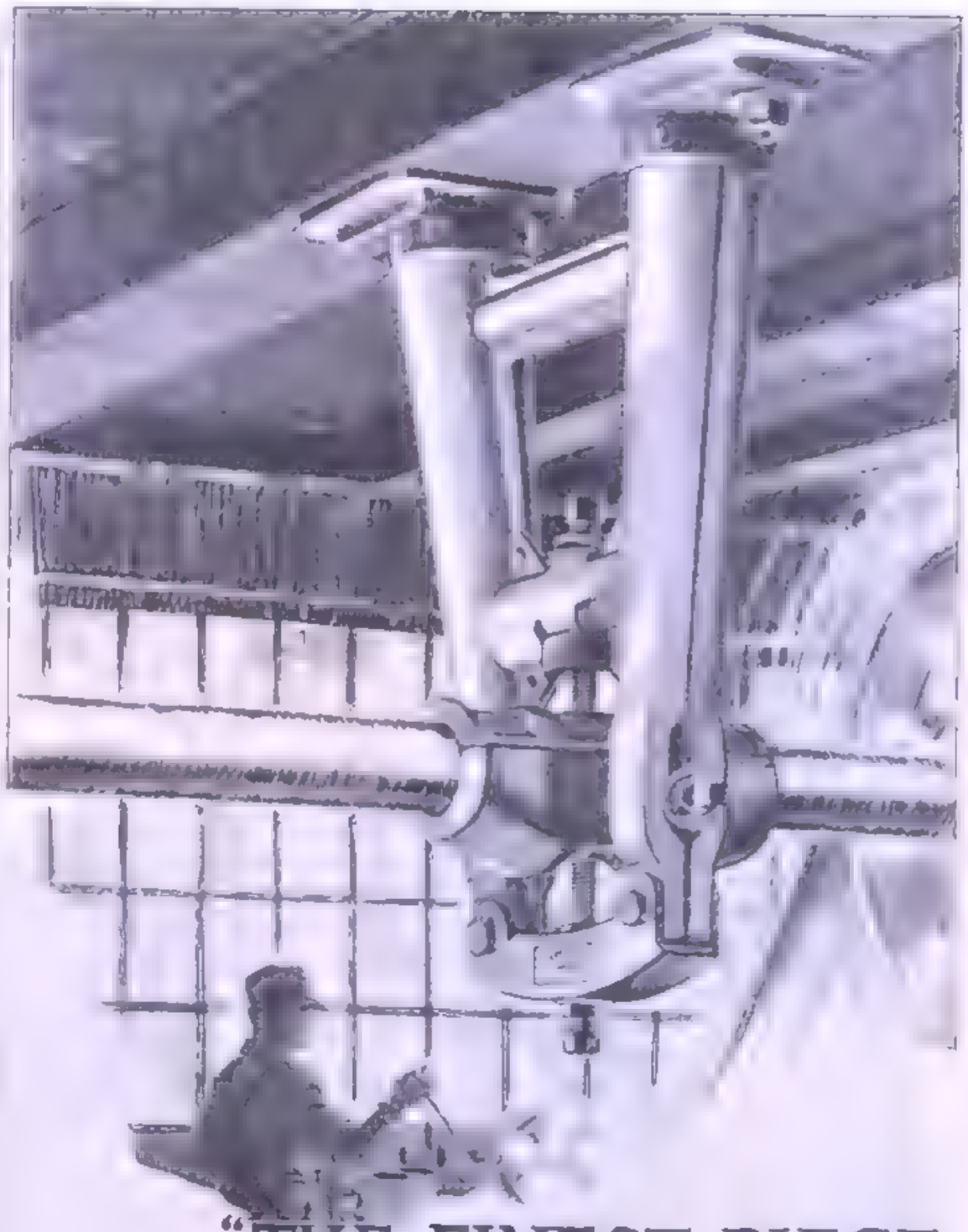
Turning to Second Growth

"At the best, public forest ownership in the United States never can, and in my judgment never should, embrace more than a minor part of our total area of forest-producing land," says Colonel Greeley. "There is every reason why timber growing should now become in a large way, as it already has in a small way, a field for commercial initiative and commercial investment. There is every reason why the industrial interests which utilize timber should now apply the same degree of expert study and commercial vision to the opportunities for profit in producing raw material that they would give to manufacture and merchandising. I look to see a tremendous expansion in commercial reforestation during the next twenty years."

As long as there was always more virgin stumpage to turn to, second growth had no value. But smaller trees will be used as the supply of larger ones gives out. In the Northwest it is still common to look upon trees which are marketable in the East as mere brush. They are marketable in one place, but not in the other. Time will change that condition.

Nearly all industries work the most profitable portions of their field first. When the going is easy, returns are considered insignificant, although they prove quite satisfactory later on.

"In the pioneer stage of American development," says Dean Franklin Moon, of the New York State College of Forestry, "labor was cheap, construction costs far less expensive than today, freight rates comparatively moderate; a mill to cut one hundred thousand board feet per diem could be built for considerably less than



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THIS was the initial remark of an industrial engineer after he had looked over his first American Pressed Steel Shaft Hanger.

Then, as he carefully examined in detail the construction of the hanger, he noted the design, the unusual strength and rigidity against vibration; the smooth, round surfaces, without dust pockets, that make for cleanliness; absence of projecting parts that assures safety; the provisions for quick and accurate adjustments and the graceful lines that contribute to the appearance of any shop which is equipped with American Pressed Steel Hangers.

Not only is the American Pressed Steel Shaft Hanger an example of fine, accurate metal stamping, but it embodies all the engineering principles that assure satisfactory performance.

An interestingly illustrated folder fully describes this hanger. Send for your copy.

THE American Steel Split Pulley is used in every country where manufacture is an important industry.

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one hundred thousand dollars and be amortized within ten or twelve years. Increasing costs of all kinds, for labor, freight and construction materials, make mill plants far more costly [now]. Competition is far keener, the margin of profit, owing to increased stumpage prices and higher manufacturing cost, much smaller; sawmills and particularly high-priced paper and pulp mills cannot be scrapped after a few years, and villages wiped out of existence. Forest industries must now be operated on a more secure basis, and this makes sustained forest yield from forest areas an absolute necessity."

After a recent inspection of the lumbering operations in the Northwest, Doctor Schenck, the German forester, with the history of European forestry in mind, said that the impossibilities of today are the common occurrences of tomorrow. "Second-growth investments may prove to be better than virgin. The Junker families of Germany and Austria were based upon the ownership of forests. No investment in Germany today is of greater value than stumpage, and in none has wealth been so well preserved. These families are richer today than before the war, and I believe the former Kaiser is richer than the Stinnes family because of the stumpage he owns. Yet the forests of Germany are not primitive growth at all."

Restocking

"There are three main motives for going into reforestation here," was the explanation given to the writer by Maj. David T. Mason, consulting forester for the California redwood operators. This reforestation program provides for holding and protecting cut-over lands and planting young redwood trees to the extent necessary to supplement and complete natural restocking, and is described by the Senate Committee on Reforestation as "one of the most definite developments in commercial reforestation which was brought to the attention of the committee."

Said Major Mason: "The cut-over lands are of no value except to raise timber. No operator would invest his money for fifty years for that sole reason, but fortunately there are other reasons. In this one plant here [Scotia, California] millions are invested. The expenditure of a considerable sum each year in reforestation is justified if it will provide a future use for this plant and town, which will thus protect the investment here. Without raw material, plant and town will be worthless.

"In the third place there is the public-relations reason for this undertaking. How is government to be supported when the timber is gone? The view of local taxing authorities in a forested region is usually frank. 'If we want to build any roads or schools,' they say, 'we must hit you very hard while you have anything left to tax.' There is a tendency also to tax the lumber companies heavily when they are owned by nonresidents, by absentees, and there is a feeling that the owners don't always spend their money where it is made. 'Therefore let's get it out of them in taxes,' say the local people.

"If the operators raise crops of timber as a farmer does they will be more like home folks, and there will be the assurance of stable and permanent prosperity. In the long run this should be followed by a different attitude toward the lumberman.

"Then, too, there is a growing sentiment in the state and nation that the lumberman should do something about the cut-over land. Later he may be forced to do it. Naturally he prefers to get into the game first. This is only one motive for reforestation; and there are lumbermen who feel that nothing they can ever do will please the public."

Not all the redwood operators, it is to be feared, entered upon the program of reforestation, necessitating, as it does, the expenditure of considerable sums, with particularly marked enthusiasm. It is to be suspected that not all of them are converted yet. The independent spirit that reveled in virgin stumpage dies very slowly.

The frame of mind to be overcome is not confined to the owners. It is more widespread than that. Some old lumberjacks were planting seedlings in a place not far from where twenty years ago they had lumbered the virgin forest. "We did not think when we were cutting over there," one of them remarked sadly, "that we would ever be planting here."

Nevertheless, the redwood operators have taken up reforestation on a large scale. In few if any other sections have so many of the operators gone into a similar program. More than a million plants are put out each year, and the eventual aim is to put out at least thirty new trees for each one cut. By 1930 it is hoped to plant as large an area each year as that cut over. It took a thousand years, or at least many hundreds, to grow the redwoods which now go into commercial use. It is hoped by planting enough trees that commercial timber will be available in large quantities when the old trees are gone.

Not every plant lives, and many technical problems must be solved. But there seems to be increasing confidence in the wisdom of the program, a feeling that it must succeed. Probably it will be taken more seriously each year as the end of the virgin timber draws a shade nearer.

The forest problem differs radically according to the tree, the climate and the nearness to market. Fortunately the redwood is the fastest growing of all our trees. Douglas fir grows almost as fast, but the fire hazard is greater. Redwood reforests naturally and rapidly, the stump giving out at the base a ring of shoots which grow in a sort of magic circle around the parent. Even when left to itself, and without the intensive planting of seedlings, which is now being done, redwood will show a natural second growth in cut-over lands of from 10 to 60 per cent, dependent on methods of logging, soil, topographic conditions and effect of fire subsequent to logging.

Most of the growth comes from sprouts, very little from seed. But seed is gathered, planted in nurseries, and the young trees placed in the forest among the natural stump sprouts. Although fire is a hazard, it is much less than in many other forests, owing to the extreme moisture. Another advantage lies in the fact that redwood forests are compact and concentrated, there being relatively few owners, as compared with pine. Thus uniformity of reforestation policy is possible.

"In many of the older regions we have got to rebuild the structure of forest industries from the bottom," says Colonel Greeley. "We have got to restore the productivity of enormous areas before permanent forest industries can be created. In the Western States, by and large, the forest industries now existing can to a large degree, without material changes in plant investment or output, guarantee the permanency of their enterprises. This is one of the great industrial opportunities of the West."

In the redwood region there is enough virgin timber to last until the new crop is grown, provided the reforestation program is pursued vigorously from now on. But as Major Mason has said, it will not do to wait fifty years before beginning, just because there are fifty years or more of old growth now. It is fortunate that the virgin forest will last long enough to finance the new crop. There is promise at least that the oldest of trees will take a conspicuous place in the new era of continuous operation.

But the proper conservation of the redwood, as well as other forests, does not depend solely upon the growth of a new crop. If it is necessary to grow wood for the future it is just as desirable to avoid waste in using what Nature has so profusely presented to man without effort on his part. The more close becomes the utilization of the ancient redwoods, the longer will the giants stand in their place to be seen by man.

Planting Nursery-Grown Redwoods on Land Logged Over Five Years Ago

As the President has expressed it in his homely, thrifty fashion, "It is poor business to go to the huge expense of reforestation if we persist in losing a large part of the crop by unsatisfactory ways of manufacturing and using it. A tree saved is a tree grown."

The question of waste in the forest and woodworking industries is many-sided and complicated. The casual observer is inclined to forget, however, that it is to a considerable extent a question of fundamental economics. If the lumberman leaves tops, limbs, small sizes and inferior species in the forest it may be in some part due to his own shortsightedness and inefficiency, but it is largely due to the fact that there is no profit in taking these products out.

"The public finds fault because there is waste after logging," said one lumberman; "but it will not pay the cost of transportation, to say nothing of the cost of producing fuel, because other fuels can be bought cheaper. Is the lumberman to be blamed for this?"

The public, to say the least, shares with the industries responsibility for the waste that has come from using only the best and clearest logs. Then, too, the diversity, geographical isolation and small average size of the wood-using trades have kept them from adopting economies as rapidly as more concentrated industries.

Less Waste

But just as the lessened supply and higher prices of virgin stumpage have already begun to compel reforestation in certain sections, so will the same factors make for greater economy in methods. There is a high percentage of breakage in the fall of a tree as big as a virgin redwood, but these trees may ultimately become so valuable that the operator can afford to lower them by an elaborate mechanical device. Indeed, experiments have been made already on lowering devices.

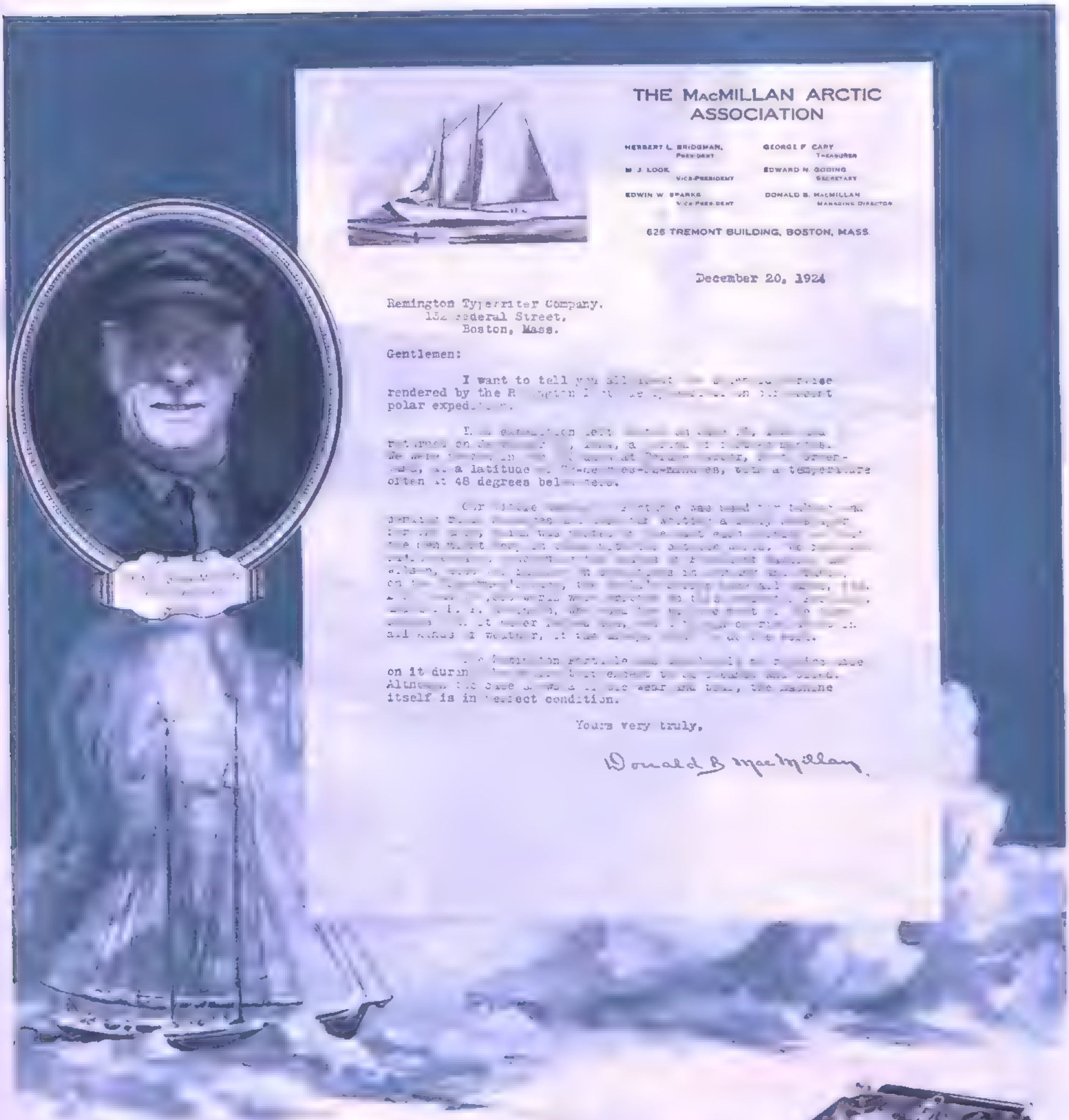
A pine operator in speaking of waste said recently that anyone familiar with the subject knows that utilization is closer each year because uses are being found for inferior lumber. It is only recently that redwood operators have used refuse or waste as fuel in their donkey engines instead of merchantable logs as formerly.

Says one redwood operator: "The big problem in redwood timber, from an operating standpoint, is a better conversion of what we have. We are today leaving probably as much timber per acre as the Eastern man ever had to start with. Yet probably we are taking off 25 or 30 per cent more than ten or fifteen years ago."

Axel H. Oxholm, chief of the lumber division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, has said that on the average there is produced from the American log from 40 to 55 per cent of lumber as compared with 65 per cent in foreign countries. It is estimated that it is possible, theoretically at least, to reduce the present cut of raw material in this country by 15 or 20 per cent without diminishing the net volume of useful products.

This would require a greater use of short and odd lengths, a closer adaptation of

(Continued on Page 171)



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December 20, 1924

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[illegible] returned on [illegible], a little [illegible] We were [illegible] at Etah, [illegible] a latitude [illegible] often at 48 degrees below zero.

[illegible]

on it during [illegible] Although the case [illegible] itself is in perfect condition.

Yours very truly,

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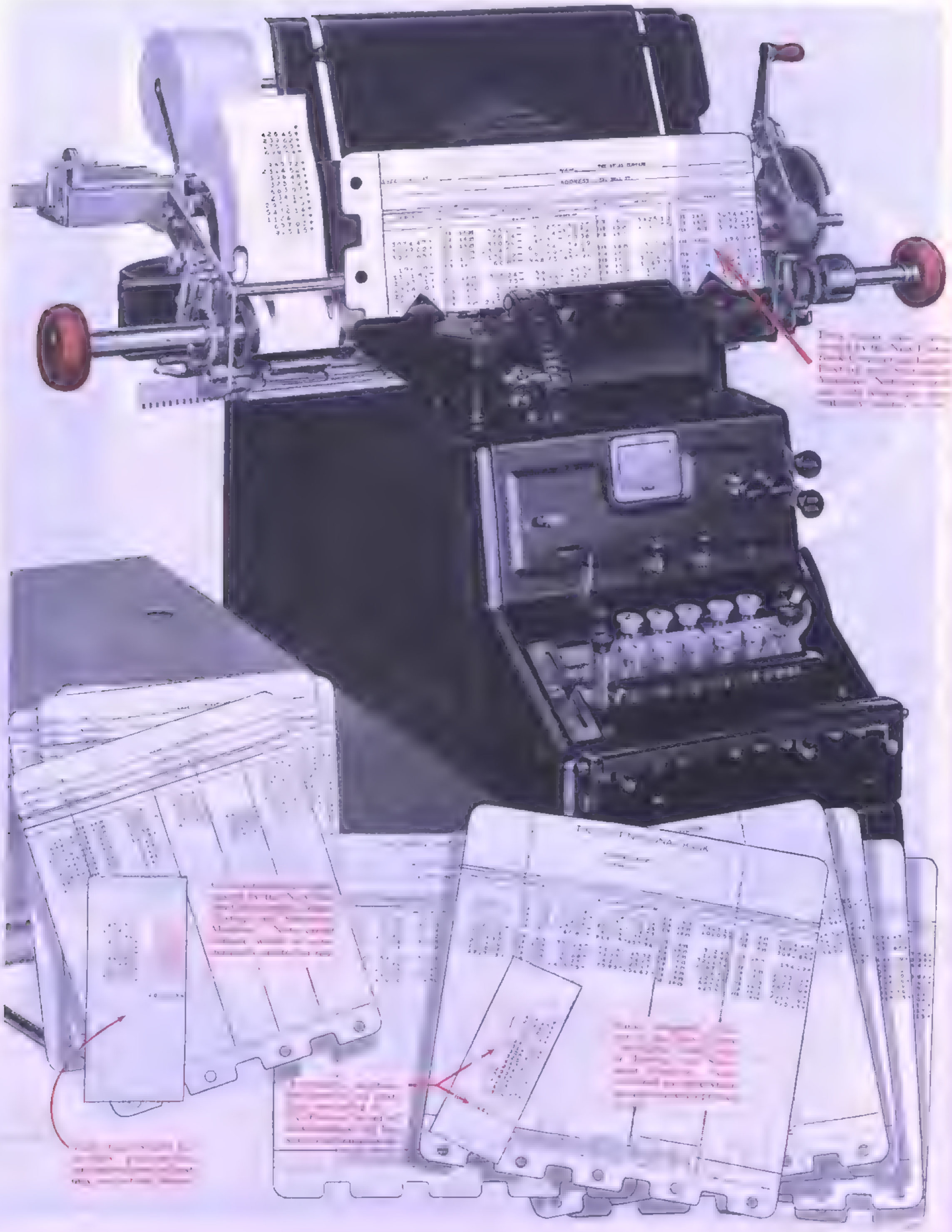

ANNOUNCING

a bookkeeping machine that checks its own work!

—the New Dalton "Multiplex" Bank and Commercial Ledger Posting and Statement Machine

Imagine a bookkeeping machine that checks its own work! Such a machine—the New Dalton "Multiplex" Bank and Commercial Ledger Posting and Statement Model—has been created by Dalton engineers. It is the first machine to render this complete figure service, in this simple, certain way:

① ***In banks,*** it automatically posts checks, deposits, and the correct new balances in their proper columns, and, at the same time, checks its own work, thereby proving whether or not all items have been correctly posted.

② ***In commercial houses,*** it automatically posts debits, credits, and the correct new balances in their proper columns and by means of the tally provides a printed list of all postings, with total thereof, thereby proving whether or not all items have been correctly posted.

Further, this new model possesses these other exclusive Dalton advantages: (1) It automatically prints overdrafts in RED including the date, thereby making it practically impossible to mistake overdrafts for credit balances. (2) Scientifically correct 10-key Dalton "touch method" keyboard which increases operating speed 25 to 80 per cent and eliminates fatigue and eye strain incident to constant swinging of head and eyes back and forth from data to machine. (3) Visibility—all work immediately before and within easy range of operator's line of vision. (4) Position of paper carriage facilitates injection and removal of sheets. (5) Only one hand is required to operate the machine, leaving the other free to turn checks or follow copy. (6) Improved automatic carriage return eliminates vibration, thereby making this new model exceedingly quiet.

In addition to this simpler, speedier posting and statement service, which eliminates more than 75 per cent of the work required the pen-and-brain way, this new model offers that all-'round figure service found only in the New Dalton Direct Subtracting "Multiplex" series—addition and subtraction at the same time, "Multiplex" multiplications, addition of two sets of figures in one column. All this in a machine so simplified as to be instantly operable by anyone.

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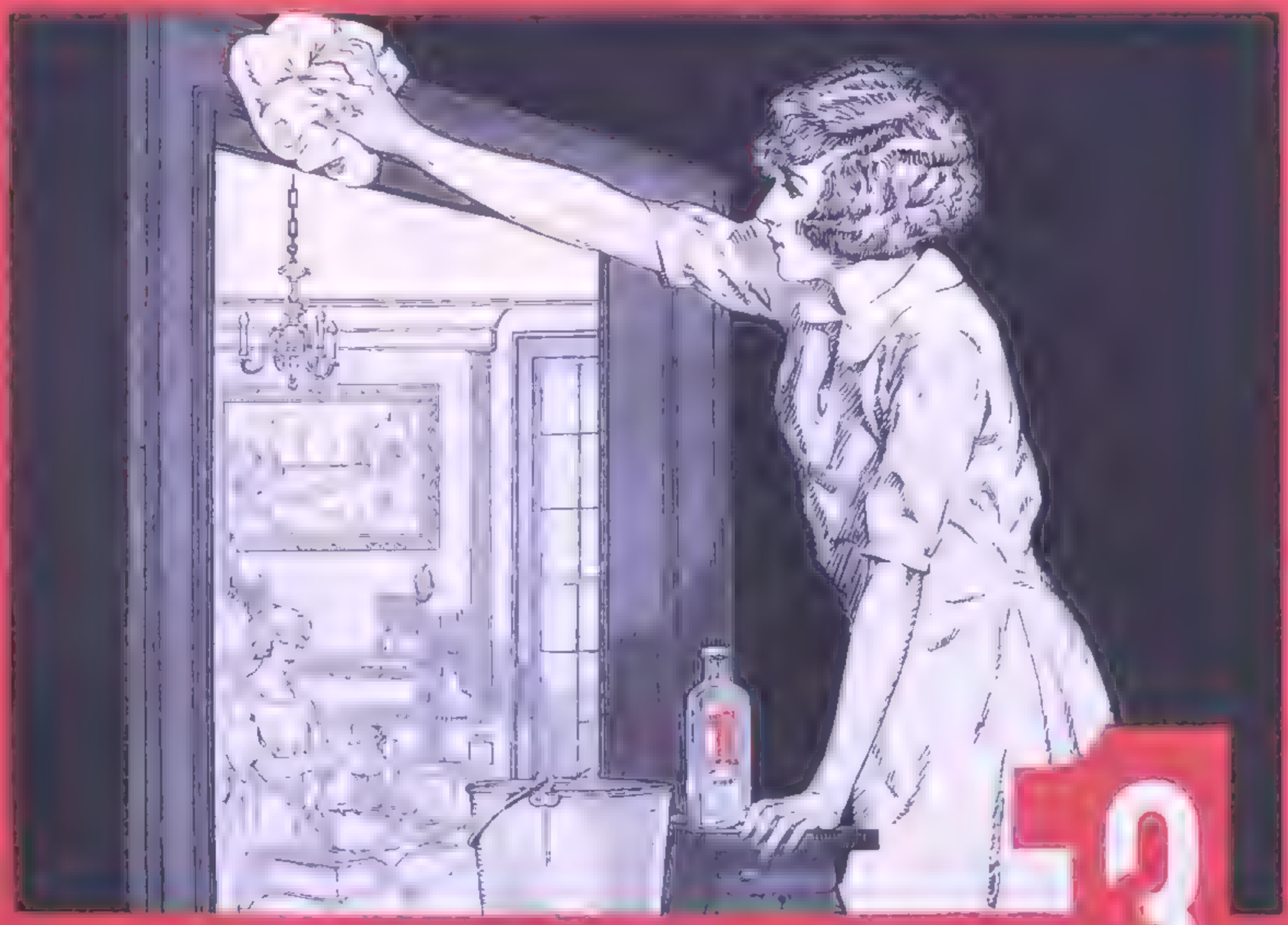

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At Housecleaning Time

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Bright cleanliness displaces the dullness; the beautiful grain is brought out again; surface scratches disappear.

For best results, use this way: (1) Wring out a cloth in cold water; (2) Put a few drops of 3-in-One on the cloth; (3) Wash the woodwork with the cloth, a small surface at a time. Rub *with* the grain—not round and round; (4) Polish with a soft, dry cloth.

Rinse the cleaning cloth frequently and re-oil.

To wash windows, mirrors and picture frame glass, do this: Add a few drops of 3-in-One to the wash water. No soap or cleaning powder needed. You get brilliant cleanliness with less labor and at one-tenth the cost.

Spring cleaning means oiling every mechanism that requires oil—vacuum cleaners, electric motors, locks. Also protecting all metal surfaces against rust and tarnish—bathroom fixtures—gas ranges Use 3-in-One. It's sure.

A good store near you keeps 3-in-One in 1-oz., 3-oz. and ½-pint bottles. Also in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. The ½-pint bottle is the economical size for housecleaning. You get more 3-in-One for your money.

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(Continued from Page 166)

primary manufacture to the requirements of fabricating plants, the conversion of waste into pulp and the preservative treatment of timber to prolong its life. Along all these lines there is an increasing progress. Of course the lumberman cannot do it all. The furniture manufacturer, architect, contractor, carpenter and consumer will be compelled, as time goes on, to conduct their operations with far more regard to economy of raw materials than at present.

"The lumberman is going to take more interest in reforestation later on than he admits at present, particularly in favorable regions," was a statement made recently by E. T. Allen, forest adviser to the National Lumber Manufacturers Association. "His business is going to become not so much the growing of the larger timber as smaller stuff, by-product stuff. The mill of the future is going to be a by-product mill. The public is not going to care whether you make long timbers or short ones so long as the land is used and supports taxes and the people's needs."

It is hardly fair to think of the problem of waste in terms of the forest industries alone or in terms peculiar to that industry. It is a fundamental problem of civilization; a penalty, as it were, of civilization itself. The struggle with it is one of the great battles that mankind is always fighting. In the case of lumbering, waste must be contended with both in the forest—that is, in logging—and in the mills.

Not only are the redwoods difficult to fall because of their enormous size, but no use has yet been found for the bark, which is extraordinarily thick and heavy. It is the custom to peel the logs in the woods and burn the bark there. This costs one company alone one hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year. Probably somewhere between one hundred thousand and two hundred thousand tons of bark are burned in the redwood forests each year. Yet in time a use may be found for the bark, just as the packing houses have learned to use every part of a steer or hog.

What Happened to Cloquet

If the redwood operators brought their logs into the mill with the bark on, certain problems would be solved, but others would probably be created. The disposal of waste, or slash, in the forest, is not settled by sentiment or offhand opinion. Almost any conceivable procedure has disadvantages as well as advantages. If slash is burned in the forest, then there is complaint because of its wastefulness. If it is left on the ground there is danger of fire. Waste is never gotten rid of by denouncing it; disposal or use is a painstaking work of engineering detail.

What the forest and sawmill of the future will produce in addition to boards, no man can say. We only know that it will become more of a factory and less of a quarry. It may produce alcohol, textiles, and fibers that will compete with metals. Out of the sawmill of the future will come synthetic boards, the product of sawdust, limbs, twigs, roots, slabs and other wastage. Indeed, their production has already begun.

There is the oft quoted example of Cloquet, Minnesota. This town was originally located in the virgin timber and was a lumber center for fifty years. By 1918 it seemed as though the usual fate of lumbering towns was about to overtake Cloquet, so painfully near was the end of the raw material. On the night of October twelfth came a fire that laid waste the town. Coming as it did on the threshold of a Northern Minnesota winter and with the supply of timber so near an end, there seemed for a time no hope of the town's coming back. What followed is best described by one of the lumbermen:

"Out of this calamity there came a vision. Former employes returned and occupied hastily constructed camps and small shacks, quickly building larger and better homes. Business men occupied temporary quarters and at once began building their present fine business houses. Schools, churches and public buildings were restored. The lumber company and the paper company were astonished and deeply touched by the loyalty of their old employes. They in turn undertook to do everything possible to lengthen the life of their industries.

"They reached out to a dubious extent for a further timber supply and set in operation studies and experiments for greater utilization of every kind of timber that grew in this region. Large sums have been expended in experiments to use smaller pieces of wood, wood fibers and wood waste."

It might be said, in fact, that Cloquet rose from the ashes on the basis of toothpicks and similar small products.

Scenery Undercapitalized

The use of what would otherwise be waste for by-products is not solely a question of the laboratory. Even when manufacture is proved feasible, salesmanship may still have resistance to overcome. Even if the redwood operator could find a way of converting bark and limbs into useful articles, he would still be obliged to sell these articles, to compete with other similar finished products that already have an established market.

One of the biggest stocks of lumber in the country is carried in connection with the mill of the largest redwood-operating company, which concern likewise owns many of the oldest and most beautiful of the forests.

In this mill great quantities of short stock which would otherwise be waste are worked up into a variety of small objects, including even pegs to drive into the holes made by spikes in railroad ties. Refinement of manufacture before shipment is carried to a high degree.

J. M. Leaver, assistant to the president of the company, designed the mill and invented much of its machinery. He has been referred to by Mr. Oxholm as a pioneer in the field of economical utilization of wood products.

But having summarized a few of the more important aspects of forest conservation and utilization, let us return directly to the question of what constitutes the highest use of the redwoods. Though the lumberman admits that certain representative areas of virgin redwoods should be preserved to show posterity how they grew, he is inclined in the same breath to raise a doubt as to the scenic, recreational and, when the argument suits his purpose, even the utilitarian value of the virgin forest!

The lumberman strongly emphasizes the fact that practically all the forests of Germany, including the much advertised Black Forest, are second growth. He points out that in Germany many of the second-growth forests are within a short tram ride of the towns, and that classes of schoolchildren often ride out into the forest. It is more important, he says, to put money and effort into developing a second-growth forest near San Francisco, for instance, which thousands of children might visit daily, than in saving primitive growth several hundred miles away.

The lumberman admits freely enough that a cut-over redwood forest looks like blazes for a few years. A wheat field, he explains, is not beautiful in stubble. In five years the cut-over land does not look so very bad, and in ten years a small forest begins to grow. In twenty, or at least in forty years, he believes that not more than five out of ten people would know the difference between virgin and second growth. If a few miles of virgin forest are left, runs the argument, many people will not know how much has been cut.

The lumberman further insists that many of the ancient redwoods are overmature. Many have been dying for centuries, and should have been cut from five to eight hundred years ago to prevent them from rotting. Trees, of course, are not permanent things, not even the redwoods. They grow, mature and die. He may even add that the primeval forest is not economical, since the fall and decay almost equal the growth.

The redwood forest, insists the lumberman, is decidedly overripe. But is not the argument a peculiar one for him to use? In practice, lumbering as a whole in this country has gone in to clean out everything that could be handled at a profit, overmature, mature and undermature. As far as redwoods are concerned, the operator cleans out the place absolutely.

But what if some of the redwoods are overmature, commercially speaking, and could have been cut into boards eight hundred years ago provided there had been a demand for them among the aborigines? The lumberman says these particular trees have been dying for centuries. Now, of course, the only point in making these statements is to persuade the public to interfere with cutting the old trees as little as possible.

It would seem, however, as if the implication here is absurdly far-fetched, when we consider the length of the redwood life cycle. Suppose certain trees have reached their maturity today; they will stand secure in their place for another five hundred or a thousand years. When it takes a tree that long to die, death has very little meaning for centuries to come. The argument for cutting them because they are ripe thins out to zero under the circumstances, considering how many people will look at the trees in the next five hundred or a thousand years.

The overripe argument applies to a tree with a very short life cycle but is entirely beside the point where the cycle is a thousand years or more.

It seems to me that the redwood operator is dealing with a dangerous boomerang argument when he points so emphatically to the absence of virgin forests in Europe, with the implication that virgin forests here are not such great shucks after all. "There is not a virgin forest in Europe; the Black Forest, the most advertised in the world, is second growth!" exclaimed the manager of a redwood company in arguing against the purchase by one of the California counties of certain of his company's holdings for park purposes.

Futile Arrogance

If the redwood operators, if the lumbermen in general, think so highly of Germany's second growth, why have they confined their own operations so enthusiastically and exclusively to virgin timber? If the virgin forest is uneconomical, as they say it is when the argument suits their particular purpose, why have they so carefully avoided, up to the present, the lumbering of second growth?

Though the redwood operator's conversion to reforestation deserves credit, it is of very recent date indeed. It is still in the earliest stages, and many years must elapse before any lumber can be produced. Up to the present and for more than half a century to come redwood production has been and will be all derived from virgin and not from second-growth forests.

Why, then, the childish attempt to slur the virgin forest? The redwood operator feels that because he has begun this reforestation scheme there should be a minimum of effort, of agitation to save the ancient giants which he proposes to cut entirely by the time the second growth has come. Colossal but futile arrogance!

Reforestation is not only desirable; it is necessary, and probably no branch of the lumbering industry in the West has gone so far as the redwood operators. But it should not be allowed to becloud the issue of a proper ratio between cutting and saving. The activities of the operators in reforesting should not blind anyone to the fact that the overwhelming mass of the virgin forests are to be cut. Reforestation is no substitute for the old growth, and the public should not allow it to be used as a back fire against saving old trees.

(Continued on Page 173)

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TAKE the "Week-end Special," pictured. [illegible] host's valet to [illegible] appreciation [illegible] your critical taste. It's supremely comfortable, too [illegible] with such exclusive [illegible] side-ties, and [illegible] ing, the same thought for your comfort, in all Glovers' Brighton-Carlsbad garments. Ask to see them.

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This is one of the great time and labor savers of the world

Probably the greatest labor-saving device ever invented for the kitchen, this new Sellers Klearfront is a great American success. Described by famous experts as the world's most complete assembly of conveniences for easy, scientific preparation of foods. Has the "15 famous features," plus up-to-the-minute betterments. Illustrated booklet P-5 gladly sent by G. I. Sellers & Sons Company, Elwood, Indiana. Canadian branch, Brantford, Ontario. See this surpassing cabinet in white or Sellers gray. Easy terms.

SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

(Continued from Page 171)

The growth of a giant redwood is beyond man's control. It is a work of the ages, because it takes something like a thousand years. The fifty or even the seventy-five-year-old tree cannot compare in size, symmetry, majesty or beauty with the ancients. Perpetuation of the redwood-lumbering industry through reforestation does not mean saving the redwoods any more than combining a thousand little streams into one power house means saving Niagara Falls.

Redwood lumbermen fear lest public sentiment in favor of preserving trees reaches a point where the industry itself will be seriously interfered with. "It is possible" said a representative of these interests, "to arouse public opinion to the point where fifteen years from now there will be no redwood industry. If that takes place the pine and then the fir industries will be the next targets."

So strongly does one of the redwood companies feel, that it has expressed its disapproval even of a bill before the state legislature to create a unified park commission, although nearly all authorities on the subject of state parks believe that such legislation is necessary for the efficient conduct of the scattered recreation areas in California.

Lumbermen like to point out that to save the whole redwood area, even assuming the owners receive adequate compensation, would tie up a great capital in idleness and result in lower living standards. On the other hand, most of the preservation to date has been due to the activities of the Save-the-Redwoods League, which organization has announced repeatedly not only its firm belief in friendly negotiation to purchase, rather than state or county condemnation, as well as adequate compensation to owners and the least possible interference with the industry compatible with the public good, but also its conviction that "by far the greater proportion of the redwood belt must be utilized for commercial purposes."

Groundless Fears

The redwood operators feel, however, that there is no actual end to saving in sight, that no definite line of demarcation has been drawn between saving and utilization, that there will be constantly increasing demands upon them and that their own business programs will thus be difficult to map out. They argue further that this situation results in a cloud resting upon them, that their properties are burdened with a moral lien, as it were, which an aroused public sentiment in favor of preservation has established. Nor can they proceed with their reforestation programs unless assured of a continued supply of virgin timber.

If too large an area of the country's forests should be locked up from all cutting, there would be considerable loss from natural causes. But the great bulk of the primeval redwood forest will stand, as we have seen, for ages to come, provided it is not cut down. Considering the extremely rapid depletion of the country's forests as a whole, it might be well to hold a few of the redwoods in reserve. In any case, the lumbermen's fears are not to be regarded seriously, and for very practical reasons.

As yet barely more than 1 per cent of the redwood forest has been saved. This has taken more than five years of active agitation and money raising, not to mention warnings without number in earlier years. To raise the hundreds of millions of dollars necessary to bring the industry to an end would require superhuman effort, and no such proposal has even been made.

A considerably larger proportion of the redwoods could be preserved than at present without crippling the industry, or tying up capital in idleness, or making houses more expensive to build, or lowering the standards of living. That much is self-evident.

Two or 3 per cent, even 5 per cent, of redwoods reserved from lumbering would not destroy the industry; obviously not. Yet with the multiplying demands upon the public purse for countless other purposes, no one knows where the money is to come from for even so little. It would seem as if the lumbermen were easily frightened, or perhaps they feel that by painting the darkest picture they can think of, the hand of the conservator will be stayed.

Have a Heart for Posterity!

It will be necessary to save more trees than at present to preserve the scenic beauty and integrity of the highway. The growth of population and the greater ease of communication are rapidly enhancing the public value and emphasizing the necessity of large recreational and scenic areas.

If the curve showing the increase in the use of the national parks and automobile travel to these and other similar places is extended for a hundred or fifty or twenty-five or even only fifteen years into the future, the results are astonishing. It does not follow because we have been short-sighted in the past that we need be entirely so in the future. We are in little danger of overdoing the preservation of such natural resources as the redwoods.

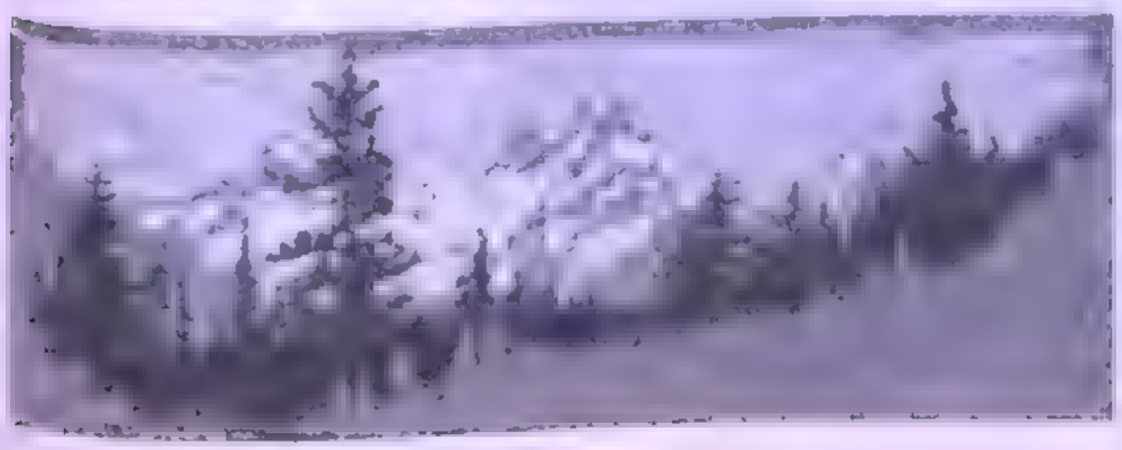
It is conceded that these trees have a majesty and beauty which of their kind are not to be matched elsewhere in the world. We are rich enough to retain more than a 1 per cent sample. We are rich enough to keep more than a mere specimen, if for no other reason than as a testimonial of American respect to one of Nature's noblest legacies.

"With the inevitability of a natural law, the people of the United States are going to turn to the forests," says L. F. Kneipp, secretary of the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation, ". . . to share its delights . . . and to view with deploring eyes or perhaps angry and active antagonism forms of timber utilization which unnecessarily devastate."

For some purposes raw material in Nature's form is more valuable than the finished product. We are a practical, money-loving people. As such we cannot afford to overlook the fact that redwoods cut down pay but one dividend while those left standing for a thousand years longer will pay increasing annual dividends, if not forever, at least long enough to make such investments worth having.

"We hold the resources of our country as a trust," says President Coolidge. "They ought to be used for the benefit of the present generation, but they ought neither to be wasted nor destroyed. The generations to come also have a vested interest in them. . . . These resources must be administered for the general welfare of all the people, both for the present and the future. There must be both use and restoration."

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Atwood



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The MACGREGOR Golfer-Workman

MATCHED CLUBS
improve your play

The UNI-SET is an assortment of three wood clubs which have been carefully *matched* at the factory by expert golfer-workmen. They come to you packed in a handsome carton.

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All this is now changed under the new plan of the MACGREGOR Uni-Set—the results being reflected by a marked improvement in your game. In our four Uni-Sets, as shown below, all three clubs are built in the proper relation to each other—through every process of their manufacture by MACGREGOR Golfer-Workmen.

The result is that for each wood shot requirement you have just exactly the right club for the occasion—and *knowing this* gives you a much greater *confidence* in what you can do.

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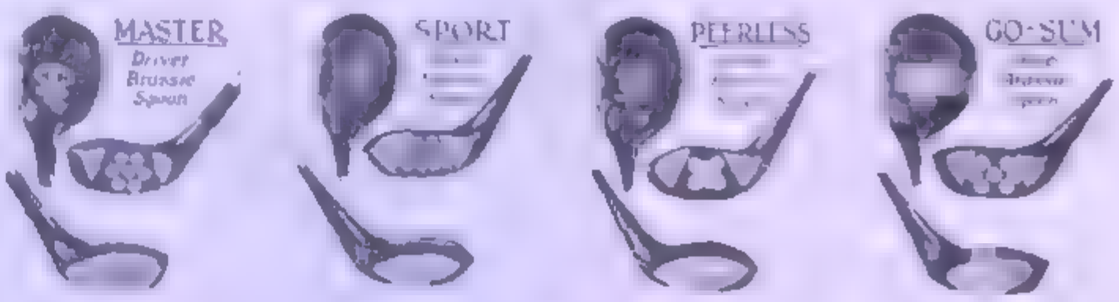
Established 1829 DAYTON, OHIO

The Uni-Set comes in any of these four models



MAKE RECORDS WITH MACGREGOR DAYTON MACGREGORS

OLD TOWPATHS

(Continued from Page 27)

through the Little Canal, then keep out about 30 feet till you come to Young's Landing—then keep the towpath channel at the Falls about 10 or 12 feet from shore, and so continue until you have passed the rocks," and so on.

Even on the larger canals certain maneuvers were sometimes difficult and apt to get one into trouble. From the diary of Philip Hone, first president of the Delaware and Hudson, one reads that while he was traveling over the Pennsylvania Canal in 1847, "this morning at sunrise the Commet, a huge canal boat, had the bad manners to get stuck across the canal—what better could be expected from a fellow who spells Comet with two m's? Here I witnessed a gallant exploit of our Captain, the raising a swell, which is thus performed; he puts six horses on the tow lines, backs the boat, and then lashing on with the fury of the horses in the hippodrome, raises a swell like the waves at Rockaway. The first onset removed the Commet a little from her orbit, and the second carried us triumphantly through the obstacle. The sight of this spirited display of canal tactics compensated for the delay."

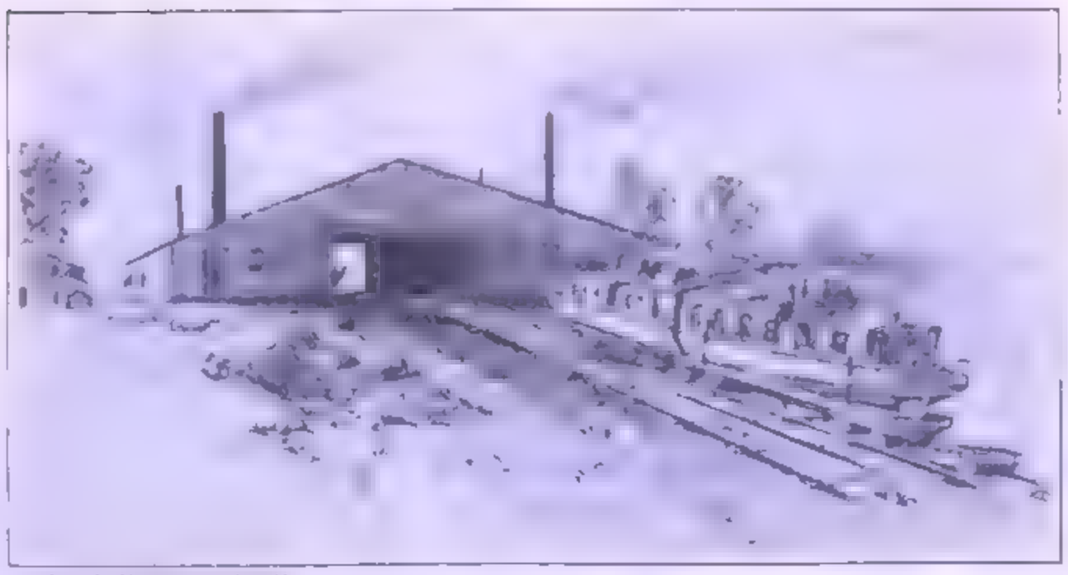
A newspaper scribe of the 20's, when the first passenger boats were put in service on the Erie, wrote that "the new boats are built in the best manner and fitted up in a style of magnificence that could hardly be anticipated in the infancy of canal navigation in this country." We would marvel at the writer's idea of magnificence could we see one of those boats, seventy-five or eighty feet long and only eleven feet wide, with its very primitive concessions to comfort and sanitation. Dickens' statement that it was barely possible for a man of middle height to walk to and fro in the cabin "without making bald places on his head by scraping it on the roof," must have had a bit of truth in it, for the whole height of the boat from keel to roof was seldom more than eight feet. Some of the magnificence was on the brightly painted exterior, for packet-line owners vied with one another in gaudy color schemes.

Travel de Luxe in the 20's

"The boats are ingeniously and well constructed," says a Traveler's Guide of 1824; "have accommodations for about thirty passengers, furnish good tables and a wholesome and rich fare." Some travelers have registered exceptions to the words "wholesome" and "rich" in the case of certain boat lines. The Guide describes the boat as "A very pleasant, cheap and expeditious (!) mode of traveling, where you have regular meals, pretty quiet rest after a little experience, say, of the first night, and find the time pleasantly employed in conversation and the variety of incidents, new topics, stories and the constantly changing scenery. The bustle of newcomers and departing passengers, with all the greetings and adieus, help to diversify the scene."

Notwithstanding all these advantages, Mrs. Trollope, after one voyage on the Erie, remarks in her genial way that "I can hardly imagine any motive of convenience powerful enough to induce me again to imprison myself in a canal boat under ordinary circumstances."

The packet boats were all of a similar design. In the bow, carefully cut off from the rest of the boat, was a tiny cuddy for the crew. Next back of this came the ladies' dressing room and cabin; sometimes a separate room, sometimes cut off from the main cabin only by a red curtain. Next was the main cabin,



Crossing the Alleghanies in 1840. The Canal Boats Were Constructed in Sections and Were Pulled Over the Mountains by Stationary Engines on Eleven Inclined Planes

thirty-six to forty-five feet long, which was both parlor and dining room by day and men's dormitory at night. Back of this was the bar, and finally, at the very stern, was the kitchen, almost always presided over by a negro cook, who in some cases was also the bartender.

There was a table in the cabin which served for writing and card playing, but was much too small to feed the passengers, so at mealtime it must be extended by means of boards and trestles. The captain sat at the head of the table and helped to dispense the food, the extra mule driver and one of the deck hands usually being pressed into service as waiters.

Precisely at nine o'clock in the evening two or three members of the crew began carrying the adjustable berths, sheets, pillows, mattresses, curtains, and so forth, into the main cabin, and the passengers had to go out on the upper deck or huddle themselves in the center of the room while the berths were made up. Each berth was a narrow wooden or metal frame with a strip of canvas fastened over it. It was held in position at one side by two projecting iron rods which fitted into two holes in the wall of the cabin; and on the other, or front, side by two ropes attached to the edge of the frame and suspended from hooks in the ceiling. There were at least three beds in a tier, one above another—sometimes four—and all fastened to the same rope. The tiers were set as closely together as possible all around the cabin, which thus furnished beds for from thirty-six to forty-two people. But the boats were frequently overcrowded, seventy-five and even 100 persons being jammed into a single cabin. In fact a *soi-disant* Traveler's Guide unblushingly stated that certain boats on the Pennsylvania Canals had "accommodations" for 150. It seems incredible that so many people could have lain down in the limited space on one of these boats, even with the floor and tables entirely covered with them.

At such times the passengers' hand baggage must be stacked on the roof or upper deck under tarpaulins, thus greatly restricting the open-air recreation space. Of course, large trunks were impossible for canal travel.

As to the berths which lined the walls at night, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe declares—let us hope, with a feminine ineptitude for figures—that they were only a foot wide; but, indeed, Dickens backs her up by saying that when he went below at ten o'clock he found "suspended on either side of the cabin three long tiers of hanging bookshelves apparently designed for volumes of the small octavo size. Looking with greater attention at these contrivances . . . I descried on each shelf a sort of microscopic sheet and blanket; then I began dimly to comprehend that the passengers were the library, and that they were to be arranged edgewise on these shelves till morning."

On some boats it was the custom to permit the passengers to choose their berths in the order in which they came on board, first arrivals being first choosers; but on others the choice was by lot. Dickens saw "some of the passengers gathered around the master of the boat at one of the tables, drawing lots with all the anxieties and passions of gamesters depicted in their countenances; while others with small pieces of cardboard in their hands were groping among the shelves in search of numbers corresponding with those they had drawn. As soon as any gentleman found his number he took possession of it immediately by undressing himself and crawling into bed. . . . As to the ladies, they were already abed behind the red curtain, which was carefully drawn and pinned up the center; though as every cough or sneeze or whisper behind the curtain was perfectly audible before it, we had still a lively consciousness of their presence."

Of his berth he says: "I found it, on after measurement, just the width of an ordinary sheet of Bath post letter paper; and I was at first in some uncertainty as to the best means of getting into it. But the shelf being a bottom one, I finally determined on lying upon the floor, rolling gently in, stopping immediately I reached the mattress and remaining for the night with that side uppermost, whatever it might be. Luckily, I came upon my back at exactly the right moment. I was much alarmed on looking upward to see, by the shape of his half yard of sacking—which his weight had bent into an exceedingly tight bag—that there was a very heavy gentleman above me, whom the slender cords seemed quite incapable of holding; and I could not help reflecting upon the grief of my wife and family in the event of his coming down in the night. But as I could not have got up again without a severe bodily struggle which might have alarmed the ladies, and as I had nowhere else to go even if I had, I shut my eyes to the danger and remained there."

Mr. Hone Reverses Himself

"Between five and six in the morning we got up and some of us went on deck to give them an opportunity of taking the shelves down; while others, the morning being very cold, crowded around the rusty stove. . . . The washing accommodations were primitive. There was a tin ladle chained to the deck, with which every gentleman who thought it necessary to cleanse himself fished the dirty water out of the canal and poured it into a tin basin, secured in like manner. There was also a jack towel. And hanging up before a little looking-glass in the bar, in the immediate vicinity of the bread and cheese and biscuits, were a public comb and brush."

Philip Hone wrote in his diary in 1835, after a journey on the Erie:

"The boat was not crowded, the weather was cool and pleasant, the accommodations good, the Captain polite, our fellow passengers well behaved, and altogether, I do not remember to have ever had so pleasant a ride on the canal. My hammock, to be sure, was rather narrow and not very soft, and my neighbor overhead was packed close upon my stomach; but I slept sound as a ploughman and did not wake until tapped on the shoulder by the boy and told to clear out."

But in 1847, when he was twelve years older, he wrote:

"This canal traveling is pleasant enough by daytime, but the sleeping is awful. . . . The sleepers are packed away on narrow shelves fastened to the side of the boat, like dead pigs in a Cincinnati pork warehouse. We go to bed at nine o'clock and get up when we are told."

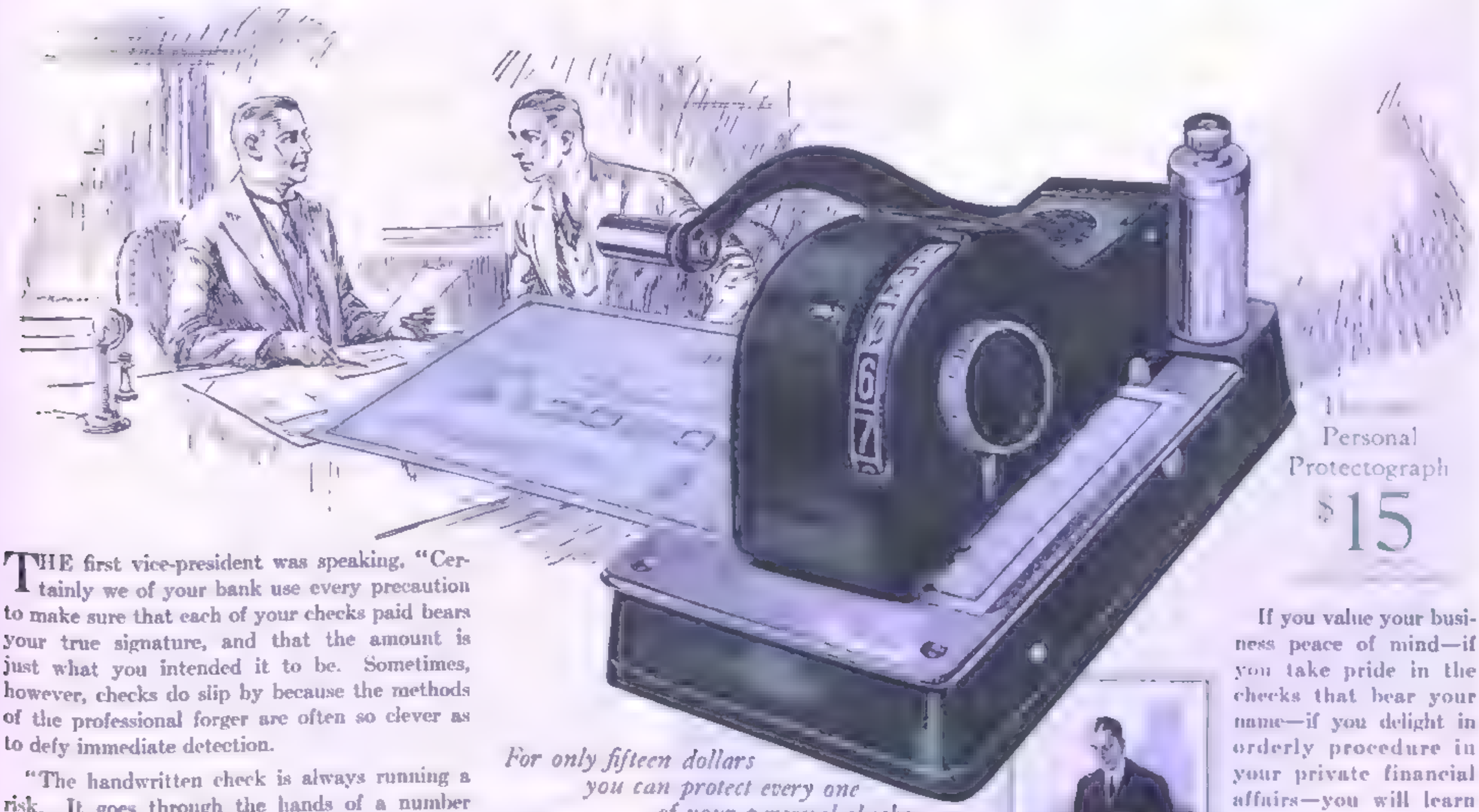
It was fortunate both for the great novelist's comfort and for

(Continued on Page 179)

The Mohawk River and Erie Canal, Near Little Falls

Cooperate with your banker in thoroughness

Use the Todd Personal Protectograph to protect your checks at the amount line



Personal Protectograph $15

THE first vice-president was speaking. "Certainly we of your bank use every precaution to make sure that each of your checks paid bears your true signature, and that the amount is just what you intended it to be. Sometimes, however, checks do slip by because the methods of the professional forger are often so clever as to defy immediate detection.

"The handwritten check is always running a risk. It goes through the hands of a number of unknown and possibly unscrupulous people on its way from you to us. There is always the opportunity for a crook to raise the handwritten amount line. As a matter of fact, the American Institute of Accountants estimates the aggregate yearly check-fraud losses at one hundred million dollars!

"Indeed it is the sensible, businesslike thing to write your checks on the Todd Personal Protectograph. It guards the amount line—the very heart of your check. It prevents raising that amount by pen changing, the clever method that does not need erasures. It protects you from loss.

"By all means use the Todd Personal Protectograph. We recommend it unqualifiedly. And we appreciate very much your desire to co-operate with us in thoroughness!"

For only fifteen dollars
you can protect every one
of your personal checks

Twenty-five years of leadership in the specialized field of check protection has enabled Todd to produce the new Personal Protectograph at $15.00—a price within the reach of everyone with a personal checking account.

Though it is small in size and reasonable in price, this new machine furnishes to the personal check the same sure type of protection that the larger Protectograph has furnished for years to checks of "big business." The Todd Personal Protectograph shreds the amount into the very fibre of the paper. It writes, in large, clear figures, with indelible ink. It operates easily and quickly. And it gives positive protection against raising the amount by "pen changes." It is in every way a Todd product —Todd in invention, Todd in quality and manufacture, Todd in guarantee.

If you value your business peace of mind—if you take pride in the checks that bear your name—if you delight in orderly procedure in your private financial affairs—you will learn more about this remarkable little machine—and about the Todd System of Check Protection.

Write for free booklet

Your name on the coupon will bring to you a copy of "Check No. 197," an interesting booklet on the adventures of a single check, as well as detailed information on the Personal Protectograph. The Todd Company, Protectograph Division. (Est. 1899.) Rochester, N. Y. *Sole makers of the Protectograph, Super-Safety Checks and Todd Greenbac Checks.*

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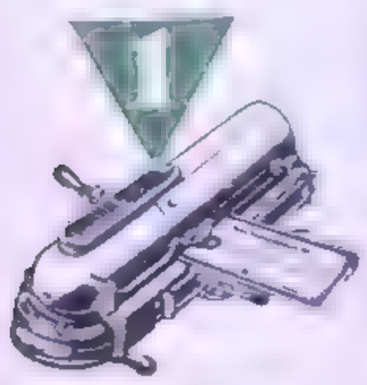
1144 University Ave. Rochester N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Check No. 197," and detailed information about the Personal Protectograph.

Name

Address

Name of Bank



The Protectograph, it is estimated, eliminates at least one-third of all check frauds by preventing *raised amounts*. The Protectograph is made in a variety of standard models, one for every type of business, priced from $37.50 up. Only Todd can make a Protectograph.

Todd Greenbac Checks, with their patented self-canceling features, eliminate another one-third of possible check losses by preventing *change of payee's name, date* and *amount* and "*counterfeiting*." Todd checks for business and personal use are reasonable in price—even in small quantities.

Standard Forgery Bonds cover the remaining check fraud possibilities, namely *forgery of signature* and *forgery of endorsement*. Qualified Todd users receive policies at the most advantageous discounts from the Metropolitan Casualty Insurance Company.

TODD SYSTEM OF CHECK PROTECTION

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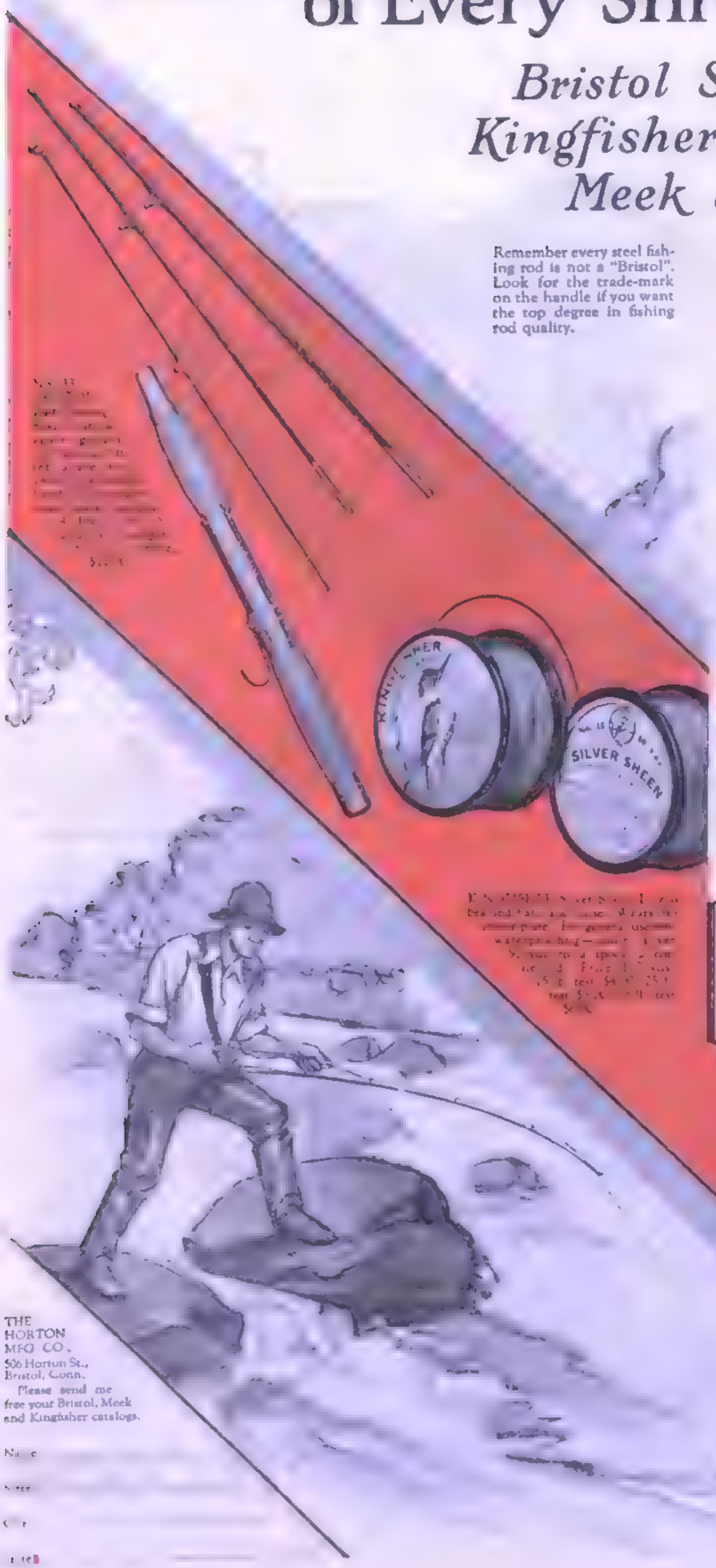
Three Trusted Friends of Every Shrewd Fisherman

Bristol Steel Fishing Rods
Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines
Meek and Blue Grass Reels



Remember every steel fishing rod is not a "Bristol". Look for the trade-mark on the handle if you want the top degree in fishing rod quality.

THE name "Bristol" in the realm of fishing is a mighty word. The man who owns a Bristol Steel Fishing Rod knows he possesses a rod of which he can justly be proud. It was the first successful steel rod and its popularity and reputation have grown to such an extent that there are many who have the mistaken impression that every steel fishing rod is a "Bristol".

The "Bristol" reputation, however, does not end with steel fishing rods—there is a whole "Bristol" family—three other products whose prestige is just as enviable—Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines, Meek Reels and Blue Grass Reels.

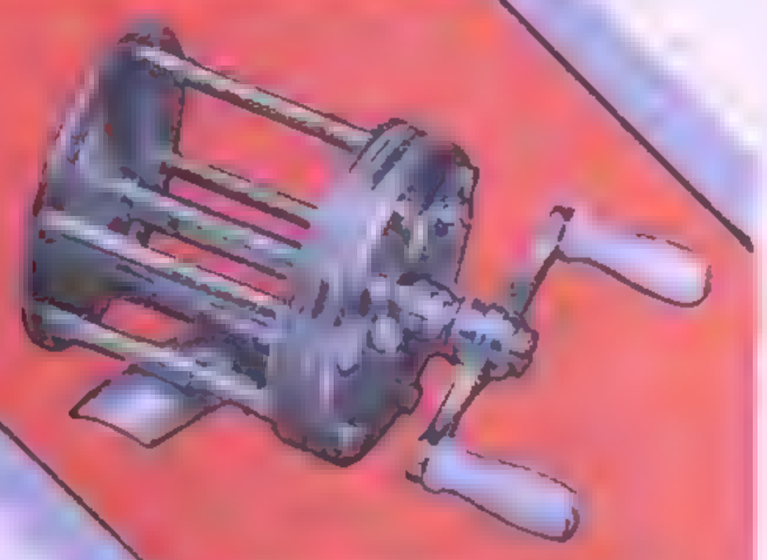
Experience alone can show of just what importance in fishing is the tackle. It is possible to buy cheap tackle and very easy to get inferior merchandise. But the canny fisherman is extremely "finicky" in the selection of his equipment. Can you wonder then that we point with pride to the fact that so many of the really good fishermen of the country insist on each of the "Bristol" products—Bristol Steel Fishing Rods, Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines, Meek Reels and Blue Grass Reels? This is tackle made with care and of the best materials of course, but the first and constant thought is—they must catch fish. That is the difference between just average tackle and the "Bristol" family.

Free Catalogs: Let us send you free our Bristol, Kingfisher and Meek catalogs. They give you full particulars and prices, and make excellent tackle reference books. Use the coupon below.

MEEK and Blue Grass REELS

Bristol

Steel Fishing Rods



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Only the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft Can Give You Uniform Golf Clubs

~a factor Vital to Every Golfer

CONSIDER what the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft has done for golfers and then you will realize why it has come so fast, why it is being used by golfers everywhere and why it is soon destined to be the universal golf shaft.

The Bristol Steel Golf Shaft has made it possible for a golfer to have all his clubs uniform in balance and "feel." All are the same in quality. They are made that way, *not grown*. Being lighter than hickory the balance is near the head where you want it.

Although the quality of all Bristol Steel Shafts is the same, they come in varying degrees of whippiness, so that the "feel" of any hickory shafted club can be duplicated. Think what it means to your game when, after obtaining a Bristol Steel Shafted Club which fits your swing, you can duplicate that same "feel," balance and whippiness in all your other clubs.

Of course it is strong and it will not warp. You will find it ideal for every type of club.

Before you buy any club this year, consider the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft. Give it every test. Ask your neighbor what he thinks of his. All leading golf club manufacturers make clubs equipped with the Bristol Steel Shaft.

Six Golf Booklets Free: *Write us for these six interesting booklets on "How to Play" the Driver, the Brassie, the Mid-iron, the Mashie, the Niblick and the Putter—written by Herbert Lugerblade, the well-known golf instructor. Use the coupon below*

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Bristol, Conn.
Pacific Coast Agents: The Phil B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

"Bristol" Steel Golf Shaft

No matter who is the maker of the golf club be sure to look for this mark on the shaft to prove that it is a true Bristol Steel Golf Shaft

A damp cloth cleans a Zapon finish

SPRING housecleaning reveals still another reason for Zapon's popularity. Women find that Zapon-finished furniture is easily brightened without cleansing or polishing preparations. A damp cloth cleans it. A dry cloth polishes it. This advantage, like the hard-to-scratch feature, is due to the glass-like hardness of Zapon.

More than sixty manufacturers of living room, dining room and bedroom furniture use Zapon. The Zapon finish features the new Zapon lacquers and Zapon

THE ZAPON COMPANY
Park-Lexington Bldg., Park Ave. at 46th St., New York City
Branches: Chicago, Los Angeles, New Haven

Ask for furniture finished with

ZAPON

(Continued from Page 174)

America's sensibilities that Dickens happened to strike a boat which was not overcrowded. Had his luck chanced to be like that of J. Richard Beste, another traveler, who voyaged over the Miami and the Wabash and Erie canals a few years later, there is no telling what other scathing things might have been written about America. Beste says:

"I never saw people packed so close as they were that night in the men's saloon. . . . People lay as close as possible on the floor. The dinner table was covered with sleeping humanity more thickly than Captain Davis ever strewed it with beefsteaks; and those who lay under the table thought themselves favored, inasmuch as they could not be trodden upon."

When berths, table and floor were all occupied by sleepers, it became necessary to string clotheslines across the cabin for the discarded garments of the passengers, giving the room a tenement-house backyard effect. But, of course, no one took off all his clothes; it would have been impracticable in such cramped quarters. Most men removed their shoes, hats, coats, waistcoats, collars and cravats, and a few fastidious nincompoops even took off their trousers—but they were exceptions. The problem of a passenger who desired to disembark at a way landing during the night without being garroted in the darkness by a clothesline or stepping on his fellow passengers and getting into a shindy is enough to make one shudder at the thought.

Hazards of a Lower Berth

That mellow old Virginia writer, George W. Bagby, describing a boyhood journey over the James River and Kanawha Canal between Richmond and Lynchburg, writes of his first night on a canal boat:

"Great was the desire of the men not to be consigned to the upper. Being light as cork, I rose naturally to the top, clambering thither by the leathern straps with the agility of a monkey, and enjoying as best I might the trampling overhead whenever we approached a lock. I didn't mind this much, but when the fellow who had snubbed the boat jumped down about four feet, right on my head, as it were, it was pretty severe. Still I slept the sleep of youth. . . .

"The lamp shed a dim light over the sleepers, and all went well until someone—and there was always someone—began to snore. Sn-a-a-aw-aw-aw—poof! They would turn uneasily and try to compose themselves to slumber again. No use. Sn-a-a-aw—poof! 'D—— that fellow! Chunk him in the ribs, somebody, and make him turn over. Is this thing to go on forever? Gentlemen, are you going to stand this all night? If you are, I am not. I am going to get up and dress. Who is he, anyhow? No gentleman would or could snore in that way!'

"After a while silence would be restored and all would drop off to sleep again except the little fellow in the upper berth who, lying there, would listen to the trahn-ahn-ahn-ahn of the packet horn as we drew nigh the locks. How mournfully it sounded in the night! To this day you have only to say within my hearing trahn-ahn-ahn to bring back the canal epoch. I can see the whole thing, down to the snubbing post with its deep grooves which the heavy rope had worn."

One of the hazards of canal travel is further pictured by Frederick Gerstaecker, a German tourist of the 30's. Lying on his shelflike berth one night on the Erie Canal, "I awoke in the night," says he, "with a dreadful feeling of suffocation; cold perspiration stood on my forehead and I could hardly draw my breath; there was a weight like lead on my stomach and chest. I attempted to cry out—in vain; I lay there almost without consciousness. At last I became quite awake and remembered where I was. The weight remained immovable; above me was a noise like distant thunder; it was my companion of the upper story, who lay snoring over my head; and the weight which pressed on my chest was caused by his body. I endeavored to move the Colossus—impossible. I tried to push, to cry out—in vain. He lay like a rock on my chest and seemed to have no more feeling.

"I bethought me of my breastpin, which luckily I had not taken out of my cravat the night before; with great difficulty I succeeded in reaching the pin, which I pressed with a firm hand into the mass above me. There was a sudden movement, which procured momentary relief; but the movement soon subsided, the weight was growing more insupportable, and to prevent being utterly crushed I was obliged to reapply the pin.

"'What's that? Murder! Help!' cried a deep bass voice above me.

"Feeling myself free, I slipped like an eel from under the weight and saw by the dim light of the lamp a sight of no common occurrence. A stout, heavy man who slept in the upper frame without mattress was too much for the well-worn canvas; during his sleep it had given way under the weightiest part of his form, which descended till it found support on my chest. The thrust of my breastpin caused his body to jerk upward, allowing me to escape. As he returned to his former position with greater force, the support being gone, the canvas split still wider, and more than half asleep, he was sitting on my bed, while his head and feet remained in his own. He continued calling out, 'Help! Murder!' Everybody started up to see what was the matter and to laugh heartily at the extraordinary attitude of this stout gentleman."

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, writing in Godey's Lady's Book in 1841, draws a highly entertaining picture of a night in the ladies' cabin on a boat. It was evident as the swarms of passengers descended on the boat at Pittsburgh that it was going to be dreadfully crowded. Going down into the cabin, they were appalled to discover that the space allotted to the ladies was, Mrs. Stowe declares, only ten feet long and six high, and that thirty ladies and several children must sleep in it:

"The state of feeling becomes perfectly desperate. 'We shall be smothered!' 'We shall be crowded to death!' 'We can't stay here!' are heard faintly from one and another, and yet they do live and bear it in spite of protestations to the contrary."

Mrs. Stowe's Vivid Picture

"But when at nine o'clock the attendants put the berths in position, the chorus rises again: 'What, sleep up there? I won't sleep on one of those top shelves, I know. The cords will certainly break.' The chambermaid takes up the conversation and assures them that such an accident is not to be thought of at all, that it is a natural impossibility. . . . Points of location being after a while adjusted, comes the last struggle. Everybody wants to take off their bonnet, to look for their shawl, to find their cloak, to get their carpetbag, and all set about it with such zeal that nothing can be done. 'Ma'am, you're on my foot!' says one. 'Will you please to move, ma'am?' says somebody who is gasping and struggling behind you. 'Move!' you echo. 'Indeed, I should be very glad to, but I don't see much prospect of it.' 'Chambermaid!' calls a lady who is struggling among a heap of carpetbags and children at one end of the cabin. 'Ma'am!' echoes the poor chambermaid, who is wedged fast in a similar position at the other. 'Where's my cloak, chambermaid?' 'I'd find it, ma'am, if I could move.' 'Chambermaid, my basket!' 'Chambermaid, my parasol!' 'Chambermaid, a glass of water!' 'Mamma, they push me so!' 'Hush, child, crawl under there and lie still till I can undress you.'

"At last, however, the various distresses are over, the babies sunk to sleep, and even that much-enduring being, the chambermaid, seeks out some corner for repose. Tired and drowsy, you are just sinking into a doze, when bang! goes the boat against the sides of a lock, ropes scrape, men run and shout, and up fly the heads of all the top-shelf-ites, who are generally the more juvenile and airy part of the company.

"'What's that? What's that?' flies from mouth to mouth, and forthwith they proceed to awaken their respective relations. 'Mother—Aunt Hannah! Do wake up! What is this awful noise?' 'Oh, only a lock!' 'Pray be still!' groan out the sleepy members from below.

"'A lock!' exclaim the vivacious ones, ever on the alert for information. 'And what is a lock, pray?'

"'Don't you know what a lock is, you silly creatures? Do lie down and go to sleep!'

"'But, say, there ain't any danger in a lock, is there?' respond the querists. 'Danger!' exclaims a deaf old lady, poking up her head. 'What's the matter? There hain't nothin' burst, has there?' 'No, no, no!' exclaim the provoked and despairing opposition party, who find that there is no such thing as sleep till they have made all understand the philosophy of a lock. After a while the conversation again subsides. Again all is still—you hear only the trampling of the horses, the rippling of the rope in the water, and sleep again is stealing over you. You doze, you dream, and all of a sudden you are startled by a cry, 'Chambermaid! Wake up the lady that wants to be set ashore!'"

Exit Under Difficulties

"Up jumps chambermaid and up jumps the lady and two children, and forthwith form a committee of inquiry as to ways and means. 'Where's my bonnet?' says the lady, half awake and fumbling among the various articles of that name. 'I thought I hung it up behind the door.' 'Can't you find it?' says poor chambermaid, yawning and rubbing her eyes. 'Oh, yes, here it is,' says the lady, and then her cloak, the shawl, the gloves, the shoes, receive each a separate discussion. At last all seems ready and they begin to move off, when lo! Peter's cap is missing. 'Now, where can it be?' soliloquizes the lady. 'I put it right here by the table leg—maybe it got into some of the berths.'

"At this bright suggestion the chambermaid takes the candle and goes round deliberately to every berth, poking the light directly in the face of every sleeper. 'Here it is, perhaps,' she exclaims, pulling at something black under a pillow. 'No, indeed, those are my shoes,' says the vexed sleeper. 'Maybe it's here,' she resumes, darting upon something dark in another berth. 'No, that's my habit,' responds the occupant. The chambermaid then proceeds to turn over all the children on the floor to see if it isn't under them, in the course of which they are all most agreeably waked up and enlivened; and when everybody is broad awake and uncharitably wishing the cap and Peter, too, at the bottom of the canal, the good lady exclaims, 'Well, if this isn't lucky! Here I had it safe in my basket all the time.' And she departs amid the—what shall I say?—execrations?—of the whole company, ladies though they be.

"Well, after this follows a hushing up and wiping up among the juvenile population, and a conversation commences from the various shelves, of a very edifying and instructive tendency." This goes on, the writer declares and as we can very well believe, until would-be sleepers are driven almost to madness. "At last, however, voice after voice drops off—you fall into a most refreshing slumber—it seems that you sleep about a quarter of an hour, when the chambermaid pulls you by the sleeve. 'Will you please to get up, ma'am? We want to make the beds.' You start and stare—sure enough, the night is gone! So much for sleeping on board of a canal boat

"And yet despite these oddities," says Dickens, "and even they had, for me, at least, a humor of their own—there was much in this mode of traveling which

(Continued on Page 181)

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ALL DEALERS 35¢ TO $10.00

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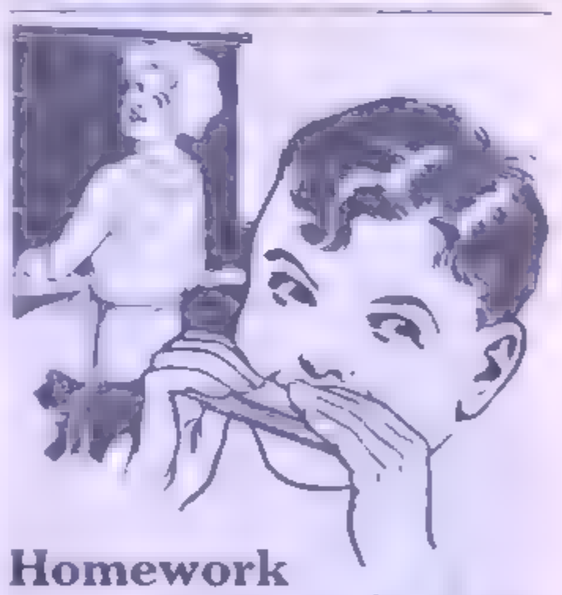

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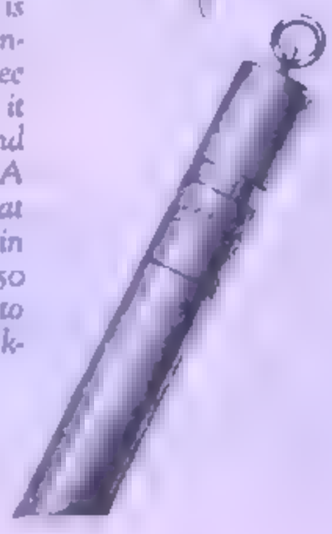

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Conklin ENDURA

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(Continued from Page 179)

I heartily enjoyed at the time and look back upon with great pleasure. Even the running up, bare-necked, at five o'clock in the morning, from the tainted cabin to the dirty deck, scooping up the icy water, plunging one's head into it and drawing it out, all fresh and glowing with the cold, was a good thing. The fast, brisk walk upon the towing path, between that time and breakfast, when every vein and artery seemed to tingle with health; the exquisite beauty of the opening day; the gliding on at night so noiselessly, past frowning hills sullen with dark trees and sometimes angry in one red, burning spot high up, where unseen men lay crouching around a fire; the shining out of the bright stars undisturbed by any noise of wheels or steam or any other sound than the limpid rippling of water as the boat went on; all these were pure delights."

One must not forget the sundry dangers connected with travel by canal. There were remote possibilities of certain contingencies which might cause a boat to sink—in which case you might get wet up to your middle and be laid up with influenza. There is a thrilling narrative in an old magazine describing how the Sarsey Fanny on the Morris Canal hove to alongside the ancient tramp freighter, Rip Van Winkle, which had sprung a leak and was going down. All hands turned to and by superhuman efforts saved the stove, table, bedding, dishes, kitchen ware, feed boxes, furniture and personal effects of the captain's family, taking off the final articles just as the ill-fated craft staggered and made her last awful plunge into four feet of water.

Amphibious Canal Boats

Then there was a rare possibility of the boat's catching fire, which might force the passengers to wade ashore, though this was not probable, as the craft was always close to the bank. One might be careless about bridges and get a broken head or be knocked into the canal. And you were particularly cautioned not to poke your head out of a window while the boat was in a lock lest it—your head, that is—be caught and smashed between the boat and the lock wall.

One of the strangest vehicles of travel ever seen was that placed upon the main Pennsylvania Canal about 1840. Passengers had hitherto been subjected to many transfers. They left Philadelphia on a railroad which included two inclined planes, and which carried them to the Susquehanna River. Thence they voyaged on the canal 172 miles to Hollidaysburg, at the foot of the main range of the Alleghanies. To carry them over the mountain there was a railroad which included ten inclined planes, where the cars were raised and lowered by stationary engines, and eleven pieces of level track, where they were drawn by horses. Reaching the western foot of the mountain at Johnstown, the passengers took canal boats again for Pittsburgh.

All this was obviated after someone had conceived the idea of putting boats on cars of the portage railroad and hauling them boldly over the mountain. Full-length boats were built in two halves, so that they could be taken apart and mounted on cars of moderate size. These half boats were brought on the railroad all the way into downtown Philadelphia. There the passengers took their seats and the halves were hauled by rail to Columbia, where the cars were run down into the water until the boats were afloat. Then the halves were locked together into one boat and pursued their way to Hollidaysburg; were divided and hauled over the mountain on adjoining cars, united again at Johnstown and floated thence to Pittsburgh as a unit. The traveler thus made his journey through "without change."

The arrival of the packet boat in a small town, especially in thinly settled Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, was the great event of the day or week, and the entire population turned out to meet it. William Dean Howells, in his boyhood at Hamilton, Ohio, was always present when the packet arrived. He tells how it came in grandly, the deck thronged with people, the three horses, hitched tandem, in a trot. The driver for a freight boat was very often a boy, but for so responsible a job as driving packet-boat horses there must be a man. He sat the rearmost horse and was of course very profane. The captain stood on deck, and as the horses were changed at Hamilton, he had his foot on the spring catch which held the tow rope, a much-admired recent invention. Just before reaching the landing he pressed the catch and the rope was released. The driver kept on to the stable with unslackened speed, the line swishing after him, while the steersman "put his helm hard aport and the packet rounded to and swam softly and slowly up to her moorings. No steamship arrives from Europe now with such thrilling majesty."

A fine example of early interstate passenger traffic was that on the Miami and Wabash and Erie canals from Toledo and Lake Erie westward through Fort Wayne to Logansport, La Fayette, and finally to Terre Haute and Evansville. The first packets ran over this route in 1843, but on no scheduled time. The boats started whenever they got a full load of passengers, and arrived when they conveniently could. Passengers sometimes got their meals at farmhouses along the way. But within a year they had a packet service organized which was probably the fastest in the country. The Erie and Pennsylvania canals boasted of their fast four-mile-an-hour boats, covering 80 to 90 and sometimes 100 miles a day. Passengers went from Schenectady to Buffalo, 346 miles, in four days; and from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, 400 miles, in five days. But on the Miami-Wabash and Erie line boats ran regularly from Toledo to La Fayette, 242 miles, in two days and eight hours, or at the rate of nearly 104 miles a day. In reality the opportunity for speed was better there, as traffic was not so heavy as on the Eastern waterways. During the palmy days of the Erie one could stand on a bridge at any time and see at least eight or ten boats, moving in both directions, while at night their headlights almost produced the effect of a torchlight parade.

In order to maintain fast passenger service it was found necessary to change horses every eight or ten miles. Racing was a common practice. A canal law on the Erie fixed a fine of ten dollars for "speeding" at more than four miles an hour because of the resulting damage to the banks. So racing captains would jump off at the collector's office and throw down a ten-dollar bill when presenting their clearance to be signed. This was considered as settling their fine and averted arrest and delay of the boat. Such a practice ran the bill up to a considerable figure, as there were collectors' offices in every large town; but the passengers, who became quite as enthusiastic over a race as the crew, often chipped in and helped to pay the fines. They would cheer their boat and captain uproariously, and if the boat got in a jam, male passengers would leap ashore, seize the towline and assist the horses.

Dining at Five Cents a Mile

The fare for through passengers was four cents a mile—in later years, five cents—which included lodging and meals. At first this rate applied also to way or local passengers; but there presently appeared a species of dead beat who hopped aboard just at mealtime, guzzled down about a dollar's worth of food while the boat was traversing a mile and then handed the captain a nickel as he stepped off again. So the boats presently fixed a minimum fare of fifteen or twenty-five cents, no matter how short the distance traveled; and some lines made a rate to way passengers of three cents a mile, with additional charges of thirty-seven and a half cents for dinner, twenty-five cents each for supper and breakfast and twelve and a half cents for lodging.

The second class, or line, boats, which were patronized extensively by emigrants to the West, furnished much poorer accommodations than the packets, and sometimes carried freight also. As a rule, they furnished neither meals nor bedding, the passenger carrying his own with him. Horace Greeley epitomized them as "cent and a half a mile, mile and a half an hour." Their horses were not so good as those of the packets, and they covered only thirty-five to forty-five miles a day at best. Col. William L. Stone, palpably a rock-ribbed Whig, was compelled to ride a short distance on an Erie line boat, and reported that the cabins were too small to turn around in, the beds dirty, fleas and bedbugs numerous, "and the passengers . . . all Jackson men, as the color of their shirt collars abundantly attested."

And what shall be said of the freighters—a jolly, roistering, hard-swearing, hard-drinking, hard-fighting lot, who gave the missionaries sent to them many an hour of despair? A missionary who began work on the Erie in 1845 wrote that he did not suppose there was another place in the world where there was as much iniquity. Canal life was bad enough, in all conscience, but it must be remembered that the missionaries of that day had sins entered in their catalogue which would be considered rather venial now. Some of the canal men themselves seemed to regard their spiritual condition as hopeless.

The Driver Boy's Wages

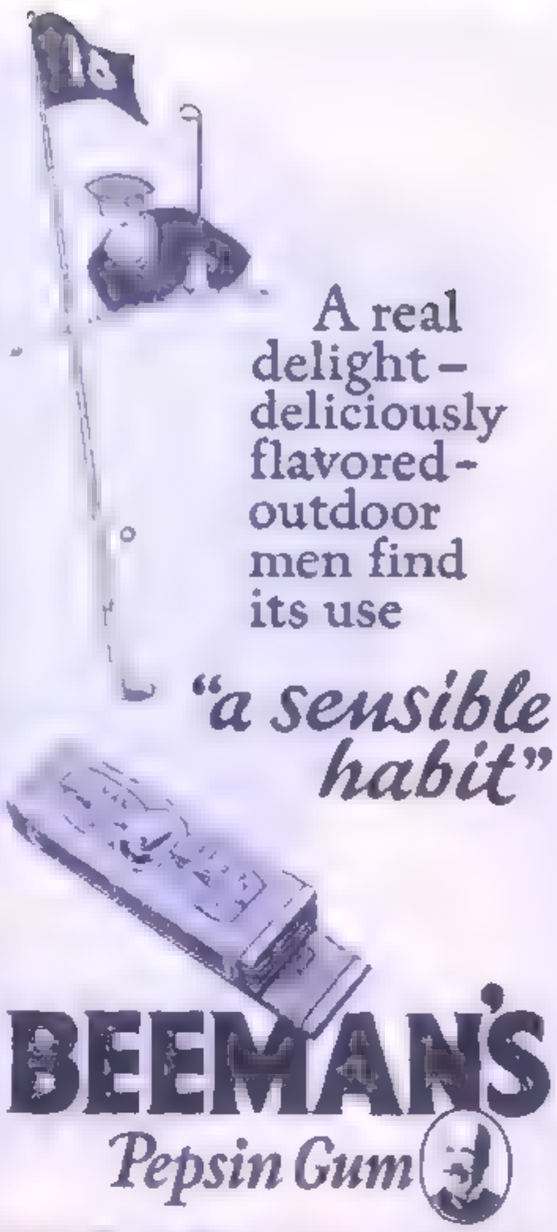
"Many seem to think," wrote a missionary, "and do actually assert, that religion and boating are incompatible—that a boatman cannot be a consistent Christian. The assertion, of course, has no foundation in fact." The missionary admitted, however, that "boatmen, from the very nature of their business, are liable to become careless and wicked. Their occupation withdraws them from the salutary influences of the sanctuary and the restraints of female society."

Among the tools which the missionaries used in their struggle to pluck the souls of the reckless canalers from the burning were tracts with such titles as The Swearer's Prayer, and Esau; or the Ruinous Bargain. But let us not smile too broadly at those old missionaries. They saved many a man from disgrace and ruin, and played a noble and self-sacrificing part in upholding law, order, decency and righteousness.

The crew of a freight boat embraced from four to six persons. There must be a captain, cook and two steersmen or deck hands. If the boats tied up at night, as was the custom in the earlier years of canal history, one driver did all the whip-cracking, even though his day was twelve to fourteen hours long. But later, when even the freight boats ran all night, two drivers were required. If the boat was one of several belonging to a line, the drivers in those later years worked in stages of only fifteen or twenty miles and made their headquarters at the horse stations. When the boat was owned by the captain, as many of them were, he carried his own drivers with him—and his horses, too, in a little stable built in the bow of the boat.

Very often the drivers were mere children. A fairly bright boy could keep the mules going, and he cost less than a man. At one time it was estimated that there were 10,000 boys working on the New York canals, most of them as drivers. A driver boy's wages were ten dollars a month, and usually he did not get paid until the end of the season, when there would be seventy or eighty dollars coming to him; and now and then there was a brutal captain who cheated him out of even that.

The crew of a boat were intensely loyal to it as a rule—any man who wasn't loyal wasn't wanted—and would fight for it on the slightest provocation. Fighting was one of the besetting sins of the canalers. In most canal rules and regulations you will find one section reading, "If, on the arrival of any two or more floats at or near any lock, a question shall arise between their respective masters as to which shall be first



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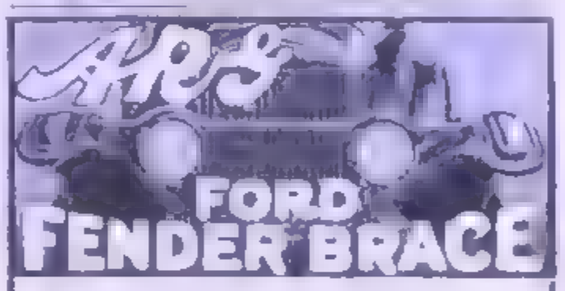

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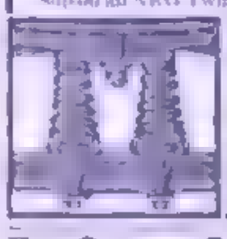

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Without Injury to Fabric or Color

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THE WOOSTER BRUSH CO.
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For fine varnishing and enameling ask your paint or hardware
its neat nickel plated band has no tacks to hurt the fingers—the bristles are gripped in metal jaws.

A BRUSH that's a delight to your hand and whose work is a joy to your eye! Balanced just right . . . full-bodied, with long, springy bristles that give an easy, velvety stroke, spreading varnish, enamel or paint evenly and smoothly. That's a Wooster Brush! The brush for professionals and amateurs alike.

The genuine hog bristles stay fast in the brush, *they won't come out on the job.*

Seventy-four years of experience are built into Wooster Brushes and each brush is guaranteed.

For good work, you must have a good brush. Make *sure*, get a Wooster.

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Since 1851—One Family—One Idea—Better Brushes
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"The Better the Brush, the Better the Work"

WOOSTER BRUSHES

FOR PAINTING—VARNISHING—KALSOMINING

entitled to pass, such question shall be determined by the lock keeper or superintendent having charge of such lock," and so on.

But any canal man could tell you that this was not the manner in which the question was settled. The boat first through the lock was the boat whose crew could lick the other crew. Captains often chose men for their fighting record rather than for their skill in navigation. Two crews which had had an argument about lockage or other question, when they met again sometimes tied up to the bank and began fighting again. When one side cried enough, they separated and went on their way as if nothing had happened. There were canal bullies who lorded it over all less pugnacious boatmen, and when two of these met each other the event was epic. One of the great days in Erie history was that when Ben Streeter, the Rochester bully and one of the noted fighters of the canal, fought the bully of Buffalo for one hour in the old Rochester arcade, and licked him. The police, we are told, dared not interfere. But it should be set down to the credit of the old canalers that they usually fought with nothing more deadly than fists.

Everyone familiar with the life stories of our great men remembers that President Garfield was a canal-boat driver in his youth. As a matter of fact, his experience in that capacity was brief, being cut short by malaria, which, it was thought, was induced by his having fallen into the canal fourteen times on his first trip. But if we are to believe certain campaign stories told by zealous partisans, he exhibited a nobility of character and a moral courage remarkable for one of his tender years. He was only sixteen when he secured a job as driver from his kinsman, Capt. Amos Letcher, of the freighter Evening Star, on the Ohio and Erie Canal. In a document which may or may not have been produced during a political campaign, Captain Letcher tells how, on Jim's first trip, they approached the first of the twenty-one locks at Akron and came into conflict with another boat which appeared to have an equal if not a better claim to first chance at the lock.

A Sabbath-Keeping Canal

"Every man from both boats was on hand, ready for a field fight," says the captain. "Jim Garfield tapped me on the shoulder and asked, 'Does that lock belong to us?' 'I suppose according to law it does not. But we will have it anyhow.' 'No, we will not!' 'Why?' said I. 'Why!' with a look of indignation I shall never forget. 'Why, because it don't belong to us.' Said I, 'Boys, let them have it.'

"Next morning one of the hands accused Jim of being a coward because he would not fight for his rights. Said I, 'Boys, don't be hard on Jim. I was mad last night, but I have got over it. Jim may be a coward for aught I know, but if he is, he is the first one of the name that I knew that ever was. His father was no coward. He helped dig this canal and weighed over 200 pounds and could take a barrel of whisky by the chimes and drink out of the bunghole, and no man dared call him a coward. You'll alter your mind about Jim before fall.'"

How vividly it all reminds us of Parson Weems' original anecdote of little George Washington and the cherry tree! The spectacle of the sixteen-year-old boy lecturing and cowing a hard-boiled canal-boat captain and crew must be preserved; it is too delicious to be lost from our traditions. But great man and good citizen though General Garfield became, there will inevitably be low-minded readers who will insist that the youthful scion of a husky pioneer who could stand flat-footed and h'ist a barrel of whisky to drink out of the bunghole would never have yielded a lock so tamely in those fighting days.

At almost every lock or group of locks there was a tavern, often kept by the lock keeper; and at the horse stations there were others. Here the crews of all the boats which lay overnight in the vicinity would gather, and the squeak of the fiddle and the wail of the accor-deen would mingle on the evening air with the rasp of rugged voices raised in song. Whisky flip and black strap—rum and molasses—the latter in earlier days selling as low as three cents a glass, were favorite drinks.

One canal, the Delaware and Hudson, stands out uniquely from the rest in that it was a Sabbath-keeping canal. At midnight on Saturday night all lock gates were fastened and traffic stopped, nor did it begin again until Monday morning. The missionaries reported that although twenty-five or fifty boats often spent Sunday at the same place there was little roistering, and the men were more quiet and well behaved than on any other canal. This they attributed to the spirit engendered by the Sabbath observance. There were certain Sabbath rules on some of the other canals too. Some cities forbade the blowing of horns, with which boats announced their approach to locks and landings, on Sunday; and a law of the Middlesex Canal sternly adjured captains not to blow horns on the Sabbath, "nor occasion any noise to interrupt the tranquillity of the day."

Last of the Species

Many freight boats were the floating homes of their captain-owners; and among these were many perhaps somewhat rough-coated but decent and orderly citizens. Their wives cooked for the little crew and not infrequently took a turn at steering. Children were born and nursed in the tiny cabins; as they grew up, the decks and towpaths were their playgrounds. One of their favorite games was, of course, playing canal, with chips pulled by string for boats; and when there was a collision, they carried out the imitation by fighting and swearing just like their elders. As the boys grew older, some of them became drivers, then steersmen, then perchance captains; while the girls learned to cook and steer and finally married men along the canals. Many of these outlived the canal age, saw their occupation gone and were compelled to turn to other fields for a livelihood.

The history of transportation was epitomized in the story of a forgotten little rate war in the Genesee Valley in New York many decades ago. When the Genesee Valley Canal, a feeder of the Erie, was built along that river from Rochester toward Cuba and Olean and packet boats began to run on it, a stagecoach line which traversed the valley made war upon the boats by cutting fares. The boats promptly retaliated in kind. Again and again the rates were slashed, until finally the coaches were offering to haul passengers free. But the boats still held a trump card—they now offered not only free passage but free meals as well. The stage could not meet this, and soon gave up the ghost. But the triumph of the boats was short-lived. Within a few years a railroad was built down the valley, and the packets in turn were compelled to bow to a stronger competitor and pass out of the picture.

If you wish to see one of the most absolutely unchanged yet still living souvenirs of 100 years ago, seek out the Delaware and Raritan Canal and loiter along the banks until you meet one of the old horse-drawn boats, toiling feebly through the placid water at just a trifle faster than a mile an hour. You would swear that some of them began their service when the canals were first opened, but that is because they are prematurely aged by hard work and neglect. All of them that are still in operation thus could be counted on your fingers. There are just two battered old horse-boat captains on the Delaware and Raritan, whose crumbling banks indicate that it, too, will soon be among the things that were. Within a year or two from now, all the old craft may be gone. They are worth seeing, for they are our most vivid reminders of a short but quaint and picturesque period in the short but colorful history of a nation.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr Harlow.

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With the belt *inside* the trousers—PLAY-MORE is a discreet dress-shirt of distinctively custom-cut line. But five seconds transforms it into the Sport Shirt sensation of the season.

The springy belt encircles the trousers in a gentle *non-skid* grip. No ordinary bending or twisting can make PLAYMORE "climb" your back. The touch of color at the belt-line is sheer inspiration. And the faultlessly tailored collar is a perfect gem of design.

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And puts the sureness of paved-way travel into by-way operation.

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Vital parts are 50% oversize, to counteract the toll which worn and unimproved roads strive to take.

Pneumatic cord tires, supplemented by the scientific distribution of chassis weight, provide hazard-free traction through the miry stretches.

A spiral bevel gear drive combines with a 13-plate clutch and broad-faced transmission gears to effectually insure driving sureness, smoothness and quietness.

Pronounced accessibility makes it easy for owner-attention to save frequent garage service.

Economical capacity range, 500 to 2500 pounds. Q Twelve standard bodies. Q Chassis, $1185 at Lansing. Q Designed and manufactured in the big Reo shops—not assembled. Q Write for catalog.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY · · · Lansing, Michigan

Manufacturers of Motor Vehicles to Serve in Every Field of Highway Transport

HELD UP

Continued from Page 15

"Mack," said that individual, "we're up against it."

"Bad," supplemented Mr. Gombel.

"Ha!" said Mr. McMurty. "Shoot!"

Thus admonished, Mr. Zoom shot. He spoke with deep feeling of the dirty crook who had written the lease; of the bank indebtedness; of the merchandise creditors; of sales efforts which had fallen on barren rock. When he concluded, Mr. McMurty fanned the clinging smoke from the immediate foreground with a claw-like hand.

"What's the stock worth?" he demanded.

"At a forced sale," Mr. Zoom estimated, "maybe enough to get the bank and the creditors out even—maybe not that."

"Nothing in a bankruptcy then."

"Just what I was telling Harry," Mr. Zoom assured him. "An' besides, it don't look good."

"Ha!" said Mr. McMurty again. "So you came to me, eh?" He formed another smoke screen, out of which his glasses gleamed like the eyes of a giant cat. "Ha!"

On the wall by the first of the narrow windows an old-fashioned clock made of each second a noisy affair. The partners sat in silence as the smoke cloud grew larger and the gleaming eyes passed from view. Mr. Gombel shifted nervously. The chair squeaked as the little legs in their flapping trousers teetered backward and forward.

Mr. Gombel gazed about the room; at the sagging calendar; at the marble washstand with its brass supports; at two or three bleary pictures of uncertain people and uncertain places.

Then the little legs ceased to teeter. The glasses came through the smoke. Mr. McMurty was speaking in a soft suggestive way:

"Of course, being good business men, you boys have kept yourself protected with theft insurance, eh?"

"Sure!"

"Certainly!"

"Ha!"

"Fifteen thousand," amplified Mr. Zoom.

"We ain't even had the luck to have a single claim," added Mr. Gombel. "Not a break have we had."

Once more the aged clock dominated the room. Mr. Gombel lit a cigarette.

"Do you boys know anything about the conspiracy law, eh?"

"Nothing," Mr. Zoom admitted testily. "But what has that got to do with us?"

"Ha! Nothing perhaps—and then perhaps everything. But the question is, Do you know the law?"

"No," said Mr. Zoom shortly.

The counselor at law placed his hands in back of his head and gazed thoughtfully at the ugly blue of the ceiling.

"The conspiracy statute in this state," he said, as one speaking to himself, "provides a sentence of from one to twenty years for any group or members of a group who conspire together to commit a felony, to defraud, or to injure any person or group of persons."

"That ain't us," said Mr. Zoom.

"But in considering your—ha—predicament," went on Mr. Phineas McMurty, "I am reminded of another little case quite similar to your own, which I think I will tell you about. But remember—ha—that I am only telling you a story about a past occurrence which has absolutely no connection with yourselves or the present situation. Is that quite clear?"

"I—I ——" began Mr. Zoom uncertainly; but Mr. Gombel smiled knowingly. In point of fact he accompanied the smile with a knowing and slow closing of the right eye.

"Sure!" he said. "We like to hear stories about the jewelry business, don't we, Zoom?"

"Ha!" said Mr. McMurty. "Good!"

"Tell it," said Mr. Zoom shortly.

"A few years ago I knew a couple of smart—ha—boys who were in the jewelry business and found themselves in much the same distressing predicament which you—ah—gentlemen are now in. Now these boys went to an old friend of theirs—a man who had helped them out of several little—er—predicaments in the past, and asked him for advice."

"Just like us," said Mr. Gombel, and smiled.

"Just like you boys," assented the lawyer. "Well, this friend thought about the case for some time and finally asked the two—ha—partners if they were insured against theft."

"What a coincidence!" breathed Mr. Gombel.

"The partners told him they were fully protected. This man then suggested that he arrange to obtain two—er—acquaintances to stage a hold-up of the store and thus allow the partners to collect the theft insurance and pay off all the indebtedness

Mr. Zoom mopped his wide brow.

"Don't forget," said Mr. McMurty sharply, "that this is merely a story I am relating to you."

But Mr. Gombel was still smiling.

"Interesting," he murmured softly, "... 't it? But—but where did the profit come in for the—the partners if they had to use the money from the insurance company to pay off their loans?"

"Only part of it was used in that way, and besides, there was the stock which was to be divided up, after it was disposed of by the originator of the plan, who had a—er method of disposing of jewelry—quietly."

"Oh," said Mr. Gombel, "that was the way it came out!"

"Yes."

"I suppose," went on Mr. Gombel softly, "that these people did what you were talking about a little while ago—conspired, hey?"

"Exactly!"

"And if they got caught, it—it was from one to twenty years, hey?"

"Right!"

"But they didn't get caught?"

Mr. McMurty returned his gaze to the ceiling.

"No," he said, "the man knew how to—ha—handle the situation for his friends."

"I—I suppose they treated him right, hey?"

"It seems to me," said Mr. McMurty, as one striving to remember the details of some unimportant past event, "he got his cut and—ha—a little matter of five hundred dollars in advance for arranging the—er—details of the scheme."

Mr. Zoom was sitting on the edge of his chair, but a heavy smile was beginning to play about his mouth as he listened.

"All the details?" pressed Mr. Gombel.

"Everything."

"Then as far as the partners were concerned it—it was a regular hold-up in every way?"

"Quite. The—ha—robbers tied the men to their chairs and turned everything upside down before getting away with the suitcase which was—ha—ready."

Mr. Zoom spoke again.

"Did—did the robbers hurt the partners?" he demanded.

Mr. McMurty lit a fresh cigar—rugged even in its freshness.

"Just a little red around the wrists for a few hours; nothing else."

"When did it occur?"

Mr. McMurty tilted back once more.

"It—it was one of those daring daylight robberies," he explained slowly, "just before the store opened for the day. The partners were just taking the trays from the safe when they were grabbed from behind, bound and gagged."

"About what time—exactly?" inquired Mr. Gombel.

"Eight-fifty to the minute."

"You didn't mention the gag before," remarked Mr. Zoom.

"Shut up!" said his partner. "An'—an' how many days after was it," he asked,

Here's a *tested* door that *damp plaster* can't warp!

IMAGINE soaking an unpainted door in water for 244 hours! This famous Laminex test—originated by Prof. Bror I Grondal of the University of Washington Forest Products Laboratory and since conducted in scores of cities—proves that Laminex will not warp or come apart; that Laminex waterproof cement is stronger than wood!

THREE thousand leading architects and contractors—from New York to San Francisco—told us the troubles they experience with warping doors. "The most frequent cause of warping," they all declared, "is hanging doors in new buildings near *damp plaster.*"

"The trouble is that dampness is often not detectable in a new building until after heat is turned on," said *A. L. T.*, architect, Los Angeles. "Then the building begins to sweat—and moisture goes into the doors."

"We had to *replace fourteen doors* in one house because it was closed up while damp," added *C. M. L.*, contractor, Baltimore. "The sun came out and drove the heat into the building, *splitting* all fourteen doors."

But no matter how damp or how dry the building—Laminex doors *will not shrink, swell or warp.* By "crossing" sections of wood and uniting with waterproof cement under tremendous pressure, we scientifically prevent expansion and contraction

Leading building material dealers carry Laminex doors. Mail coupon for illustrated booklet, "The Why of Laminex," and actual sample of Laminex wood so you can make the famous Laminex water test, yourself Sales Offices New York, Chicago, Memphis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Spokane, and London, England. The Wheeler, Osgood Company, Tacoma, Washington

LAMINEX DOORS

Will not shrink, swell or warp

THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY, Tacoma, Washington

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(Please state whether Architect, Builder, Contractor, Dealer or Owner)

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Fully protected. Patented July 15, 1924

You don't have to split a union suit all the way down the front to get inside. The top is the proper place to get in. Sealpax Union Suits open at the shoulder. *Twin Buttons* instead of *five* or *six*.

Sealpax Twin-Button is as easy to get into as a church. Those twin buttons on the shoulder are sewed tight with strong linen thread. Think of a union suit that can't shed buttons—nor gap open like a locust! Nor bind, nor cling to you in hot weather. Less strain on buttons, seams and fabrics. Cool as a breeze.

Get those five useless buttons off your chest. A lot of fabrics to choose from. $1.50 and up. Also made in boys' sizes.

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Makers of "Lady Sealpax," "Little Brother" and "Little Sister" Sealpax

Sealpax
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"after the deal was made, I mean—did the robbery occur?"

The little lawyer considered this at length, squinting through the window.

"A week—exactly."

"And no other meetings were necessary, hey? No—no meetings were held with the robbers?"

"The partners never saw the robbers either before or after. Why should they?"

"Exactly!" said Mr. Gombel with vigor. "Why should they?"

"Of course," went on Mr. McMurty softly, "these people were all guilty because they — discussed — a — concrete — case. Planned—to—defraud. That was a conspiracy."

"Sure!" agreed Mr. Gombel, and grinned. Then he arose.

"Got a pen, Mr. McMurty? And by the way, we ain't paid you yet for all your legal work in connection with that lease an' everything."

"Ha!" said the little lawyer.

"Five hundred, wasn't it?" inquired Mr. Gombel guilelessly.

"Quite right—and thank you."

"I think it was exactly a week you said about—about that story you were telling us—a week, at 8:50 to the minute?"

"Quite right," agreed Mr. McMurty softly.

On the way back to the Diamond House of Uniqueness and Charm, Mr. Zoom voiced their collective opinion of Mr. Phineas McMurty, Counselor at Law, when he said, "I tell you what, Harry, it takes a good sharp lawyer to get you out of trouble."

III

ON THE following morning Mr. Zoom closed the door of the private office and came slowly around to the desk of his partner. His brow was furrowed and he puffed, instead of inhaling, the smoke from his after-breakfast cigar.

"Harry," he said, "I woke up last night with an idea I don't like. It don't make me feel good a-tall."

"A shrimp salad at twelve o'clock, with near-beer, y'understand ——"

"My stomach ain't worried about no shrimps. It's that other little shrimp, Harry, that—that ——"

"That smart lawyer, Harvey?"

Mr. Zoom nodded glumly.

"Suppose he ain't honest."

"Well, suppose he ain't." Apparently no serious doubts of Mr. Phineas McMurty troubled Mr. Gombel, who answered in the abstracted tone of a man more interested in the day's news. "Well, suppose he ain't," he repeated.

"Suppose, f'r instance," went on Mr. Zoom, "that after we had our little party here an'—an' we went up to see McMurty after the smoke got cleared away, an' he asked us what we was talking about."

"You mean ——" questioned Mr. Gombel, turning to the sport page.

"I mean," said Mr. Zoom in some heat at the obvious indifference of his associate, "suppose he said he didn't have anything to divide with us, an' that we must be crazy, an'—an' if we didn't get out he would call in the police an' everything. Where would we be? What could we do?"

"We wouldn't be anywhere. We couldn't do anything," Mr. Gombel informed him calmly. "We would just be a coupla suckers. I—I thought of all of that yesterday."

"After it was too late, eh? After you had given him the money, hey?"

"No; before I give him the money."

"You don't mean to sit there, Harry, an' tell me ——"

"I am, ain't I?"

Mr. Zoom restrained his voice with an effort.

"But why?" he demanded in strangled tones.

Mr. Gombel laid aside his paper and leaned over the table which stood between the two desks of partnership. He spoke softly:

"Between you an' me, Harvey, I think that is exactly what that little crook was up to. An'—an' even if it wasn't, I think a man is entitled to security even in a deal that ——"

"Sure!" said Mr. Zoom.

"I may not be long on telling stories, Harvey"—Mr. Gombel laughed softly—"but when it comes to security I don't take my hat off even to a little crook like McMurty. But suppose, Harvey, the shoe was on the other foot." His voice sank to a whisper. "Suppose, Harvey, that when we get robbed, the robbers only get a suitcase full of imitation stuff. Are they jewelers enough to know the difference for a while? An' after the smoke has blowed away an' they do find out it's phony, what can they do about it, Harvey, any—any more than we could?"

Mr. Zoom stood up slowly.

"Harry," he said simply, "there never was a wonder like you in the world. You make McMurty look like an idiot asylum. So quick too!"

Mr. Gombel nodded complacently.

"It ain't so bad," he admitted modestly.

"An'—an' the real stuff ——"

Mr. Gombel opened his right eye very wide and slowly closed it very tight.

"I have been thinking, Harvey," he said, "that after all we have been a little hard on this nice boy, Gurley, that we got working for us. I was just thinking that after a while I would call him in an' tell him that we had been thinking, y'understand, an' had decided while we couldn't give him a raise for a little while, business being so rotten, we had decided to give him a week's vacation with full pay, an' that he could go on Friday."

"An' then?"

"For a coupla days before he goes I am going to have one of my suitcases down here where he can see it. I will leave it around so that he can see what is in it—a suit an' some shirts an' neckties. Then just before he leaves on Saturday night I will tell him to take it around to the hotel an' check it so that I can pick it up quick for the little week-end party I am going to. Get me, Harvey?"

"Not ——"

"When that bag goes, Harvey, the clothes will only be on top, y'understand. So that the real stuff is safe, Gurley is gone—an' we can take the check around in a coupla days after the smoke is gone, an' there you are."

Mr. Zoom solemnly shook hands with his partner.

"Have a cigar, Harry."

"Sure," said Mr. Gombel, "an' when you go out in the store tell Gurley I want to see him."

"Don't be too pleasant with him," cautioned Mr. Zoom.

"With a numskull like Gurley," replied Mr. Gombel, "you don't have to be anything."

IV

THERE are three daily newspapers which feature the events of the day in Bigburg and the nation by issuing special as well as evening editions. One of these, the Bigburg News, specializes in what the world is wont to refer to as yellow literature—the yellower the better. But at least it may be said that if the News was a yellow newspaper, it made an art of its hue. A sample is the early afternoon special of an early day in summer:

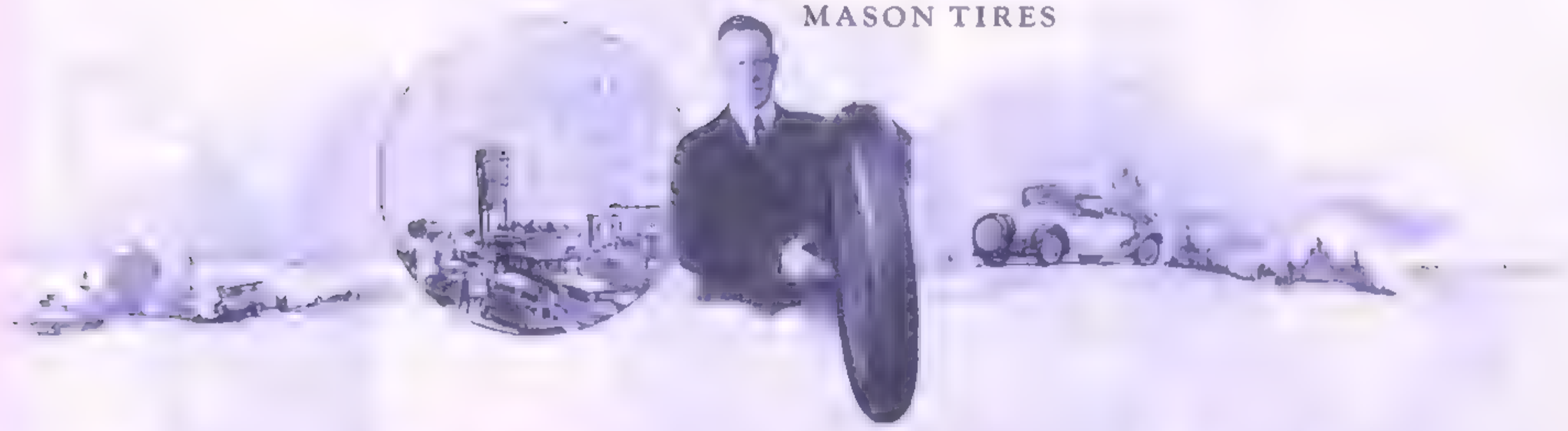
"DARING DAYLIGHT THIEVES PLUNDER JEWELRY STORE

"FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN DIAMONDS AND JEWELRY THE LOOT OF DARING THIEVES WHO TIE PROPRIETORS AND ESCAPE AS THE STREETS FILL WITH EARLY MORNING SHOPPERS.

"An early morning shopper, visiting the Diamond House of Uniqueness and Charm, located in Ninth Street, found no smiling clerk to greet her or show her merchandise. Walking slowly toward the rear of the store, the shopper was surprised to see a foot projecting through a partly closed door in the rear—the foot twisted convulsively. Being nervous, the shopper

(Continued on Page 169)

Why I * recommend
MASON TIRES



You Can Enjoy the Riding Comfort of Low Air Pressure on Mason Tires

Everybody wants the comfort of balloon tires and Mason makes a wonderful balloon tire. But maybe your car isn't equipped for balloons. If it isn't, Mason offers you a great advantage in its regular tires because these tires give you a good share of balloon tire comfort.

The comfort which balloon tires give you comes from low air pressure. Mason Tires have such great flexing qualities that they withstand the punishment of reasonably low air pressures if inflation is kept fairly constant.

Mason Cord Gives This Advantage

Mason cord is the main reason why Mason Balloon Tires are so sturdy and long-lived. Mason cord is the main reason why you can enjoy the comfort of low air pressures with Regular Mason Tires. This cord is made from selected long-staple cotton which has two very important qualities. First, it has high tensile (lengthwise pull) strength. Second, it is so tough and sinewy in nature that it ruggedly endures the severe crosswise strain caused by constant road shocks.

Mason Tires are of Uniform Quality

From this carefully selected cotton Mason spins its cord in its own mills. This control over raw material and manufacturing gives Mason cord uniform strength, texture and quality.

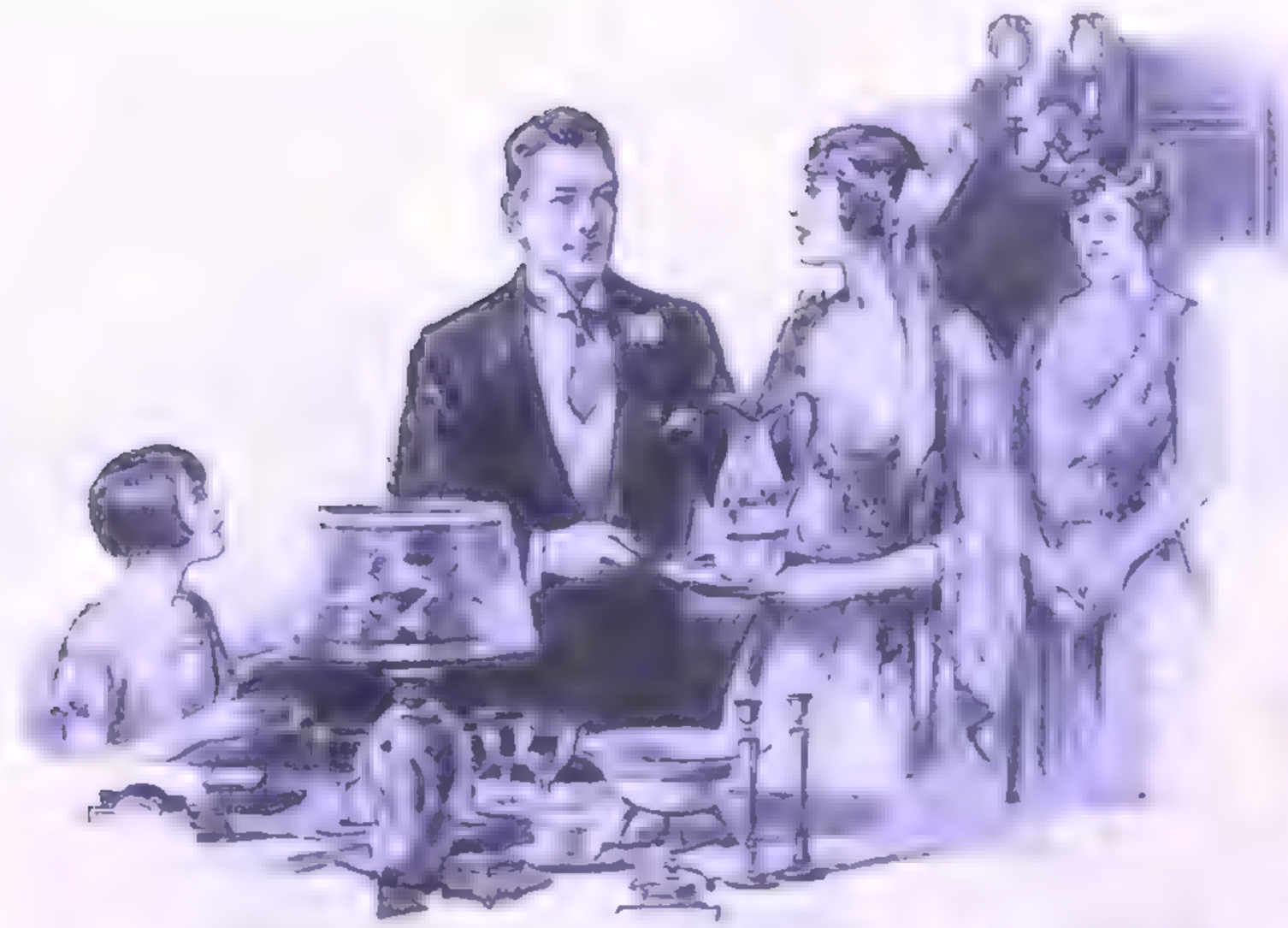
Since the character of the cord determines the character of the tire you can see why Masons are so sturdy—why they have the great flexing quality which lets them run on low air pressure.

Greater Comfort and *Longer* Life—
These are the *Twin* Advantages of

MASON TIRES

Buy your tires from a responsible tire merchant—one who is building a permanent business on the firm foundation of satisfied customers—Ask the Mason dealer to show you the tire most suitable for your needs.

Mason Tire & Rubber Co., Kent, Ohio



Thermos Pitcher Set.
Silver Plated Quart
Size Flemish Design.
No. 362, $40 each.

Why leave the Usefulness of your Gift to chance?

A "THERMOS" Bottle probably has a wider scope of usefulness than any other present you can make.

Each week or month that you own a "Thermos" Bottle you find *new ways* to make it deliver service.

The great, outstanding use, of course, is the ability to *carry* food and *keep it hot or cold.*

But it is just as important to the housewife to be able to keep food hot or cold for a long period of time *in the home.* At night, for instance, a "Thermos" Bottle filled with hot chocolate serves in a way that it is impossible for a kitchen stove to serve.

As you continue to use a "Thermos" Bottle you will discover that it becomes a very *necessary part* of your household equipment—after that it is merely a question of *how many* "Thermos" Bottles you can put to work.

'Tis "Thermos" or 'Tisn't "Thermos"

There is one thing that it is important for you to remember when you buy vacuum bottles.

All vacuum bottles are not "Thermos" Bottles.

The *Genuine* "Thermos" Vacuum Bottles are stamped with the "Thermos" Trade Mark.

Look for this Trade Mark—it is your guarantee of *Genuine* Thermos Vacuum Bottle Service.

GLASS STOPPER LIP JUG No. 564
Heavy Brass Case, Solid Handle, Nickel-Plated. Case entirely covers glass filler. Ground glass silvered stopper. Each, $9.75.

There is a Genuine Thermos Vacuum Bottle to suit every need and pocketbook

People have learned that it pays to look for the "Thermos" Trade Mark.

GENUINE
THERMOS
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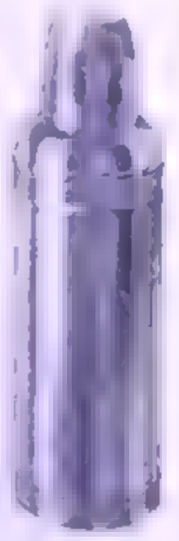
VACUUM BOTTLE



No. 8Q Quart Bottle Finished in full nickel-plate. $4.25 each.

THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO. 366 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK

Chicago San Francisco Norwich, Conn. Huntington, W. Va. Thermos Limited, London, England Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

(Continued from Page 186)

hurried to the street and summoned Traffic Officer Halloran, on duty at the corner of East Ninth and Prospect Avenue, who returned with the woman to find the foot belonged to Mr. Harvey Zoom, one of the partners of the concern, who lay on the floor bound and gagged, while his partner, Mr. Harry Gombel, lay trussed across the table in the rear of the room. The door of the safe was open and its contents had been removed by experienced hands.

"According to the story told to detectives, who were hurriedly summoned by the traffic officer, by the proprietors, Mr. Gombel and his partner were removing the more valuable of the store's merchandise from the safe preparatory to the day's business when a hoarse voice from the door commanded them to put their hands above their heads and turn their backs to the wall. Gombel told the detectives that he attempted to reach a revolver which was always kept in the safe for emergencies, but was roughly thrust aside and his life threatened if he made a move.

"The men did not wear masks, according to both partners, but dark caps pulled down well over their faces. The victims, who were bound and gagged before the thieves proceeded to gather their loot, do not agree on the probable age of their assailants, Gombel being convinced that both men were young, while the other partner had the impression that one man was middle-aged and the other, the leader, slightly younger.

"The robbery occurred about ten minutes to nine, or just as the shopping district was opening up. No witness has been discovered who noticed anything unusual or suspicious before the robbery, indicating that the men slipped in and out without attracting attention from anyone.

"The senior member of the firm estimates the loss at fifteen thousand dollars, fully protected by insurance. The proprietors were alone in the store at the time, their one clerk having departed on his summer vacation the Friday night preceding the robbery.

"Flying squadrons of police were immediately dispatched to all sections of the city and a dragnet spread through pool rooms and other known criminal haunts."

V

ALL the world knows that it is pleasant to relax after a trying day, to eat and chat leisurely and smoke the clear Havana of peace and content. By the same token, that peace and content is increased sevenfold by the relaxation which follows seven hectic days of publicity, questioning and fruitless visits to police headquarters to identify possible robbers of jewelry stores.

Mr. Gombel sighed as he sipped his coffee and listened to the strains of a dreamy Hungarian waltz being played by the orchestra of the Palace Hotel.

"I guess, Harvey, we put it over."

Mr. Harvey Zoom toyed with his cigar and smiled.

"You mean you did," he admitted magnanimously.

"I suppose now," went on his partner dreamily, "when Gurley comes back we might give him a raise, hey? Maybe a dollar a week."

"Maybe," assented Mr. Zoom; then presently—"You have the check for the suitcase in your pocket?"

"Where else? What did we come here to dinner for? We'll get it as we go out."

"Poor old McMurty," chuckled Mr. Zoom. "But it was worth the five hundred."

Mr. Gombel laughed.

"Maybe the next time the little crook will not think he is so smart, hey, Harvey?"

"He should try to teach you!" admired Mr. Zoom.

Mr. Gombel accepted the homage with a wave of the hand.

"Just a lucky hunch," he deprecated. "Are you ready?"

Mr. Zoom was.

They arose, two genial and contented men of the world. Mr. Gombel gave the hat girl a shining half dollar.

They strolled down the long lobby of the Palace Hotel, filled with other chattering men of the world. They walked to the check room opposite the long block of telephone booths and Mr. Gombel presented a brass check with a pleasant smile. Mr. Zoom, slightly nervous, lit a fresh cigar. Mr. Gombel whistled softly as the boy departed into the wilderness of bags and parcels.

"That ain't my bag," said Mr. Gombel sharply.

Mr. Zoom dropped his cigar.

"That's the bag your check calls for."

"It ain't," repeated Mr. Gombel. "I tell you it ain't!"

"Don't talk so loud," whispered Mr. Zoom to his partner.

"I'm sorry I can't do anything for you except call the manager and let him ——"

A thought struck Mr. Gombel with chilling force.

"What if —— Give me the bag," he directed. "Maybe it is the bag, after all. I ain't sure."

"But ——"

"Shut up!" hissed Mr. Gombel. "Shut up an' come along!" He took the shabby bag and walked rapidly to the side entrance, followed by Mr. Zoom. "We'll go to my apartment," Mr. Gombel said shortly as they clambered into a taxi. "Don't talk! Wait!"

The ride was silent. In the apartment Mr. Gombel lit the lights and pulled down the shades. Then he placed the bag on the table and opened its sagging clasps. The first object which met their collective gaze was a cheap gray coat. The sight of it made Mr. Gombel shudder. A piece of white paper was pinned to the sleeve. Mr. Gombel removed it with trembling fingers. Under the light he perused it with grim lips and eyes of patent-leather brightness:

"*Dear Mr. Gombel:* I am going to take your advice. I am going to take the bull by the horns. I am going to get somewhere. I ain't a thief, Mr. Gombel, because I think you owe me more than the suit that I am taking. When I get far enough away I am going to open your suitcase and dress up like a go-getter. I saw what was in it before you gave it to me to have checked. I don't want to be a clerk all my life, and I don't want to start out looking like one.

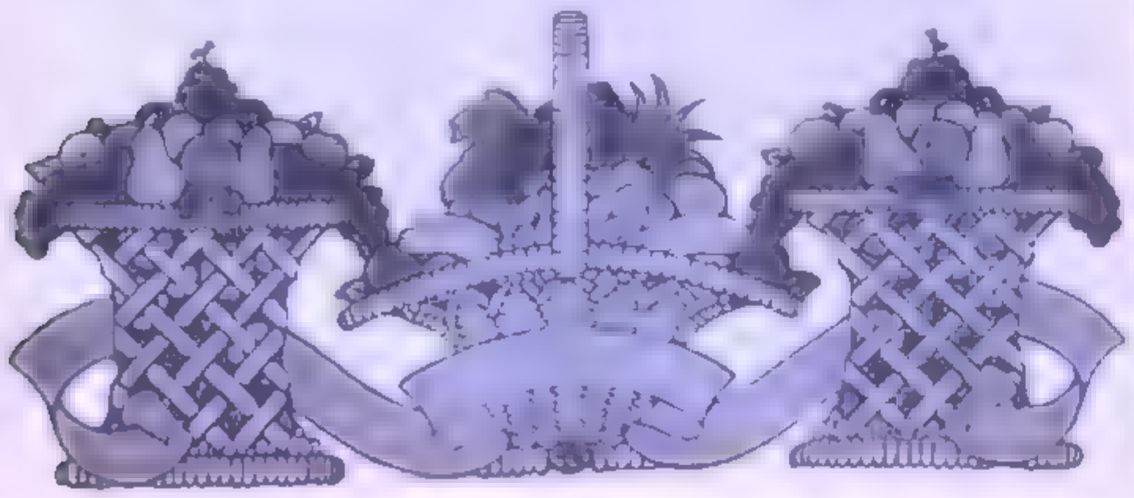
"Yours truly

"G. GURLEY.

"P. S. You know you owe it to me."

Silently Mr. Gombel passed the letter to his partner. Slowly that gentleman read. Slowly his face reddened in honest indignation.

"The dirty thief!" he sputtered



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for any floor: **WOOD OR CEMENT INSIDE OR OUTSIDE**

KOVERFLOR is entirely different from anything you've ever used.

It beautifies and protects all floors, creating a fresh, wholesome surface—tile-like in appearance—which is easily cleaned with a mop. It resists the most rugged wear and tear and is impervious to water, weather, oil and grease.

It prevents the elements of decay from attacking the flooring material. If your cement floors dust, Koverflor will stop it. It will also enhance their beauty and add to their value.

Koverflor is supplied in solid colors for any floor—wood or cement—inside or outside. Ideal for the porch. Also for cellars, garages, factories, stores, industrial and commercial buildings, steamships, yachts, boats, etc. Particularly effective for *old* floors.

Economical. Easily applied with a brush—just like paint. Hardware and paint dealers sell it. If unable to obtain it conveniently, we will supply it direct.

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Where *Foods* are Purest-*Floors* are Cleanest!

Cleanliness rules every process where these well known products are made. Handling and packing are done chiefly by machinery. *Floors are scrubbed* by the FINNELL SYSTEM of Electric Scrubbing. Such methods are more than merely sanitary; they save time and money.

The FINNELL SYSTEM scrubs floors *clean* for an average cost of only 7½ cents per hundred square feet, including all labor and supplies. It saves its cost in from three months to two years. It pays, too, in better satisfied patrons, more efficient workers, lighter working quarters, less spoilage and soilage.

6500 users, in all kinds of business, prove the success of the FINNELL SYSTEM. There are five up-to-date models, a right size for the smallest store or most gigantic building.

Booklet Free! "Your Questions Answered" will be mailed on request of executive on business letterhead. State approximate floor area. Address

FINNELL SYSTEM, Inc. - *Established* 1906 - 105 Collier St., Hannibal, Missouri
Power Scrubbing Headquarters for Nineteen Years

FINNELL SYSTEM OF *ELECTRIC* SCRUBBING

"Clean Floors Reflect Clean Business"

THE LIMITATION OF NAVAL ARMAMENT

Continued from Page 17

The effect of this limitation of naval armament is being discounted. Claims are being made that aircraft have changed the problem of our national defense; that the scrapped ships were really useless, and that the offering of these ships was, after all, a hollow mockery, and that the war against war was a sham engagement in which only useless weapons were sacrificed, and real weapons were excluded from the agreement.

In view of the claim that the scene of world power has shifted from the land and from the sea to the air, and that all future wars will be fought in the air and that therefore air power will determine the supremacy and security of nations, it is pertinent to consider that at this solemn conference of the nations engaged in the World War for the limitation of armament it was agreed that a limitation of capital ships was an effective method of limiting sea power.

The only way the next war could be confined to the air would be by all the nations ceasing to build surface ships or to maintain armies or forts, and by the invention of air bases for supply, repair and storage of airships, and for the maintenance of personnel, suspended above and unattached to the earth—an obvious impossibility. For so long as planes and aircraft must descend to the surface of the land and the sea for supplies, repairs and personnel replacement, they must be defended when there by land and sea forces; and it makes little difference whether such forces are fighting for the capture or defense of air bases and aircraft, naval bases and naval craft, or army bases and armies, or for all of them, for in each case an army and a navy with their respective air forces will be needed.

Treaty Limits on Aircraft

The members of the Conference for the Limitation of Armament were not unmindful of the importance of aircraft. They had been used by all the powers in the World War on an unprecedented scale. Zeppelins, dirigibles and observation balloons; scouting, fighting and bombing planes, were in constant use by the forces commanded by the officers who participated in the conference. In all more than 190,000 planes were built and used during the war. The possibilities of these new instrumentalities of warfare were tested as no other new weapon had ever been tested in actual warfare. As a result of this experience, the treaty provided for increased deck protection on the retained capital ships, and also provided for additional underwater protection of these ships as a defense against aircraft. The treaty also provides for a limitation upon the tonnage of aircraft carriers, and as this relates to the naval power of aircraft this limitation should be carefully considered in any effort to appraise the power of nations to operate military or naval forces across the sea

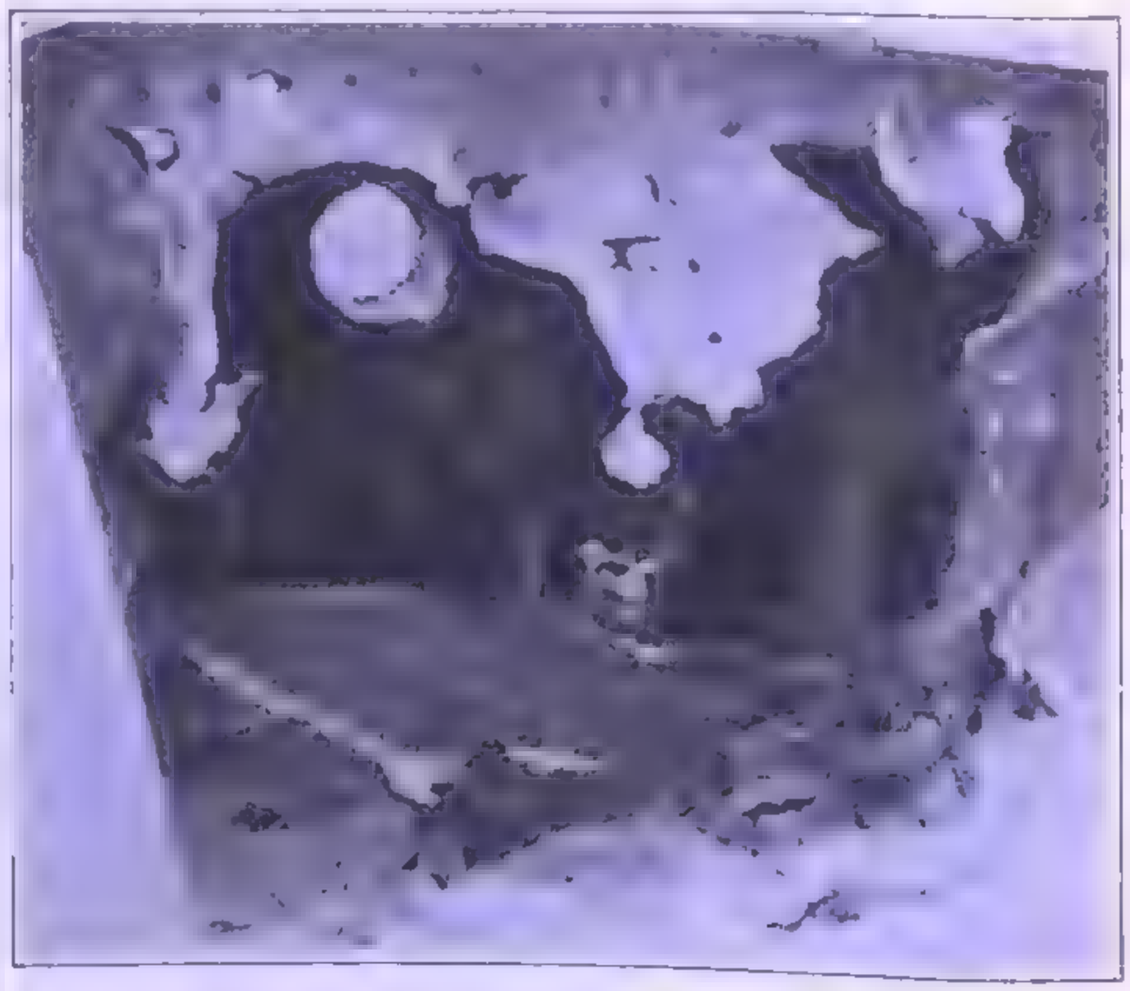
The full number of bombing planes which would be carried by the aircraft carriers of over 10,000 tons allowed us by the treaty would be in the neighborhood of 118, allowing for the planes of other types which must be carried to constitute a balanced air force.

A Transatlantic Air Attack

If they make 3 per cent of hits in dropping bombs at ships as targets, they would make about three and a half hits out of 118 bombs. If we assume that each of the 118 planes will drop a 2000-pound bomb—which carries 1000 pounds of TNT—upon a target as large as the city of New York, this fifty-nine tons of explosive would mark the utmost limit of the power of an air force operating across the Atlantic Ocean without a return to their carriers for a new supply of bombs. Such an attack could be possible only if we had neglected our fleet to the extent that we were unable to have at sea the power to prevent it. Long before the aircraft carriers could occupy a position to launch their planes our light cruisers and destroyers would have discovered their whereabouts, and the whole power of the battle fleet, with its submarines and destroyers and with our own aircraft carriers, would have occupied the strategical points on the ocean to prevent the development of the attack.

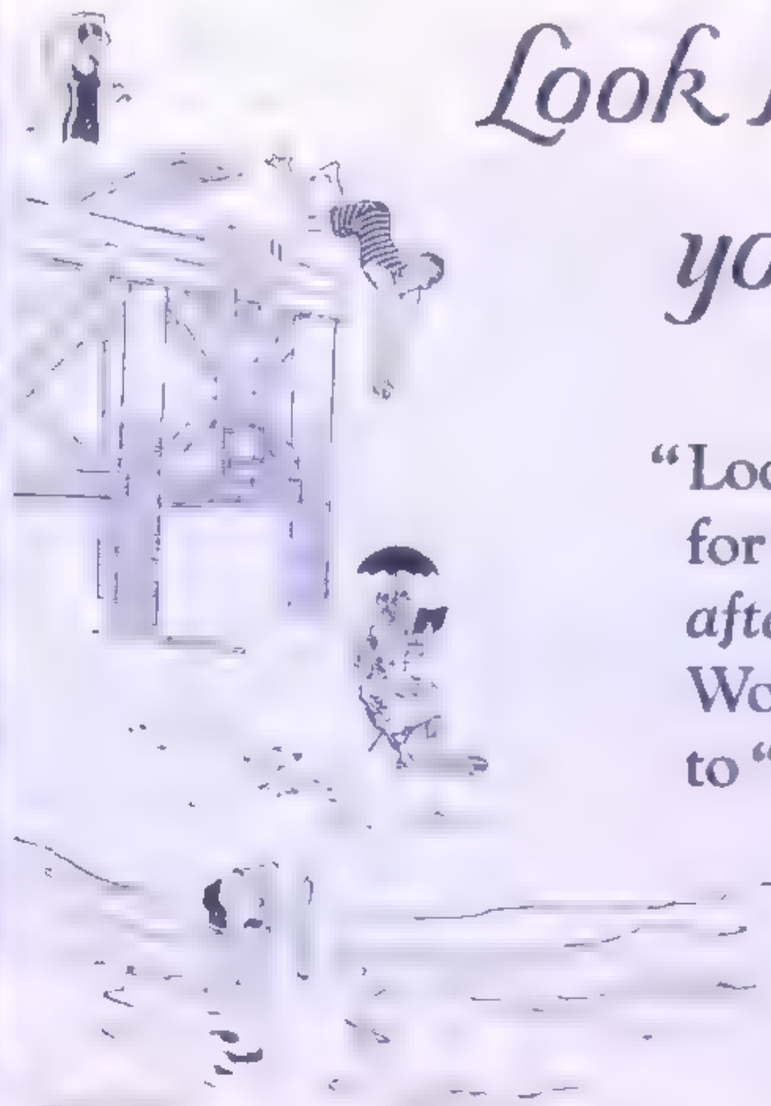
In the meantime should an enemy carrier have reached a position so near our coast that she could fly her bombing planes with their load of bombs with a chance of reaching it, another condition must be anticipated. The enemy carrier would have to keep under way at full speed to escape detection and the probability of the planes again finding their carrier a mere speck on hundreds of square miles of ocean, even

Continued on Page 193



The Same Armor Plate as Shown on Page 194 After It Had Been Fired on by a 12-Inch Service Charge

"Next to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best"



Look before you leap!

"Looking for the Label" *after* You're Sorry Won't Change it to "B.V.D."!

THE red woven "B.V.D." label identifies the underwear of "Famous Fit", "Long Wear", and "Cool Comfort" which never has been successfully imitated. There are reasons:

The very yarn of which "B.V.D." nainsook is woven is spun from selected cotton upon our own spindles. The cool, super-durable fabric is created in our own mills, treated by special processes in our own bleachery, and used in no underwear other than "B.V.D."

In "B.V.D." Union Suits, the celebrated "B.V.D." closed crotch is patented. So are the construction at the shoulder and the reinforcement at the back of the encircling waistband. Tapered, ever elastic, knitted inserts at shoulder and waist make the "B.V.D." Union Suit exceptionally responsive to the wearer's slightest movement.

In all "B.V.D." garments, the carefully shaped lines, the noticeable drape, the perfect proportions, and the finished tailoring, stand out, with their unvarying quality, as the product of extraordinary facilities and highly specialized methods used by us alone.

For the many years of unparalleled demand for "B.V.D." have enabled The B.V.D. Company, Inc., to put otherwise unattainable values into its product.

To avoid those underwear "regrets" which rise so sharply with the thermometer—

GET THE UNDERWEAR YOU ASK FOR!

THERE IS ONLY ONE "B.V.D."
INSIST UPON THIS RED WOVEN LABEL

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

We Want You to be Properly Fitted!

FOR the maximum of union suit comfort, be correctly measured for "B.V.D."

"B.V.D." Union Suits come in "regular", "stout", "long-stout", "short-stout" and "youths'" sizes—over sixty in all.

Your proper union suit size can always be determined by three simple, encircling, tape measurements: (1) chest, (2) waist, (3) trunk (under the crotch and over the shoulder).

Your dealer, measuring you "the 'B.V.D.' way", for "B.V.D.", should be able to give you such complete comfort as cannot otherwise be attained.

If you or the retailer are in any doubt as to your size, write The B.V.D. Service Bureau, 350 Broadway, New York City, giving your waist, chest, and trunk measurements, and your problem will receive immediate attention.

"B.V.D."
Union Suit
(Patented Features)
Men's $1.50 the suit
Youths' 85c

"B.V.D."
Shirts and Drawers
85c the garment

Men's "B.V.D." Underwear in fancy materials at various prices

The B.V.D. Company, Inc., New York
Sole Makers of "B.V.D." Underwear

N48

© 1931
The B.V.D. Co., Inc.

The Wonder of Radio!

Crosley owns and operates station WLW, Cincinnati, the first remotely controlled super-power broadcasting station

$14.50

Add 10 per cent west of Rocky Mountains

CROSLEY 50
One tube set

Crosley, the world's largest manufacturer of radio receiving sets, offers radio's wonder—the Crosley Model 50, one-tube genuine Armstrong regenerative receiver at $14.50. With tube, phones, batteries, antenna wire complete, less than $25.

This momentous announcement means that every home in America can at last have the enjoyment and the entertainment of high class radio—*the thrill of long distance reception* as well as local—on a basis of real economy.

It means a further tremendous stride toward achievement of the Crosley aim and ambition to build radio for the millions.

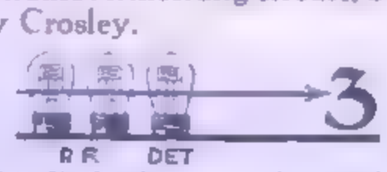
Already, with hundreds of thousands of Crosley receiving sets placed in American homes last year alone, Crosley is sweeping on toward that great goal.

For all time, Crosley has taken the high cost out of quality radio by quantity production, the surest road to lower costs in a manufacturing plant.

But Crosley has gone even farther, by providing simplicity, certainty, reliability—reception as perfect and sure as it can be made in the present state of radio science.

This Crosley 50 is the latest refinement and perfection of the set which brought MacMillan's North Pole messages in to Leonard Weeks, at Minot, N. D., when all others failed though they cost ten times as much.

This set gets stations from coast to coast, and gives you more for your money, because it is the genuine Armstrong circuit, built by Crosley.



This little diagram shows three tubes using the ordinary radio frequency and detector circuit. Signals pass straight through the three tubes without extraordinary increase in their strength. The tube value therefore is 3.

But Crosley's Armstrong regenerative set, with one tube, passes the signals several times through the single tube, each time increasing their strength and giving you much more than the three-tube ordinary circuit, or a tube value of 3 +

That is why the Crosley one-tube set is so much more satisfactory and efficient.

Already, with this perfected Crosley 50, Andie Edmondson, at Stella, Mo., heard 2BD, Aberdeen, Scotland; Paul J. Hall, at Osceola, Neb., heard 2LO, London, England; Eugene Barnhouse, at Brookfield, Mo., hears Winnipeg and Montreal, Can., and Springfield, Mass.; James Gordon, at Fremont, Neb., hears them from coast to coast, from Canada to Texas, even picking up 10-watt KFNG at Coldwater, Miss., and 100-watt WFBL, at Syracuse, N.Y.; Mrs. J. E. Martin, at East Palestine, Ohio, hears KGO, Oakland, Calif., O. W. Bryant, at Sunset, Tex., gets Hollywood, Calif., 1425 miles; Crosley Station WLW, Cincinnati, 1094 miles; Pittsburgh, Pa., 1361 miles.

These are only a few examples out of many. Can money buy you greater distance or wider range?

Get your Crosley 50 now and learn that fine radio is not costly and difficult, but low-priced, simple, easy and reliable. A Crosley dealer is near by.

Crosley products for every receiving set in use
Crosley Jr. Speaker
Crosley Amplifiers
Prices from $4 to $ [illegible] without accessories

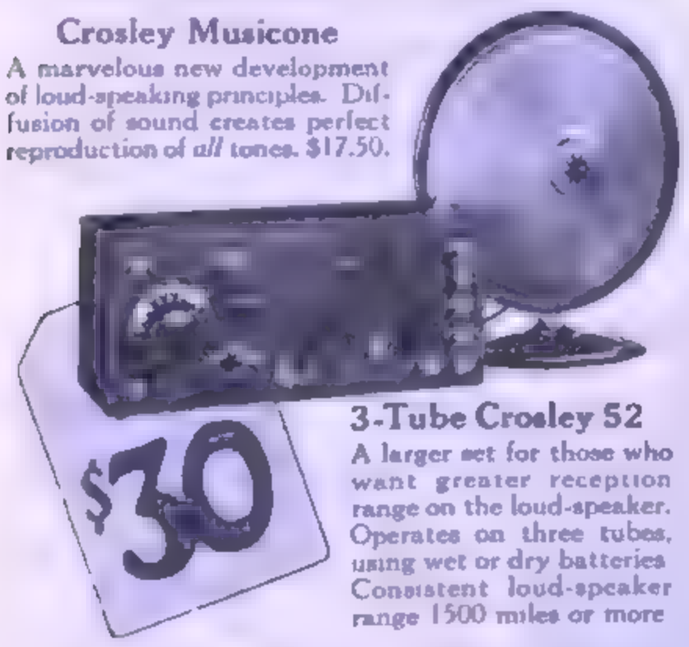
The Crosley Radio Corporation
Powel Crosley, Jr., President
5314 Sassafras Street, Cincinnati

2-Tube Crosley 51
Same as wonderful Crosley 50 with additional tube amplifier Local and nearby stations on loud-speaker always and distance up to 1500 miles under average conditions Much greater range with head phones

Special Sloping Front 2-Tube Crosley 51
Same as Model 51, with cabinet holding all dry A and B batteries. $23 50

2-Tube Crosley 51 Portable
The Crosley 51 in a black leatherette case, with nickel trimmings. Space for batteries. $23.50

Crosley Musicone
A marvelous new development of loud-speaking principles. Diffusion of sound creates perfect reproduction of *all* tones. $17.50.



3-Tube Crosley 52
A larger set for those who want greater reception range on the loud-speaker. Operates on three tubes, using wet or dry batteries Consistent loud-speaker range 1500 miles or more

Special Sloping Front 3-Tube Crosley 52
Cabinet contains dry A and B batteries. Same efficient detection and reception as regular 52. $35

3-Tube Crosley 52 Portable
Same as other 52 models, but in a black leatherette case. Easily carried. All batteries inside. $35.

Prices quoted above do not include accessories. Add 10 per cent west of Rocky Mountains.

(Continued from Page 190

with the use of radio, would be problematical. Certainly no repeated attacks of this character could be delivered.

Returning to the subject of the effect of fifty-nine tons of explosives which we have estimated might be carried in an air raid provided every condition was most favorable and no defense was effective, it might be observed that at the time of the San Francisco fire in 1906 a deliberate attempt was made by the Army to destroy buildings forward of the fire in order to prevent the spreading of the conflagration. Although large quantities of explosives were used the results were comparatively small. In reporting operations it is said:

"While many of the older and more fragile buildings could be destroyed by high explosives, it was found that the modern steel-and-concrete buildings were practically impervious to anything except enormous charges."

The obvious answer to such an attack by aircraft from carriers would be an offensive against the aircraft carriers before they came close enough to our coast to launch their attacking planes—say, 200 or, at the utmost, 400 miles from the coast, and, if possible, before the bombing planes had left the ship. It would be folly to send undefended aircraft carriers for such an assault against this nation unless it was a last desperate and hopeless sally of a defeated enemy.

Our Air Defense

Even if we assume that the bombing planes are effective in defense against surface ships, the aircraft carriers would be lacking in an important part of their own defense if they sent away all their bombers in such an expedition. If such aircraft carriers in the ordinary course of warfare approach our coast they will no doubt be protected by surface ships as well as aircraft. Our own aircraft, aircraft carriers, battleships and submarines will be on hand to prevent the proposed air raid. The bombing planes would be intercepted by the fighting planes from our fleet and from the shore.

Of course there could be variation in the types of planes to be carried for a particular expedition, and the number of bombers might be increased at the expense of other planes. Such a rearrangement, however, would introduce weakness in other particulars of the naval air effort and decrease the general efficiency of the whole force.

The general type of merchant ships of the present does not lend itself to ready conversion to aircraft carriers with flying on and off decks, so that a considerable period must elapse for the conversion of such ships into carriers.

In considering the possible consequences of an attack by bombing planes from across the Atlantic or the Pacific, it is well to remember that by its restrictions on aircraft carriers the Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armament has limited the possibilities of such an attack to between 100 and 200 planes, less whatever number may be brought down by our own anti-aircraft guns with the fleet and on shore, and less the number which may be brought down by the fighting planes of our Army and Navy. In view of the limitation imposed upon aircraft carriers, the possibility of a successful or decisive attack from the air by air forces from any transoceanic power is negligible.

Tests of Deck Protection

We have thus far assumed that the capital ship is the measure of the offensive power of a nation across the water, but in view of the constant reiteration of the claim that future battles will be in the air, and that air power and not battleship power is the measure of offensive power at sea, as well as on land, that subject is worthy of further consideration.

The naval powers of the world in making the treaty agreed on a method of limiting sea power. The capital ship and the aircraft carrier of over 10,000 tons were alone restricted in number and total tonnage. Other war craft, such as light cruisers, destroyers, and light aircraft carriers were limited to a tonnage of 10,000 tons each, but not as to number.

The limitation agreement to scrap a large number of our own ships and the surrender of the German ships furnished another opportunity for further tests concerning the value of deck protection and underwater subdivision as a defense against torpedoes and aerial bombs.

After all these postwar tests the special board recently appointed by the Secretary

A Photograph Showing How Battleship Armor Withstood a Missile Containing 407 lbs. of High Explosive Fired From the Gathman Torpedo Gun

"The Nickel Lunch"

MR. PEANUT
REG U.S. PAT OFF.

Whenever you hear the crisp crinkle of the glassine bag that keeps Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts so deliciously fresh—then you know *somebody's* getting a lot of extra pleasure out of the game.

You never saw such big peanuts, nor any so wonderfully roasted and savory. Big, plump brown fellows.

Taste just one—then watch them disappear. And they're wholesome, the most nutritious kind of food. Just what you want any time you're hungry—"The Nickel Lunch".

They are not Planters Salted Peanuts unless they are in the glassine bag with the "Planters" name and "Mr. Peanut" on it.

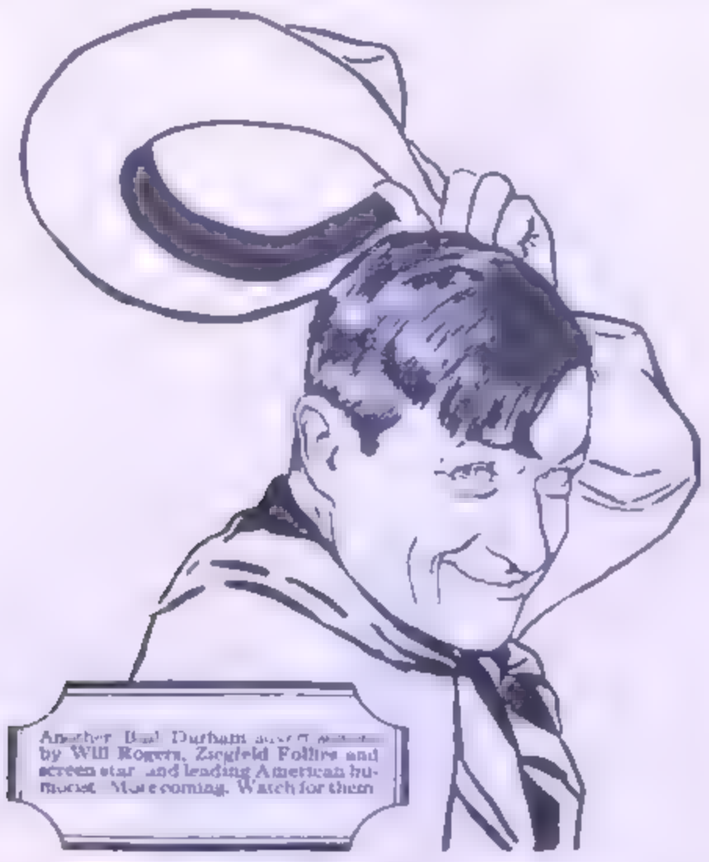
Planters Nut & Chocolate Co., Suffolk, Va., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Toronto

Planters
PENNANT
SALTED PEANUTS

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS


Another Bull Durham ad
by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and
screen star and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them

An Unknown Historical Fact

DID you know that George Washington, The adopted Father of our Country, just before he got on the Ferry to cross the Delaware for the Photographing of that now famous Picture, Did you know that he smoked two sacks of 'Bull' Durham while he was waiting for the Ferry? (things were just as late in his War, as they were in our last one). Now I have never heard of this 'Bull' Durham episode before, neither have I ever heard it denied. So if it's never either been affirmed or denied, there is no reason to disbelieve that it's not true. 'Bull' Durham originated in Virginia, and Washington lived in Virginia, and he was a great man to patronize home industries. And as Washington was the best man of his day, and Durham the best tobacco of its day, there is no plausible reason to doubt that these two most excellent Institutions didn't readily recognize the good in each other and get together.

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS OF PUBLIC SERVICE

In 1860 a blend of tobacco was born—'Bull' Durham. On quality alone it has won recognition wherever tobacco is known. It still offers the public this—more flavor, more enjoyment and a lot more for your money.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents

BULL' DURHAM

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED

of the Navy, at the direction of the President, to consider the relative value of aircraft and of the various types of surface ships, having before it the detailed and confidential reports of these tests and the testimony of those who conducted the tests, and after having taken the most trustworthy testimony concerning all the latest accomplishments of aircraft already built, and also of the best experts in the country concerning the further development reasonably to be expected in aircraft, reported in February, 1925, as follows:

"The battleship is the element of ultimate force in the fleet, and all other elements are contributory to the fulfillment of its function as the final arbiter in sea warfare.

"Aviation has introduced a new and highly important factor in warfare both on land and on the sea. It was utilized on an enormous scale and with great effectiveness in land operations during the World War, but did not seriously influence sea operations. Its influence on naval warfare undoubtedly will increase in the future, but the prediction that it will assume paramount importance in sea warfare will not be realized.

"The battleship of today, while not invulnerable to airplane attack, still possesses very efficient structural protection, as shown by the experiments on the Washington. The battleship of the future can be so designed as to distribution of her armor on decks and sides, and as to interior subdivision, that she will not be subject to fatal damage from the air. The effect of plunging long-range gun projectile hits on a ship's deck has now become closely analogous to the effect of hits by heavy aerial bombs."

Official Recommendations

By armoring the battleship's deck with six to seven inches of armor we at one and the same time effectively meet any practicable attack from the air and also the attack by gun projectiles fired at the greatest probable battle ranges. The interior subdivision will resist any mining effect from aerial bombs. It cannot be said therefore that air attack has rendered the battleship obsolete."

The board, therefore, recommended.

"That the six coal-burning battleships New York, Texas, Wyoming, Arkansas, Utah and Florida be modernized, as authorized by Congress, without delay

"That the seven battleships New Mexico, Mississippi, Idaho, Pennsylvania, Arizona, Oklahoma and Nevada be modernized, as allowed by the treaty, as soon as [illegible]

The almost unanimous professional judgment of both army and navy officers throughout the world coincides with this report in placing a high value upon aircraft in modern warfare, and also in placing such craft in a place of secondary importance as a necessary integral part of the Army and Navy.

While it would be impossible within the limits of this article to present all the reasons for such a professional judgment, some of the most readily understood reasons may be stated. The battleship, or capital ship, is not a fixed and unchangeable type of ship. Rather it is a name for the type of ship built in accordance with the best judgment and skill of the time of construction to fight to a finish the enemy's ships of the same and all other classes. It has changed from wood to iron, from iron to steel, from sail power to steam power, and from steam power to the electric drive. Other ships, such as destroyers, submarines, light cruisers, and the aerial bombing plane are of the hit-and-run type. They can deliver a blow by torpedo or bomb, but their security is in flight and in distance or, in the case of the submarine, in concealment, and not in the ability to stand a counter attack.

A Floating Fortress

To appreciate properly the conclusions of naval men requires that one understand something of the structure of a battleship. The battleship is a floating fortress of steel. The vitals of the ship are housed in by armor, so that shells from forward or aft or on either side are met by a heavy belt of armor. In our latest battleships no less than 7500 tons are employed for armor and armored decks. The side armor extends vertically for a depth of seventeen feet, about half of this below normal water line and half above. These sides extend throughout the greater length of the ship and are joined in their extremities by the thwartship armor and the whole covered in on top by the protective deck. It is impossible for a shell to reach the vitals of the ship, its motive power, its magazines and its great gun mounts, except through armor or through the water. There is a vast amount of construction above the protective deck and outside the armor which can be shot away by projectiles or blown away by bombs, but the ship would remain afloat, with its fighting ability only slightly impaired. Its twelve 14-inch or eight 16-inch guns with their ammunition would be uninjured; its propulsive machinery, and its steering gear intact. It could steam as fast, and shoot as far and nearly as fast as ever. In battle the crew of a battleship, with few exceptions, are behind armor, and thus effectively protected from the effect of explosions outside such armor, no matter how much damage may be done to the outside structure of the ship.

Editor's Note—This is one of two articles by Secretary Wilbur. The concluding article will appear next week

Rocky Brook Falls, Washington

"My three cars are now satisfactorily equipped with Lamberts and tire bills are over for a long time to come."
The Holt Laundry, Peoria, Ill.

* * *

"We do not believe that any firm operating trucks can afford to be without Trublpruf Tires."
Tom Huston Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ga.

* * *

"Our experience with Lambert 'Trublpruf' Tires has proven beyond expectations."
Amster Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

"In the dairy business as well as for any commercial use Lamberts are decidedly the best equipment"
Union Dairy & Ice Cream Co., Oklahoma City.

* * *

"In the past year we have reduced our tire expense 57% and at no additional expense for replacement of parts, whatsoever"
Empire Laundry, Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

"With Lamberts we never have a moment's worry or delay on the road That is worth more to me than the full price of the tires"
Reed St. Market, Springfield, Mass.

* * *

"We find 'Trublpruf' to perform in every way as well as pneumatics and they do not puncture, blow out or otherwise delay our delivery truck service"
Shannon-Childs Electric Co., Columbia, S. C.

* * *

"They give more than their guaranteed service, every time."
P. Liberty, Trucking, Fall River, Mass.

"We are 100% sold on Lamberts and will advise you as soon as more are needed."
Peoples Baking Co., San Francisco, Cal.

* * *

"We consider Lambert Tires one of the most economical as well as time saving accessories ever put to use on our fleet of cars."
Taylor Carpet Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

* * *

"We do not hesitate to recommend Lamberts as the most economical on the market, for small trucks"
Blythe Bros. Company, Charlotte, N. C.

* * *

"I can highly recommend Lamberts to anyone who wishes to save money and do away with trouble"
Georgia Rural ... Association

* * *

"We would not ... Lamberts for any ... ever seen or heard ...
Neuse Lumber Co., New Bern, N. C.

* * *

"'Trublpruf' Tires are 'Time Savers,' 'Truck Savers,' 'Money Savers'!"
Robinson & ... Birmingham, Ala.

* * *

"I am glad to recommend Lamberts as the ideal tire for ... door"
E. J. Buchanan, ... Lexington, N. C.

* * *

"We are to ... Lamberts that we ... them next season"
Ashley Ice Cream ... Lamberts are by ... tires to use."

* * *

"I am convinced ... for the most ..."
—Ohio Food Pr...

"We believe that they stand paramount in the field of commercial truck use, any way you look at it."
... Sult, City Clerk, Rensselaer, N. Y.

* * *

"... not hesitate to recommend the most economical tire ... for small trucks"
... Company, Charlotte, N. C.

* * *

"... recommend Lamberts to ... to save money and ... trouble"
... Brown
... Letter Carriers' Assn.

* * *

"... consider exchanging ... tires we have ..."
... New Berne, N. C.

* * *

"... Time Savers' ... before 'Money ...
... mingham, Ala.

* * *

"... Lamberts as ... door"
... ington, N. C.

* * *

"... berts are by ... tires to use."

* * *

"They have reduced our tire bills over 50% besides saving the time for fixing punctures and blowouts."
Rainbow Coal Co., Macon, Ga.

* * *

"Glad to assure you of our utmost satisfaction with Lambert Tires. We shall continue to use them in place of solid tires."
Blakely Laundry, Trenton, N. J.

* * *

"We find that Lamberts are great money savers and fully believe that they are as resilient as pneumatics."
Murray Cottage Co., Detroit, Mich.

* * *

"We can recommend Lamberts most highly for our class of work and we believe it to be the hardest any tire can be put to."
Noll Construction Co., Charlotte, N. C.

* * *

"The service received from 'Trublpruf' Tires is so far superior to that of pneumatics that there is really no comparison."
Munns Bros., Lexington, Ky.

* * *

"The service has been fine and I would not be without them."
L. Harman, Bureau of Public Health, Norfolk, Va.

The Holes Go Clear Through
This exclusive feature of Lambert "Trublpruf" Tire construction gives resilience approximating that of a fully inflated pneumatic. It is also the most satisfactory method discovered for carrying off the frictional heat which shortens the life of ordinary tires.

The Evidence Rolls On!

Hundreds of letters, like those above, are constantly bringing new evidence of dollars saved and delays eliminated by Lambert Tires.

To men whose business requires the use of trucks or motor cars, Lambert "Trublpruf" Tires offer savings both in the elimination of road delays and in complete freedom from tire upkeep cost.

Many Lambert users report that their tire expense has been reduced 25% to 60%. Many more, whose business depends upon the daily "pick up" and delivery of goods, are also adding profits from the longer routes which their trucks now cover on Lambert Tires.

The Lambert guarantee is 10,000 miles of *uninterrupted tire service.* In actual use, however, Lamberts average about 30,000 miles without delays or upkeep cost.

For those who realize that *final cost per mile* is more important than *first cost per tire,* we have a new folder entitled "The Evidence Rolls On." A copy will be sent by the nearest Lambert Distributor or

LAMBERT TIRE & RUBBER CO., *Akron, Ohio*
Originators of a Cushion Tire Built on a Demountable Rim.

LAMBERT TIRES
"TRUBLPRUF"

Lambert Tires are built in all standard demountable sizes. Changeover from pneumatics is as simple as putting on a spare. There are also Lamberts of the press-on type to replace solid tires. Dealers are invited to write for the Lambert proposition.

Lambert Distributors

Akron, O.	Trublpruf Tire Co., 25 So. Prospect St
Albany, N. Y.	J. W. Coyle Corp., 232 Central Ave
Atlanta, Ga.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co., 75 Edgewood Ave
Birmingham	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co., 400 So. 21st St
[illegible]	Lambert Tire Co. 74 Lansdowne St
[illegible]	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co., 145 Meeting St
[illegible]	Automobile Tire Co 520 Market St
[illegible]	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co 2007 So. Mich. Blvd
Cincinnati, O	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co. 307 E. Fifth St
Cleveland, O	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co 1820 Chester Ave
Columbus, O	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co. 75 E. Spring St.
Dallas, Texas	Trublpruf Cushion Tire Co., 2112 Jackson St
Dayton, O.	The Goldkamp Co., 36 E. Second St
Denver, Colo.	Lambert Tire Co 1516 Broadway
Des Moines, Ia	Trublpruf Tire Co., 6-8 E. Grand Ave
Detroit, Mich.	Gray-Mollter Co., 440-450 Illinois St
[illegible] N. Y.	Mr. W. C. Willis E. Mulberry St
[illegible]	Trublpruf Tire Co., 903 Amer. Bank Bldg
[illegible]	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co., 35 College St.
[illegible]	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co., 24 Albany Ave
[illegible] Pa.	Trublpruf Cushion Tire Co. 1605 Main St
[illegible]	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co 129 W. New York St
[illegible] Mo.	Trublpruf Tire Co., 119 So. State St
[illegible]sville	Porter E. Ramsey, 207 W. Bay St
K[illegible]	Trublpruf Tire Co 1825 Grand Ave
Knoxville, Tenn.	Tow-Le-Gar Tire Co 650 Asylum Ave.
Lansing, Mich.	Capital Tire Sales Company, 423 E. Michigan Ave
Lexington, Ky.	Trublpruf Tire Co., Lexington.
[illegible] Rock, Ark.	Arkansas Trublpruf Tire Co., 1001 East Capitol Ave
Los Angeles, Calif.	Lambert Sales Corp Consult Hoose & Gould 1425 East 8th St
Louisville, Ky	Six Thirty Eight Tire & Vale Co 629 638 3rd St
Memphis, Tenn.	Six Thirty Eight Tire & Vale Co Cor. Union & Dudley Sts
[illegible] Fla.	C. M. Dekay First Ave. and Third St. N. W.
Minneapolis, Minn.	McGee White Corp 1311 Hennepin Ave
Nashville, Tenn.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co. 1228 Broadway
New Haven, Conn.	J. W. Coyle Corp 196 Whalley Ave
New Orleans, La.	Walter A. Denkel 848 Carondelet St
New York, N. Y.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co., Madison St. at Pat chen Ave. Brooklyn
Norfolk, Va.	Mr. S. P. Hires 241 Bank St
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Trublpruf Tire Co., 219 So. Robinson St
Oakland, Cal.	Lambert Sales Corp., 412 31st St
Omaha, Neb.	Radwell Rubber Co., 1709 St. Mary's St
Port[illegible]	Stuart S. Roush 1727 Locust St
Peoria, Ill.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co. 508 So. Washington St
[illegible]	Lambert Tire Co. Inc Broad & York Sts
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Lambert Tire Co. 101 Bigelow Blvd. at Washington
Portland, Ore.	Lambert Sales Corp 63 Sixth St
Providence, R. I.	Lambert "Trublpruf" Tire Co 50 Broadway
Richmond, Va.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co., 1128 North Boulevard.
Rochester, N. Y.	Kiefer-Trimmel Corp., 289 W. Main St
St. Louis, Mo.	Lambert "Trublpruf" Tire Co., 3123 Washington Ave.
Salt Lake City, Utah	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co., 351 So. State St
San [illegible]	Lambert Sales Corp 38 Davis St
San[illegible] Wash.	Lambert Sales Corp 510 E. Pike St
Springfield, [illegible]	G. C. Gardner 59 Dwight St
[illegible] Tex.	Trublpruf Tire Co 110 Franklin St
Toledo, O.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co 1139 Monroe St
Washington, D. C.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co 2203 Fourteenth St. N. W.
Worcester, Mass.	J. W. Coyle Corp 802 Main St.

$1595

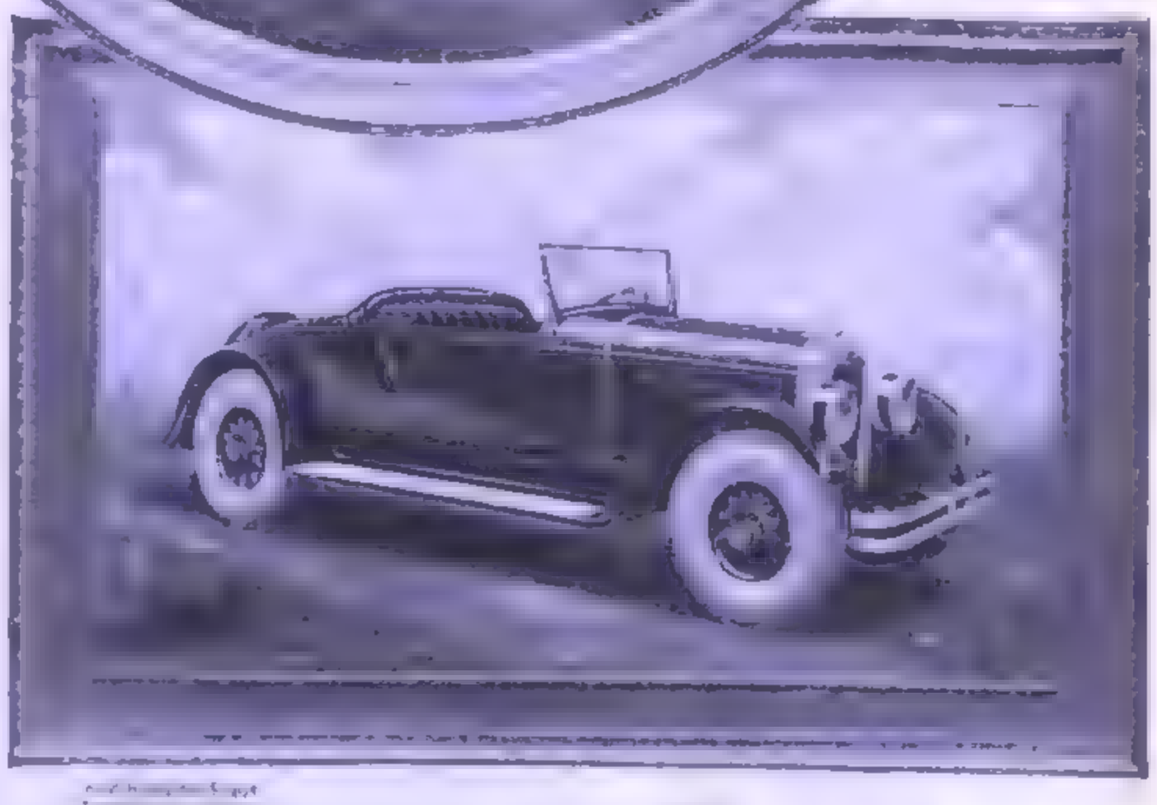
Not a Pocket Edition

But a big, roomy 120-inch wheelbase, easy riding, six cylinder motor car—custom built quality, appearance and detail. The sensational buy of today's market.

CLOSED MODEL—The Auburn Six closed bodies are similar in design to the remarkably beautiful Auburn Eight. Lacquer finish, Brewster windshield, centralized control on steering wheel, all instruments under one panel on dash, metal roof quarters on top, four extra wide doors, rear seat 48 inches wide, ample room for three passengers, leather finish in Brougham, optional.

ROADSTER—The most up-to-date smart roadster design. Room for three passengers, three in front and two in rear. A racy looking and performing sport type with many improved new features, including the convenient rear door which eliminates necessity of climbing over to get into the rear seat.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY AUBURN INDIANA



AUBURN 6 SIXTY SIX

GAMBLING IN BOOKS

(Continued from Page 21)

the way the publisher builds, rigs and launches these ships of the mind may be interesting to those who thoughtlessly conceive of a book as something that springs up almost full-blown, and not as the product of many processes, and, too, of many minds.

After the author has in fear and trembling conceived and borne his brain-child and properly dressed it in its swaddling clothes of neat white paper and good type, it does one of two things—goes to the publishing house or to the middleman, the author's agent. There was a time when most approaches were made direct, but the agency business has grown considerably during the last thirty years and such houses now have many well-known authors on their lists. They relieve the author of perplexing marketing worries, conducting all negotiations, not only with the publishers, but with motion-picture companies and syndicates as well. And it is through these latter channels that much of a successful author's income is derived.

In some ways it is an excellent custom, though some publishers do not favor it, preferring to deal with their authors face to face and so establishing more or less friendly contacts. For the author it frequently works out well, although on the other hand he often benefits greatly by a personal relationship with his publisher.

Now, it does not mean that the agent, because he is an agent, will himself accept your manuscript. If he has many clients he will pick and choose, and, being supposedly an astute judge of the market, will not take it on unless he feels that it has good market possibilities; or, if the manuscript in question does not show these, that you, its author, show considerable promise that may be developed under proper guidance.

If the approach be made direct to the publisher, sometimes the manuscript is sent in by mail, often a call is made, and some secretary or assistant in the editorial department is sent out to greet you and listens patiently to the reasons you urge why your story should make a fortune for the patient auditor's employers. And in half an hour the caller, thrilled by the courteous reception of an assistant trained in tact, will descend the elevator and walk down the Avenue on air, already seeing in front of him the glowing reviews and advertisements of his first-born. If it is not the Avenue you traverse, but Broadway, you may visualize your fame in an electric sign at Times or Long Acre Square "Read and Thrill over Hectic Helen or Ardent Adolescence! Sold six million in six weeks." It, of course, has never been done; the better reason why it should be done with yours.

Old Stuff and New

Still, one should not be too sure. The odds can hardly be said to be in the embryo author's favor. For what situation now confronts him and the publisher? In the first place, only a small percentage of manuscripts can be accepted. Almost every articulate or self-expressive individual in America sooner or later takes his pen in hand to indite a poem or toss off a masterpiece. The number of writers, hopeful and hopeless, is legion, and yet considerably fewer than two thousand titles of fiction are issued in America during the year.

The new author, after all, may simply have that urge, which is all too common, to pour out his very ordinary feelings and very ordinary experiences on paper. And because they are ideas born out of himself and of and about himself they hold for him an importance which they do not have in the eyes of anyone else, unless, maybe, an adoring wife or his kidding friends.

If the embryo author describes his first visit to Westminster Abbey, his first hunting trip or his first kiss, he forgets that untold millions have already visited Westminster Abbey, gone hunting, and many billions have also kissed. Yet to him these were adventures unique in the annals of the world. But to interest enough readers to warrant publication he should have something new to tell—that the supposed effigy of Queen Elizabeth in the Abbey is faked, or, better still, still alive; discover a new Doubtful River on that hunting trip or a new and interesting animal that, say, sees with its ears and smells with its eyes; or discover a special new thrill in that kiss that will impress a generation brought up on Flaming Youth and The Sheik—and that, I take it, can't be done. Of course, since there is nothing new under the sun, necessarily writers must treat of subjects that are past their first youth, but at least the new writer should by his consummate skill and style have conveyed to his potential readers some fresh allure in the above-named experiences, recapture for them the first vision of Westminster Abbey or the old wonder of that first kiss.

A Week's Callers

The chances are, obviously, that he has not this gift, certainly if it be a first book; that his skill has not been sufficiently perfected to convey these emotions. You can find this fatal inability sometimes in very personable people featured on the stage. For instance, I remember when in France a dramatic writer exclaiming over a certain very beautiful actress, who had in private conversation personality plus, that she was an exceedingly poor conductor of emotion over the footlights. So it is with many who would be writers, who feel within themselves the compelling urge to put their inmost thoughts and reactions down on paper. They may do it in English well-constructed enough, but they carry no charm, no allure. The finished product lacks vividness and that interest which means life.

The types of those entering publishing offices with hope high in their hearts and manuscript tucked safely under their arms are many and diverse. Perhaps the only quality they have in common is pathos, tragedy. That is written on the faces, in the air of most of them—that is, excepting those amateurs who show a sublime self-confidence and disconcerting conceit. There is ever in the air, hovering over most of them, although they do not know it, the tragedy of futile ambitions and misspent efforts, if not of actual poverty.

In one short week, to give an example, there called on the writer, both with and without letters of introduction, the following motley crowd:

1. A widow of fifty with carefully mended and worn-out clothes and gloves and an almost worn-out air of distinction, whose fortune had been lost through too great confidence in a confidence man. Not trained for any business or profession, her friends told her she ought to take up writing because she had traveled so much! But where? With William Beebe into the heart of the Guiana jungles, or Captain Amundsen to the South Pole? No, over much-traveled routes under the guidance of a tourist agency.

2. A girl all enthusiasm and bright eyes, who had taken a walking trip through the West, seen the Rockies, slept outdoors and met cowboys!

3. Another lady of about fifty; the impression except of an anæmic spirituality is somewhat blurred. She, too, had been advised by her friends to write, because she had such beautiful thoughts!

4. Houdini with the account of his escapes.

5. The gentleman patron of a lightweight pugilist who was anxious to write his autobiography.

6. A minister with the poems—pale, delicate and pastel—of a bedridden parishioner.

7. A Bohemian artist with sketches in color.

Your white teeth—keep them safe with Pebeco

Teeth stay white and safe—*when the mouth glands flow normally*

By a simple natural method you can now prevent Dry Mouth that causes tooth decay

"I WENT to the dentist yesterday. He says my teeth and gums are in fine condition"—

A few years ago you rarely heard anyone say that. But today thousands can truthfully claim it. More and more men and women are learning how to keep their teeth safe by correcting the dangerous mouth condition that is the underlying cause of most modern tooth decay.

Modern, cooked foods—soft and quickly swallowed—give the mouth glands almost no work. From sheer lack of exercise they gradually stop flowing. And in your dry mouth, your teeth, unprotected by the alkaline fluids of the glands, are defenseless against the acids of decay.

It is only recently that dentists and physicians have recognized that there is a way to stimulate the glands and combat the acids of decay successfully and naturally.

Pebeco keeps your mouth glands active

Pebeco acts directly on the salivary glands. As soon as it enters your mouth it starts a full, normal flow of alkaline saliva.

With constant daily use Pebeco completely restores the natural, protective action of your glands. Their alkaline fluids again bathe your teeth day and night. The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form. And the deadly mucin and tartar deposits on teeth, softened and removed.

Pebeco leaves your gums clean and soothed—your whole mouth healthy—*your teeth not only white and shining but safe*

Send today for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Pebeco Inc., New York. Sole Distributors Lehn & Fink, Inc. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd. 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont. All druggists.

Send coupon for free generous tube

Free Offer

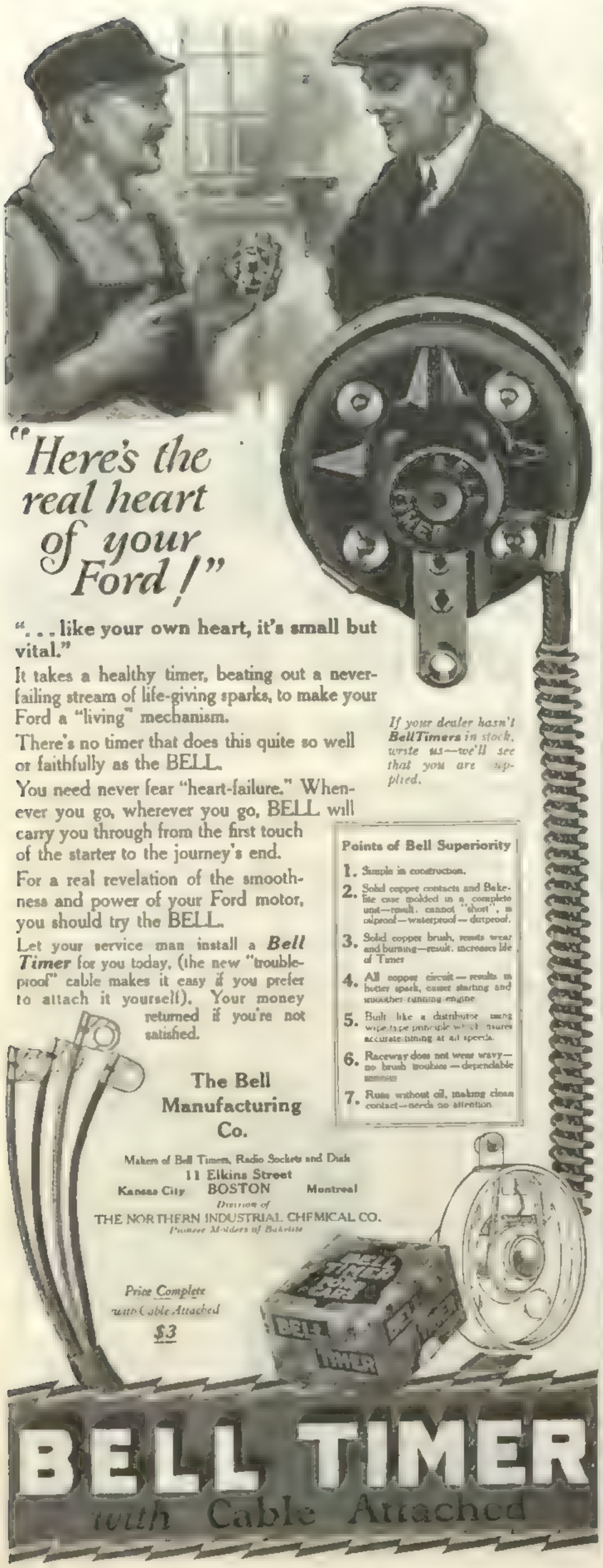
Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors
Dept. [illegible]
635 Greenwich Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me free your new large size trial tube of Pebeco.

Name

Street

City


"Here's the real heart of your Ford!"
". . . like your own heart, it's small but vital."
It takes a healthy timer, beating out a never-failing stream of life-giving sparks, to make your Ford a "living" mechanism.
There's no timer that does this quite so well or faithfully as the BELL.
You need never fear "heart-failure." Whenever you go, wherever you go, BELL will carry you through from the first touch of the starter to the journey's end.
For a real revelation of the smoothness and power of your Ford motor, you should try the BELL.
Let your service man install a Bell Timer for you today. (the new "trouble-proof" cable makes it easy if you prefer to attach it yourself). Your money returned if you're not satisfied.
If your dealer hasn't BellTimers in stock, write us—we'll see that you are supplied.
Points of Bell Superiority
1. Simple in construction.
2. Solid copper contacts and Bakelite case molded in a complete unit—result, cannot "short", is oilproof—waterproof—dustproof.
3. Solid copper brush, resists wear and burning—result, increases life of Timer
4. All copper circuit—results in better spark, easier starting and smoother running engine
5. Built like a distributor using wipe-type principle which insures accurate timing at all speeds.
6. Raceway does not wear wavy—no brush troubles—dependable always
7. Runs without oil, making clean contact—needs no attention.
The Bell Manufacturing Co.
Makers of Bell Timers, Radio Sockets and Dials
11 Elkins Street
Kansas City BOSTON Montreal
Division of
THE NORTHERN INDUSTRIAL CHEMICAL CO.
Pioneer Molders of Bakelite
Price Complete with Cable Attached
$3
BELL TIMER
with Cable Attached

8. An Armenian artist with sketches in color

9. Lady Gregory with three Irish plays

10. A building superintendent with a system of philosophy worked out evenings in eight thousand pages, and destined, he said, to take the place of Buddhism.

11. A writer of juveniles. Once fairly well-known, she now wanted an advance on a book we knew she would never write

12. An old professor, meek and shrinking, but with an exhaustive work on alligators—all about their circulation and how they laid eggs.

13. An agent for Anna Katharine Green.

14. An ex-actress and press agent with the biography of her pet Chow.

15. A salesman from Japan with a book on mah-jongg.

16. A brother with his sister's story; he worked in New York and she hadn't the fare down from Cape Cod.

17. A nondescript wanderer with a breath and a crude manuscript written on pieces of butcher's paper. He had, he bibulously confessed to me, written it the night before—that is, he and the bottle of whisky, on the butcher's paper. On the strength of that he wanted the advance of a fare to a near-by city.

18. The son of another minister, with his father's life work—the history of his rural parish.

19. An undertaker's assistant with a book of jokes.

20–47. Twenty-eight novelists evenly assorted.

If you are by any chance addicted to betting, it should be seen at a glance on whom to give odds. Houdini since has come through, the salesman from Japan with his book on mah-jongg, Lady Gregory, Anna Katharine Green, one novelist—the last three were already established; and, strangely enough, the bibulous wanderer and the meek professor with his book on alligators later each found a publisher. And this venture had a sad, if foreseen, sequel: The charming work sold one hundred and fifty copies the first year, nine the second, and when I met the meek little professor at the end of the third year he told me with tears in his eyes that he had been paid royalties for that period on just one copy.

"There are over a hundred million people in America," he said rather wistfully, "and to think that only one of them is interested in alligators!"

And he had given years to it; it was really an exhaustive and worthwhile study—to anyone interested in alligators.

Author-Financed Books

There are, it should here be explained, a number of firms that do nothing but accept manuscripts. If you apply to such you are sure to be made happy—for a while. And if you do not seek them out, they will you, for they solicit manuscripts from ministers, lawyers, educators—any class that is listed in catalogue or directory—and they swamp all the names of those who have arrived in Who's Who. The circulars and letters they send out are most flattering, alluring and seductive—the only catch being that you will pay at least fifteen hundred dollars to the publisher before you are through, without much hope, if any, of any return.

And, too, legitimate publishers who have presses not too crowded with their own work, now and then publish a few books on such terms. But if the publisher be of repute the books he so issues, you will find, are of real worth, though of limited appeal.

Many books on scientific subjects and, unfortunately or fortunately, most books of poetry are in this class. The latter are a drug on the market. Of course, popular verse like that of Robert Service or Eddie Guest pays good returns, but I have seen many a book of exquisite verse reprinted from some of the first-class magazines sell one or two hundred copies and then die a not even lingering death. And this in spite of the fact that each author assured the publisher that he had a circle of paying friends. There never was a greater delusion or snare. I have yet to find a single author who relied on any circle of friends or acquaintances or on an organization or profession of which he or she was a member, to realize on more than a very small percentage of his expectations.

He is, say, a fairly prominent member of the bar. The publisher will be assured by the author that he, the author, can get orders for a thousand copies by the day of issue; or that these can be secured if letters or circulars are sent to such-and-such a list. He will probably cash in on about ten, if he is lucky, and he will realize the thousand only if his book has personality sufficient to stand out above any other books on its subject and to attract the friends who would have bought it anyway even if they had never met the author himself.

For books, like people, must have either unusual and worthwhile information to give or an unusual personality to get over, any day or any year. And it is the search for books with this personality, the discovery of them sometimes in the most unlikely quarters, that gives the game of publishing its zest.

Now, supposing that two of the manuscripts spoken of above—say from two of the novelists—show, one, promise, the other some actual achievement. If the publisher is wide-awake or kindly, or both, a letter will be sent to the first, suggesting a call. At this, some encouragement may be given, but not too much, for the evidence of promise may be a mere flash in the pan, and a conscientious publisher will be careful not to nurture ill-founded ambitions

A Too-Polite Rejection

And, by the way, the ordinary letter of rejection may be taken too seriously. Only the other day I had a lady repeat with almost an air of exaltation the courteous phrase received in a letter from a publisher: "We would like to see more of your work." On the strength of a mere politic sentence she actually gave up her home and housekeeping and went into furnished rooms, there to pursue, unimpeded by domestic responsibilities, her career! I profoundly hope she may succeed, for as a matter of fact she shows some promise; but the words into which she read such prophecy are used every day by polite publishers who do not want to offend possible customers.

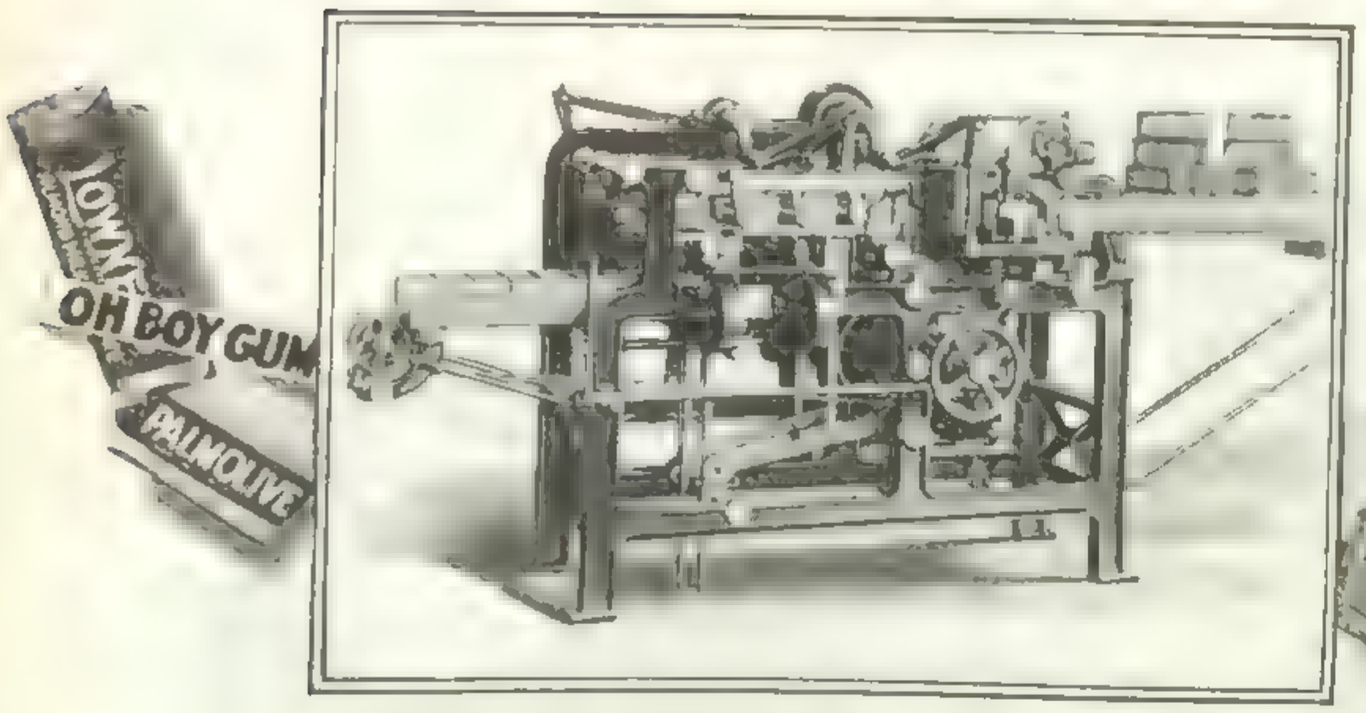
Nor is it, on the other hand, to be expected that publishers will always write letters of rejection giving detailed criticisms and reasons for rejection. Long-drawn-out and futile discussions are so started, as many editors have found to their sorrow.

Well, of the two novelists we have picked out, one has now been talked with and encouraged, partly through kindness and partly because it is well for a publisher to leave a favorable impression even on a tyro who later is likely to produce something marketable and worth while. And, smiling, he goes on his way, to write another, if he has mettle in him, or to try some other publisher who possibly might have the sense at once to launch this genius instead of advising him to be patient and wait a while.

The second novelist, whose story showed more of real achievement, is now waiting in the anteroom, alternately enjoying the sense of bustle and the sight of the office staff hurrying to and fro. Maybe he sees close by him the art editor examining a portfolio of sketches or ordering a wrapper design from an artist; hears the manufacturing man order a carload of paper; the advertising manager telephone to some newspaper to release the ad for The Caliph or Slovasky Memoirs in next Sunday's issue; or perhaps, if the office be an open one, he may even see one of the firm deep in consultation with the sales manager and the man from the press.

"Yes, I think we can stand ten thousand more of The Caliph safely, and twenty of the memoirs. Use the big presses, too, for

(Continued on Page 201)



Making Merchandise Move!

The Package Goods of America are wrapped on our machines

—one hundred million a day!

The great package goods successes that you see today are only the forerunners of bigger successes of the future.

The world is moving fast. New names are constantly arising in the mercantile world and gaining public favor.

The infant package of today will be tomorrow's giant. Packages yet to be planned will develop trade names worth their millions.

Packages in smaller sizes are coming along to meet the householders' increasing demand for smaller quantities.

And mark this—neatness and attractiveness of packages will continue to be the same big factors in promoting sales.

The Broader Viewpoint

The successful products of the future, like those of today, will be wrapped in printed or transparent wrappers—the only way to give real protection to the product and the best way to get the utmost attractiveness and sales value.

It is no mere coincidence that the leading products of today are wrapped by machines of the Package Machinery Company, for during the past quarter of a century this company has coöperated with leading manufacturers in the development of wrapping that gives:

1. *Greater sales value*
2. *Greater protection*
3. *Greater economy*

In *economy* alone our machines pay for themselves every 4 to 8 months. One machine does the work of 8 to 15 people.

Or in the matter of *protection* alone, they are worth their money because the buyer of the machine-wrapped package knows that the contents retain their original quality.

Making Merchandise Move

But, far more important, they stimulate sales by producing more attractive packages —*making merchandise move.*

We have marched hand in hand with the leaders of the world in helping to develop the package goods industry to its present point.

Our machines are wrapping packages in Europe, South America, South Africa, the Orient and Australasia. We can help you, too.

Call us into consultation. The first step is to send us your product, giving us some idea of your daily output. We can then tell you how to find a larger market and greater profits.

Here are some of our customers

A & P
[illegible]
National Candy Co.
National Starch Co.
Palmolive Co
[illegible]
H. O. Wilbur & Son
William Wrigley, Jr., Co

PACKAGE MACHINERY CO.

Springfield, Mass.

NEW YORK:
50 Church Street

CHICAGO:
111 West Washington Street

INTRODUCING A NEW REFINEMENT BY THE MAKERS OF THE ORIGINAL MONOGRAM SELF-LOCKING RADIATOR CAP

Love of Beauty Commands You Buy This Cap

THERE is constancy of appeal in a Monogram Cap—the touchstone of the genuine in ornament. The first glance of appreciation deepens into solid satisfaction as time passes. Trust the instinct that urges you to select this crest of individuality, with native-crafted ball-ends of Imported Pedrara Onyx, on patented safety-ferrule mountings, in a wide range of perfectly matched colors.

Also made to fit standard models beautifully nickel plated . . . MONOGRAM COLOR SHIELDS *are available in Royal Blue, Maroon, Sea Green, Canary, Ivory or Brown*

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Export Department Cable Address, Grisco

A CAP
to Glorify Every Car

MONOGRAM
ORIGINAL
SELF LOCKING RADIATOR CAP

(Continued from Page 198)

we want more stock by Tuesday for shipment."

It may sound less alluring to hear the postscript: "We don't want to reprint this one. We sold only seventy-two copies last year. Just report it, for the present, out of stock."

But anyway, the listener feels that it is all very magical and that soon all these very interesting and industrious people will be hustling for him.

And now, as he waits, let us see what has happened to his manuscript since he submitted it seven weeks previously.

First, Miss Pauline, one of the editorial secretaries, entered it on the records. It just happened that the editors had their desks piled high with unread material and unanswered letters, and one or two of the staff were away through illness, so the errant manuscript was tossed on the desk of Miss Charlotte, the dean of the stenographic force, who had a fondness for love stories. Having nothing to do that night, she read it—until 2:30—and reported next morning.

"Mr. Fred," said she to the third junior member of the firm, who acted as assistant chief of the editorial department, "I think that's fine. I hope you take it."

The member of the firm so addressed smiles cynically, takes it, and tosses it over on the desk of the advertising manager, Lathrop Bloomfield, who has himself written a novel.

"Read this, Bloomfield, and see what you make of it."

Bloomfield, too, reports—with his fingers crossed.

"Mush!" he says. "Awful slop, but it will sell."

Now the wife of the third junior member is called upon. She has excellent taste in things literary, but the cynical third junior member—who, by the way, happens to be a gifted man—notices with interest that she does not snap off the reading lamp by her bedside quite so early that night.

The following evening she remarks, about midnight, "Well, I've read your manuscript, Ardent Adolescence. It's pretty awful"—this lingeringly.

"But did it hold you?" her better half asks, getting down to brass tacks.

"Yes, it held me all right, though I hate to admit it. Still it wasn't so badly written—and——" And so on. Her launching even thus tentatively into the description proves to the cynical third junior member that the plot did hold—in short, that the author had something; and that, like baseball pitchers, authors, too, must have to get by in the big show.

Put to a Vote

Postponing his own judgment the third junior member hands the errant manuscript over to a regular reader, one for many years experienced in the judging of manuscripts for publishing houses. Though fair and comely, she, too, is rather hard-boiled, and simply types four lines of analysis, with a recommendation that the novel be taken—with a few emendations.

The third junior member now tackles it, and being skilled in seizing the salient points, sizes it up in about thirty minutes, yawns and writes on the title page "O. K. F. W. B."

So it goes to the sales manager, perhaps, and the second junior member, who has charge of trade relations, to the aggressive and ingenious first junior member, who has charge of publicity, then the second senior member, and finally to the veteran president himself.

At last at a conference of the members of the firm or the editorial board the vote is taken.

After the third junior member actively in charge of the editorial desk has brought it up for discussion the president exclaims, "Humph!" and presents his opinion with some reluctance, and, it is painfully apparent, also with some chagrin. He is evidently against it.

"We didn't publish such manuscripts when I was young," he declares. "But you young people may know best. After all, it's not badly written; and I suppose it will sell."

It is accepted—seven to two. And quite a triumph, it is, for the errant manuscript, since agents and authors of established reputations had already submitted novels to last out the year and the list was now pretty full. This competition, by the way, from authors who have already arrived, is, needless to say, one of the hardest barriers the newcomer must surmount. But then, that tends to develop his spiritual as well as his dexter muscles, and is ultimately for the good of his soul. Those already within the temple of fame had to knock long and loud before admittance, as he must now in his turn. If he has mettle combined with talent, he, too, can gain the sacred circle in time, there to enjoy its reasonable security, as one of those on the inside looking out, as before he was a poor outsider looking in.

Judges of Fiction

Right here it should be explained that not all manuscripts are treated in such an apparently casual manner as was the one cited above. And it must not be thought by disdainful writers that stenographers rather than trained literary experts condemn their brain-children and decide what America shall read. In the case of purely literary efforts great care is taken, and many experts—not only of the staff and firm but outside literary advisers—are consulted before decision is made. In the case of technical or scientific works special fees are paid to famous authorities for recommendation or condemnation, and frequently for editorial revision as well. And the processes described in the examination of Ardent Adolescence are not so casual as they may seem. To editors who have read thousands of books in their time, manuscripts are not to be treated with any especial reverence. Still, in spite of their apparent breeziness and flippancy, their minds were working with the effortlessness of the expert all the time. And, too, there are worse tests than the submission of manuscripts to the stenographers of the staff. In the case of love story, tale of adventure or more or less sensational fiction, their judgments may be relied on advisedly sometimes.

Nor must it be thought that publishers are interested nowadays only in literature of that sort. They may yield a little to the apparent tendency of the times and its trend toward the hectic, and publish one or two such titles, with judgments drugged and fingers crossed, but the worthier houses are far more concerned with less dubious publications. They enjoy most the success of a book of real worth.

And yet, it is a pity that so many yield even in small measure to the temptation. It is understandable, since after years of trying to find out what the public really wants, and losing much money in the process, a publisher grows weary and at times falls back on the sensational and claptrap which promise at least a temporarily profitable sale and funds to publish the books of his real choice. But the publisher should never forfeit his birthright, that privilege which alone makes his existence worth while, that right to predetermine and to a certain extent guide the public taste. Certainly costumers and dressmakers depend on the whims of the public, but still they hold on very jealously to their power of predetermining styles. Short skirts would not succeed long quite so quickly, nor vice versa, if in their endeavor to create more business they confessed themselves as powerless as theatrical producers and sometimes publishers declare themselves to be. Censorship by political appointees is intolerable, but the need would not even be urged by the reformer if censorship of the vulgar and meretricious, like charity, began at home.

Still, a too pessimistic view should not be taken of the situation. Even in this

How is it in action?

IN *action*, that's when Williams shows its stuff, that's when it earns a man's lasting friendship.

Just a small squeeze of rich, white Williams Shaving Cream whips up instantly into dense, wet lather:

—lather that strips the water-resisting coat of oil from each hair so that water quickly penetrates and softens your beard;

—lather that welcomes the blade, turns each stroke into a gentle touch;

—lather that leaves your face feeling and looking fresh and rested and youthful.

Why not try this shaving cream, the master product of three generations of shaving specialists? A trial will soon convince you of the new comfort Williams Shaving Cream can bring you. And a trial costs you nothing. Use the coupon below or a postcard.

The regular large-size tube of Williams is 35c. The double-size tube, at 50c, contains twice as much cream and is the most economical tube you can buy.

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 45-C, Glastonbury, Conn. *If you live in Canada, address* The J. B. Williams Co., (Canada) Ltd., St. Patrick St., Montreal.

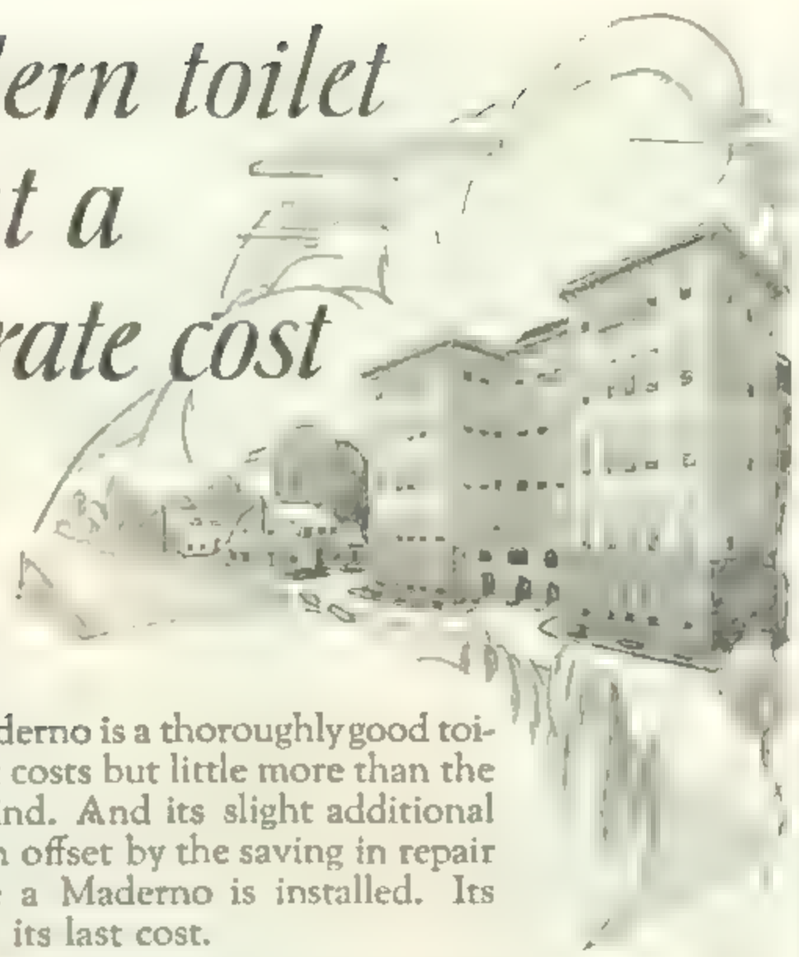
Williams
Shaving Cream

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE

Send me free sample of Williams Shaving Cream.
Sample does not have Hinge Cap

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—*a scientific* after-shaving preparation
Trial bottle free—Write Dept. 45-C

A modern toilet at a moderate cost



THE Maderno is a thoroughly good toilet that costs but little more than the cheapest kind. And its slight additional cost is soon offset by the saving in repair bills where a Maderno is installed. Its first cost is its last cost.

The tank mechanism is so well made that it is guaranteed against giving trouble or causing expense for repairs or replacement. Each tank is factory-tested under water-connection.

You are invited to write for our new booklet, "Maddock Bathrooms." This booklet gives suggestions for placing different combinations of fixtures in spaces of various sizes and shapes.

The Maderno

Why vitreous china

In Maddock toilets, the tanks as well as the bowls are made of vitreous china. These tanks can never corrode or leak, because vitreous china is practically everlasting. Its hard, glassy surface cannot be marred; even acids will not harm it.

THOMAS MADDOCKS SONS COMPANY, *Trenton N J*

MADDOCK

Bathroom Equipment

Avoid doctor bills by more intelligent use of the plumber

careless day more wholesome books than pernicious ones are to be found in the best-selling lists; and the sales of moderately serious books are greater proportionately than at any time during the last thirty years.

But there the author is, still waiting—feverishly now—when the third junior member appears.

He advances without the manuscript—a good sign. After shaking hands he guards against too great optimism on the part of the caller by dwelling a little on the uncertain state of the fiction market. The author is chilled a little, but, if he is wise, soon grows resigned to the fact that his host, instead of falling on his shoulders, couches the acceptance in these terms: "There are pleasing things about the story—your style is interesting, and that character, for instance, is well drawn. I would cut here and here"—and so on; then winds up with, "We'll take a chance."

And now for the contract! It is produced. What does this mean? Why, you get 10 per cent on the first five thousand copies sold; 12½, maybe, on the next five thousand; and possibly 15 per cent after that.

Well, you calculate quickly—let's see—published at two dollars that means $29,250 on the first hundred thousand copies sold—pretty good. And there are the film rights too. Now about the advance; for of course you should have an advance on a book bound to sell one hundred thousand.

But the third junior member, though patient, smiles. You gather—very gradually—that it is not the prevailing custom to pay advances to new authors; only to those whose advance sales can be gauged with some accuracy. Royalties are paid regularly every six months for all books sold during the preceding half year.

But surely—on this book, bound to sell one hundred thousand? Does the junior member look a little less patient and a little more cynical now, or is it only, poor fellow, that he is more wan? He hesitates and looks for a cigarette. Well, they might pay subscription royalties—which means you can be paid for all the copies sold in advance, upon the day of publication. Yes, sometimes that is done. Not so good—but, well, anyway Ardent Adolescence is accepted; and the public will make it up.

On the Stocks

If you only knew conditions you would realize that the publisher has not been hard in his terms. He has to pay his pressmen every week; and for the materials with which your book is made, in thirty or sixty days; and he himself does not collect from the booksellers for most of the books sold to them under sixty days, in many cases not for three, four and sometimes six months. And you will average a three-months payment, for when you receive your royalty check, that covers some books sold at the beginning of the six months' period and some at the end.

And now the book, so to speak, is on the stocks. Neatly typed, it goes to the compositor, after the necessary editorial changes are made, and is set up. In a few weeks you receive a bulky and interesting-looking package marked Publisher's Proof. In it galley sheets, about two feet and a half in length, are found. And on these sheets is your story in lines of text not yet arranged in pages. On the margins you are to note your corrections; but be careful, for the expense of changes of sense will be chargeable to you. The publishers are responsible only for 10 per cent of such changes and for mistakes made by the typesetter in not following your copy; and authors who delight in splitting hairs of expression occasionally run up bills for extra corrections that amount to more than the charges for typewriting the whole.

These galleys are then returned. In a short time another parcel appears, with the lines of your text arranged in numbered pages. It begins to look like something, and when the last set, the plate proofs, is finished, your work is done—that is, if you haven't forgotten the dedication "to your severest critic."

Meantime the publisher, having decided on the type and size of the book, has selected and ordered from the paper concern the sort of paper that will make the book bulk to its desired size; has chosen the kind and color of cloth for binding; and has ordered the die man to design lettering and decoration, also make the die with which to stamp the cover of your book. Probably he has not ordered any illustration for the interior of the book, if it be a novel, for these now are considered too expensive on account of manufacturing costs; but probably he has paid seventy-five or a hundred dollars to an artist for an illustration for the paper cover, wrap or jacket, as it is variously called.

The advertising man meantime has been busy, absorbing your book and perhaps writing a blurb, or little trumpeting paragraph, to be printed at the bottom of the jacket, under the picture, or on the inner flap. He has also got his advertising copy ready and sent to the papers for release on the proper date. Do not expect too large an appropriation, however, for the money so expended is not expected to exceed ten cents per copy of the total advance sale. But you should be sure of one or two appearances at least in a couple of leading papers in each of the four big cities; more, if the book catches on. Of course if your book has aroused great expectations in the hearts of the publishers they may plunge, but you cannot expect this on every book, or soon there would be no publisher to issue your books.

The Great Day Arrives

Other departments, too, have busied themselves over your book. The sales manager should have read it and in consultation with members of the concern guessed at its marketing possibilities, its rank on the list, and the quarters and cities where it will have most appeal. And in turn his salesmen will have read the galley proofs or will at least have been told about it. If the house is a high-geared one and efficient, this may have been done at a conference, where the salesmen are filled with enthusiasm and that commercial electricity called pep. At any rate they have at least heard of your book; and when samples are ready—in the shape of complete copies; dummies, which give evidence of the cover and a few pages of text; or at least jackets—they sally forth, north, east, south, and west on the trains, to trot out your child, with many more of other parentage, before the booksellers and jobbers.

Now leading houses seldom have more than four traveling salesmen, as the business to be gained from any but the more important cities of first and second class is not apt to pay traveling and salary expenses. Booksellers in smaller places have to rely on the publisher's catalogue and advertisements, or on the jobber's salesmen. The jobbers cover the country more thoroughly, but as they carry the lines of all publishers their salesmen cannot be expected to know much about your book if you are a new arrival.

After all, its success will depend on several factors—on chance, the publishers' presentation, its visual appeal, the allure of its title, or fragments of text which the bookselling buyer will hastily sample as he dips into it. And many and many a bookseller, having small capital and so many new books to represent, will buy but one or two copies, and sometimes pass up your book altogether. Make up your mind as to that, and do not be disappointed if you pass by some store and fail to see yours displayed.

For it is all, as we have said, so much of a gamble—with newer authors most of all—but to some extent with the old ones, since many writers are in-and-outers from the standpoint of quality or from that of subject matter as it affects popular appeal. Even such favorites as H. G. Wells and

(Continued on Page 205)

This to This

in 50 seconds

For the home

For the camp

A wonderful perfection

The CABLE *Steel* COT

AWAY, now, with old-time cots! Here is a new-type cot that opens or folds with the compact neatness of an umbrella. Smaller than a small golf bag. (5 in. x 7 in. x 38 in.) It weighs only 16 pounds.

Open, it is a commodious, comfortable bed, (6 ft. 4 in. long x 25 in. wide, 17 in. high). It has rubber tipped legs to prevent marred floors. Outdoors, it adjusts itself automatically to uneven ground.

Its compactness is due to its all-steel frame—strength without bulk. It will support nearly a thousand pounds.

No wood is used—nothing to get squeaky and loose. Joints are doubly strengthened with heavy steel rivets.

The rust-proof, vermin-proof frame is beautifully enameled in green. The tailored top is 12 oz. khaki duck. This wonder cot, perfected and patented by John Cable after years of development, antiquates all old-fashioned, cumbersome cots. It has none of the deficiencies of the ordinary cot. It is built for long life. It can stand hard usage. For home or camp it is preferable, as any comparison reveals.

Yet this super-fine cot costs no more than the ordinary cot. Its price is $5.50 at all department, furniture, hardware and sporting goods stores, except in the inter-mountain states, where a slight addition is charged, due to freight.

See this new-day cot. The old-style will never satisfy again.

Also announcing
Cable Chairs and Stools

New-day refinements. Fold compactly. Rubber-tipped legs. Longer life. Handsome green enameled steel. Strong. Comfortable. Chair weight, 4¾ pounds, price $1.50; stool, 4 pounds, price $1.25. Antiquates wood

Order here

Only in case your dealer cannot supply you or you are in remote location, send $5.50 and one cot will be shipped *prepaid*.

To Dealers: If you are not already supplied with Cable Cots, address us for full information. The Cable Corporation, Sales Dept., Woolworth Building, New York City

SEP 10

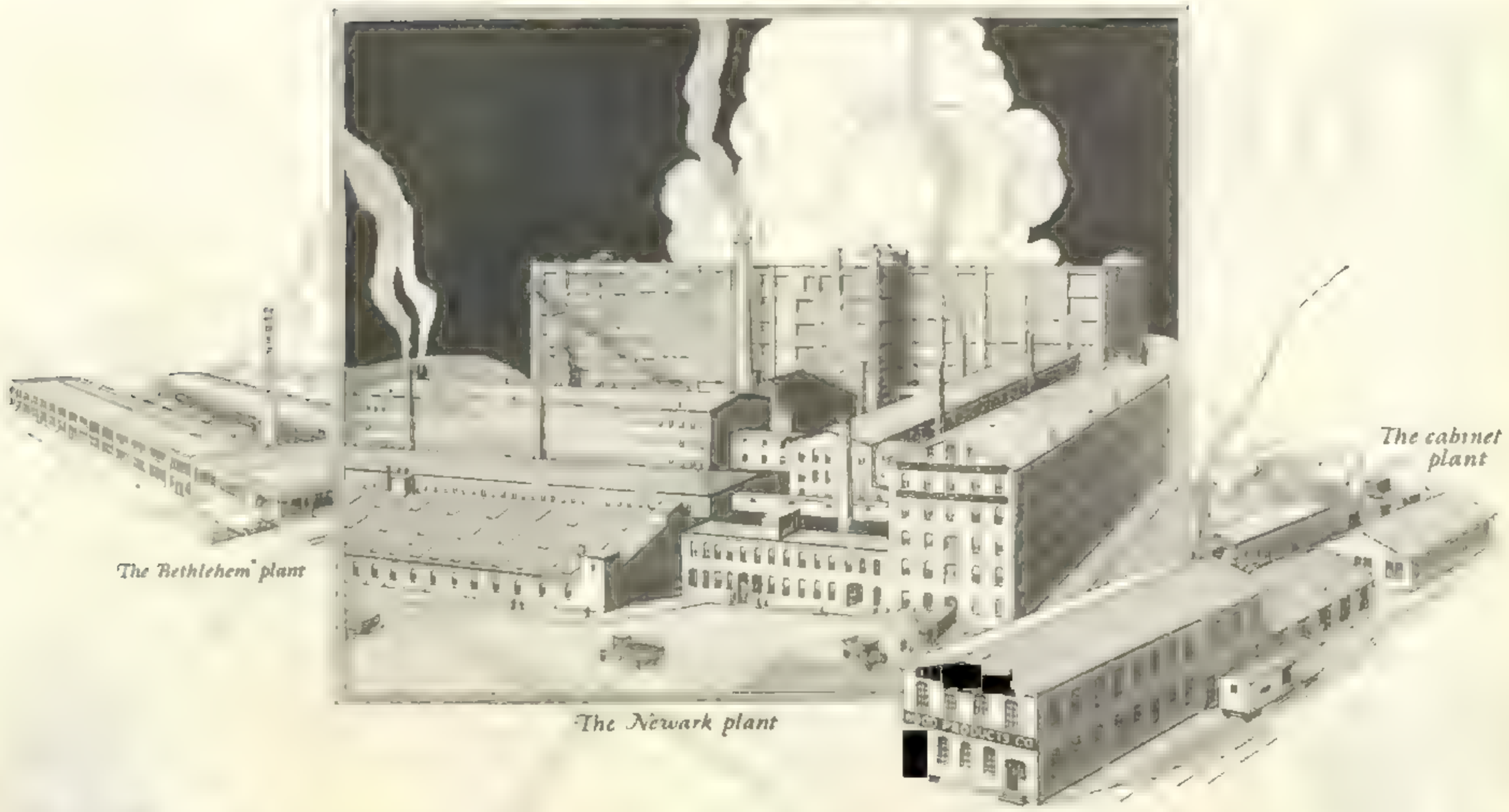
THE CABLE CORPORATION

Sales Dept., Woolworth Building, New York City

Enclosed find $5.50 for which please ship me one Cable Cot, prepaid

Name

Address



The Bethlehem plant

The Newark plant

The cabinet plant

"What is Splitdorf going to do in radio?"

FOR many months the eyes of the radio-wise have been focused on Splitdorf. Everywhere the question has been asked, "What is Splitdorf going to do in radio?"

While rumor and speculation have been running rampant, the great Splitdorf engineering organization, with more than a half a century of electrical manufacturing experience, has been unhurriedly, carefully preparing the answer.

Splitdorf soon will announce a new kind of radio merchandising which, with the unified production made possible by Splitdorf's varied resources, will insure greater satisfaction in radio reception.

The man who buys reception—not merely a set—will be interested. The merchant who sells satisfaction—not merely an assemblage of parts—will be interested.

WAIT!

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY

Newark, New Jersey

Subsidiary of Splitdorf-Bethlehem Electrical Company

SPLITDORF

Continued from Page 202

Edith Wharton can succeed an exceedingly popular book with one that is hard to sell. The Soul of a Bishop was not nearly so marketable as Mr. Britling Sees it Through. And Mrs. Wharton's A Son at the Front, as far as sales went, lagged behind her Age of Innocence and Glimpses of the Moon.

On the long-awaited day, then, the day of publication, the author sees his book announced in the papers, receives his six or twelve copies gratis, and promptly begins to haunt the bookstores for news from the front—a fatal and pernicious habit if not stopped early in one's career. For there is nothing that offends and disgusts a book dealer so much—and very properly too—as a tactless author's continual complaint that he does not see his book in the window or on the counter. The bookseller has a hundred thousand books to sell, and among them very many of the eight thousand new titles published each year, to say nothing of the million issued before yours was born.

But so it goes—reviews are read, thrills of joy or heartburnings experienced; and the royalty reports at last at the end of the six months' period, received; perhaps—there was a drop in the demand for hectic fiction—1600 copies sold—returns, say, $320 minus $33.67 for type corrections. You must also subtract $55 for the typewriting: $13.86 for stamps, fares and telephones: $7.50 for vanity—or subscription to a clipping bureau; and $24 for copies outside of the six given to you free by the publishers, which you have presented to your friends. Total, net, not $29,250, but $185.97!

Now some publishers claim that they never sell under 2500 copies of any novel or 1000 of any illustrated book; but from what I have learned of the figures of many publishing houses, I think this is theory, a condition hoped for, rather than fact.

Screen Rights

Some comfort may be derived from the before-mentioned promiscuous character of a book and the conclusion deduced that for each of these 1600 copies sold you may have had eight or more readers; say, a total of 12,800; but you cannot tell that either to the grocer or to the judge. Money talks a little more loudly than a legion of mythical readers.

And in your chagrin, as author, you must feel, too, for the publisher sometimes. For he seldom manufactures less than 2500 or 3000 copies of a book, and from the profits of a real best seller he has to deduct the losses on many books that fall far short of selling out even their first editions or printings.

There is, of course, the chance for consolation from the film companies; the film rights of the book may, if the author is new, bring twenty-five hundred or five thousand dollars, to be partly shared with agent or publisher. The price will not be larger unless the bidding for it among several companies is quite brisk. But such good fortune cannot be surely counted on, as more books of fiction are published than ever are filmed. And the better your book from the standpoint of style and characterization, the less chance it often has to be sold that way. The effective situation from a purely visual standpoint is what attracts the buyer for the screen.

Rich returns are sometimes realized from first serial rights, the sale to a magazine for publication prior to the issuing of the book. But in this field, too, the percentage of the successful is small.

In another by-product channel the chances perhaps are greater—that of the reprint or rebind. After a novel has been out in the two-dollar or higher-priced edition for one or two years, a reprint firm often makes a bid for the rights to reprint a cheaper facsimile edition. The original publisher rents to it his electrotype plates; and from these, on cheaper paper, a new edition is printed. The cloth used for binding is less expensive, but the design and decoration and often the illustrated jacket are used, so that the book, though not so good in make-up, to the casual observer appears the same. On such an edition the reprint publishers pay to the original publishers about ten cents a copy, of which the author gets half. And as the edition usually numbers about five thousand, the latter's income is increased by just $250.

From Main Street to the Strand

This branch of the industry furnishes an unusually fascinating story, which sometime should be told. When one of the firms that today are leading in this field started twenty-two years ago they had but $2500 for capital; another one of the partners was out of a job—and now they are worth millions, among the most successful of all in the publishing field.

Sometimes an author experiences greater success in cheap form than he had in the original edition, and vice versa. One would expect, for instance, that the sales of Booth Tarkington and Mary Roberts Rinehart in the seventy-five-cent edition would vastly outnumber their sales at two dollars. This is not the case, however. But on the other hand, the sales of an energetic slinger of slang in the cheap edition are large, in the better comparatively small; while De Morgan, the author of Joseph Vance, sold very indifferently at the low price and amazingly in the expensive edition.

Sometimes it happens that the success of an author in the reprint form caroms back and stimulates the call for him in the original form, or at least makes very popular his later books when they are first issued at two dollars.

But all this time we have been discussing the average books, if not what might be called the also-rans, the authors of which can feel some pride, for they have at least so far arrived that they have been chosen for publication from among legions who are still knocking unadmitted at the door. But now there are the very successful authors, the favorites and the dark horses who unexpectedly romp in at the finish, to be considered, if one would arrive at any definite idea of the chances in this great game.

There is, for instance, that tall and willowy young author called Red by his irreverent neighbors as he rode in his rickety flivver through the Main Street of the town. Well, Main Street sent him to the Bois and the Strand.

And there was a dentist named Grey who turned from the extracting of teeth into a successful authorship that actually enabled him to pay his own dental bills—and buy a lot of things besides. It is a fascinating story—that of the literary dark horses; but, after all, it is another story.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Anderson. The next will appear in an early issue

These Socks
are Guaranteed by a Bond

AND back of our guarantee stands the Bond of the National Surety Company, strongest surety company in the world—thus giving you double assurance of satisfaction.

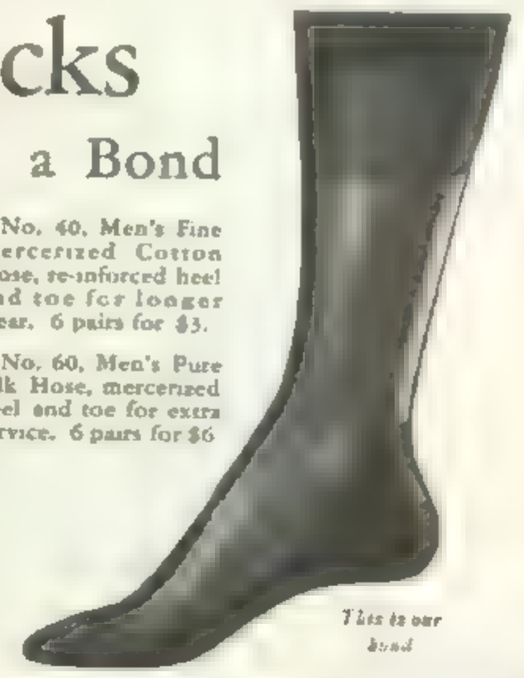
Both No. 40 and No. 60 have the Special Smartsilk Band Top which hugs the leg closely and prevents the socks sliding down.

Smartsilk Hosiery is sold direct to you by our Bonded Representatives. It offers you the finest possible quality and value.

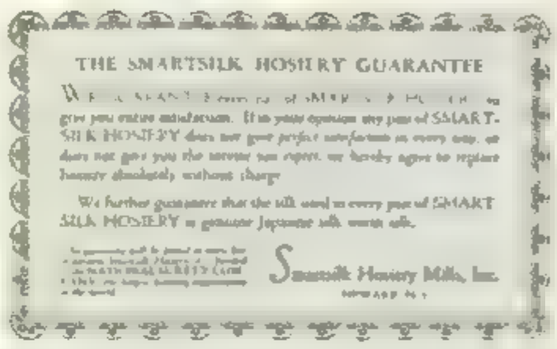
WE want District Managers, Local Managers and Representatives to spread the message of superior values offered by Smartsilk Hosiery. Smartsilk Hosiery is backed by an iron clad service guarantee underwritten by the National Surety Company which bonds our representatives as well as our merchandise. Wonderful opportunities open now while we are growing. Write or better still, wire direct to our mill.

No. 40, Men's Fine Mercerized Cotton Hose, re-inforced heel and toe for longer wear. 6 pairs for $3.

No. 60, Men's Pure Silk Hose, mercerized heel and toe for extra service. 6 pairs for $6



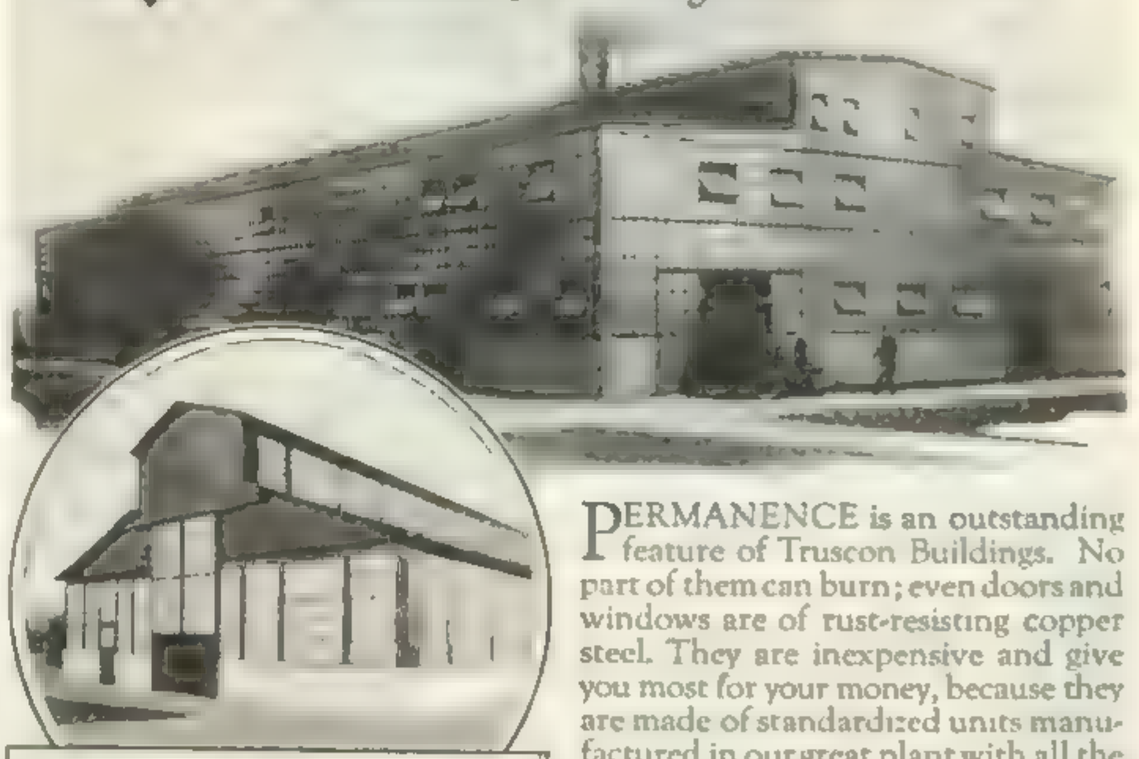
This is our bond



SMARTSILK HOSIERY MILLS, Inc., Newark, N. J.

Smartsilk Hosiery
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

TRUSCON BUILDINGS
Standardized for Every Industrial Need



PERMANENCE is an outstanding feature of Truscon Buildings. No part of them can burn; even doors and windows are of rust-resisting copper steel. They are inexpensive and give you most for your money, because they are made of standardized units manufactured in our great plant with all the economies of quantity production

You secure a building which exactly meets your needs in size, type and arrangement—in prompt delivery, speedy erection and low cost. Our skilled engineers are at your service.

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COMPLETE BUILDINGS
of one and two stories·
Flat Roof · Pitched Roof
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TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
Warehouses and Offices in Principal Cities
Canada: Walkerville, Ont., Foreign Dist. New York
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Quality First
Boston
Garter
Pad without a Pucker?
It means that the Boston is the only adjustable garter without metal parts on the face of the pad to pull it out of shape. Lies flat on the leg.
For quality, comfort and service insist on having
Bostons
George Frost Company, Makers, Boston
In Canada—Glasford Bros. Limited, Montreal
And there are now KNICKER BOSTONS—in heather mixtures or plain and variegated colors to match sport stockings—in sizes and widths appropriate for men and women, boys and girls.

PICK YOUR SELLER

Continued from Page 11

a jiffy. There remains the man with whom the public has to trade—the bond dealer.

If at all times it behooves the buyer to watch his step, the necessity seems greater just now because the extraordinary demand for bonds has created an even more eager desire to supply it

Indeed, it looks as though many dealers no longer contented themselves with supplying that demand, but sought to anticipate it. They are certainly doing what they can to stimulate it. Therein lies a source of real danger.

The other day I met a friend in the financial district. There was something about his expression that made me think his thoughts about the stock market were not pleasant. However, the familiar tale of woe did not gush forth. His reticence compelled me to ask him point-blank, "Overstayed your market?"

"No. But I just came from the office of Willetts, Browne & Co.," he answered.

"Good heavens! I was on my way to them," I said. "What's happened to them?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Then what made you look so solemn?"

"I went to see Haskell, the resident partner. You know, it was originally a Western house. Haskell came here from the home office to drum up trade and he has built up a tremendous business, until today the New York tail wags the Chicago dog. They do a large wholesale and retail business. Hardly a week passes without their bringing out an issue of some sort of bonds, and, of course, there is no big syndicate of which they are not members.

"It happens that I am a classmate of Haskell's and I called to see him on a college matter. He is one of our distinguished alumni and legitimate prey because of his success and his publicity man. As a preliminary to asking him for a subscription twice as large as I expected to get, I said, 'Well, Charlie, it is wonderful what a business your firm is doing.'

"'H'm!' he grunted. I looked about me ostentatiously, at the luxurious office, and smiled.

"'For a country minister's son, you are certainly a luxurious cuss,' I said. 'Unless your landlord lets you stay here rent free, I should say the bond business pays a living wage these days.'

"He smiled—bitterly, I thought."

The Merry Click of the Overhead

"'Come here with me a moment,' he said, and led me out of his office into a large room. There must have been at least twenty men seated at their desks. 'There!' said Haskell, in a voice intended for my ears alone. 'Every time I come in and see those chaps sitting here I turn to ice. Those are my bond salesmen. They are breathing, audible, visible reminders of my overhead. When they are not out selling bonds, they come in and sit down and listen to the overhead clicking away, while I see the dollars dripping away without interruption. Why don't I lay them off when there is no business? Because I can't hire them that way. When I would have bonds to sell I'd have no salesmen. I've got to keep them and my job is to keep them busy. To do this I have to keep them supplied with bonds so they can sell them so they can earn their pay so we shan't go out of business. These men ought to be out selling bonds at this very minute. They can sell anything—but only when there is anything to sell. So I've got to find something—anything. Anything! Look at them sitting there and think of the overhead. I tell you I hate to come into this room. The temptation to sell anything uses a megaphone at such times and I don't want to hear it.'

"I was almost ashamed to ask him for a subscription for the old college. But I rose above petty prejudices and got my check. Are you going to see him?"

"I was," I answered. "But I've changed my mind. I'll save him for the last."

That is a typical case. It is one of the largest bond houses in the country, one that enjoys a fine reputation. It may not yield to the need, or the temptation, to offer for sale anything in the way of a bond; but for all that the temptation is there.

You cannot go about interviewing bond dealers without quickly realizing that the bond business is overorganized. The selling machinery is not economical to operate The individual waste may not seem large, but the aggregate of the unnecessary expense is huge. Dealers deny this and point to their books, but they are defending themselves in bookkeeping trenches

I have an intimate friend who is a professor at Columbia. He therefore belongs to a class that always figured in the sucker lists of the old-time stock swindlers. I don't wish to compare the reputable bond houses of today with the get-rich-quick fakers of another generation, but in the matter of circularizing customers the difference seems to be chiefly in the literary style and the proportion of fact to fiction.

The Professor in Wall Street

This is the story the eminent member of the faculty of Columbia University told:

"It may surprise you that I who am merely a college professor am also an investor; or perhaps I should say a buyer of bonds. Owing to my father's foresight and my father-in-law's acumen and the thrift of both, and also to my outside work and my wife's old-fashioned ways, she and I jointly manage to buy a few bonds every year; usually about five. As you know, my brother Michael is a member of a Stock Exchange firm and I always buy the bonds through him. I have never bought any bonds through any other house. I did not know that I was known as a bond buyer because I never published that fact, interesting though it might have been to the thousands of men and women who are now teaching for a living. I don't think my broker brother has told the world about that yearly custom of mine; and yet every bond dealer in New York knows about it."

"Oh," I explained, "all teachers, doctors, dentists, clergymen, nurses and automobile manufacturers are on all lists. The circular senders get the names from the professional directories."

"I see. That doubtless is the reason. But this wasn't what I wanted to tell you. For several years now I have kept a complete statistical record of the flood of invitations. They began to pour in after the Liberty Loans ceased. There has not been one business day in the last thirty or thirty-five months when I have not received at least three bond circulars. Some days I have had as high as eleven. I have kept track of the total number received, of the paper used and the amount of printing and ink, and the like, so that I might be able to figure accurately how much of an expense I have unintentionally put those indomitable optimists to who pursue the *ignis fatuus* of trying to sell bonds to a college professor.

"It was chiefly for my brother's annoyance I was compiling my statistics. I asked him to confess how much profits his firm made on my total annual purchases of bonds and he said that they had amounted to as high as $100 one year and as low as seventy dollars another. The rest were in between. The expense of doing that business, he figured at about ten dollars. You see, whenever I am ready to invest I write my brokers a letter saying I want to buy some good bonds and I receive a visit from a salesman. He doesn't devote a long time to me. Nevertheless, he has had to come way uptown to see me, and the firm estimates that the salesman's time and the cost of the numerous circulars they send

(Continued on Page 208)

IRRESISTIBLE TO APPETITE—GREAT DIETITIANS SAY OF THIS JUICE OF FRESH RIPE GRAPES

Has Flavor Food-Value?

Does it matter how Food looks?

JUST that quickening of pleasure at sight of a well appointed table—that little stir of appetite that greets color, fragrance and luscious flavor in our food—

America's greatest dietitians say today this is not just enjoyment. On it, they find, depends our very ability to properly digest the food we eat.

For appetite controls the whole system in our bodies that absorbs our food. Three times a day, at every meal we eat, the body waits for appetite to start digestion.

And so, apart from its value to us as fruit, food experts stress these qualities in Welch's—rich color, inviting fragrance, and flavor of the finest Concord grapes in all the world. The dullest appetite responds to its appeal.

* * *

ONLY in Welch's can you enjoy that rare flavor of Concord grapes at their finest. In just two small districts near the Great Lakes do their purple clusters ripen to such perfection.

Luscious, juicy, Welch cuts them from the vine and within a few hours presses out the juice.

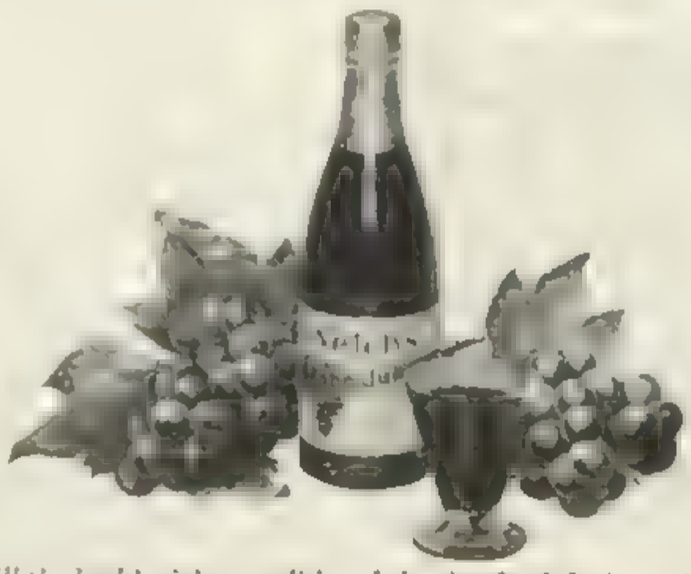
That is why all the health-giving qualities of the fresh fruit are in each glass of Welch's.

Mineral salts that regulate the body, that build up the bones and teeth, vitamines, nourishing fruit sugar, and laxative properties that modern

¶ Our Great Food Experts tell why Color, Fragrance, Flavor in our Diet are Vital to Health

diets need. Natural fruit elements, too, that turn to alkalies in your body, and help your body to overcome the acidity so common today.

But beyond these it is the flavor of Welch's that experts stress today—the importance for health of its color and fragrance that awaken appetite for the simplest, the hastiest meal.



All the health-giving qualities of the ripe fresh fruit are in each glass of luscious purple juice

AT BREAKFAST: Try this tomorrow—Half-fill a small glass with cracked ice; then fill with Welch's—juice of the Concord grape. See how appetite wakens to its fragrant, tart appeal.

FOR DINNER: Chill well 1 pint of Welch's and 2 12-ounce bottles of dry ginger ale. Partly fill tumblers with Welch's, then fill with ginger ale.

FOR AFTER-THEATER SUPPER: Half-fill tall glasses with Welch's, add a spoon of cracked ice, and fill with sparkling water.

Get Welch's today from your grocer, druggist or confectioner, in quarts, pints, and 4 ounces. Hotels, clubs, dining cars and restaurants serve Welch's; soda fountains serve it too. Have Welch's at the fountain for luncheon or for refreshment between meals.

More of this surprising appetite story, more ways to serve this juice of fresh ripe grapes, are told you in our booklet *The Vital Place of Appetite in Diet*. Let us send it to you, free. The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO., Dept. P-4, Westfield, N. Y.
Please send your booklet *The Vital Place of Appetite in Diet*.

Name

Address

City State

The Bell Telephone Laboratory in 1884. From an old wood engraving published in the "Scientific American"

Winning nature's secrets

Every day that passes records some new advance in the telephone art. Constant experiment and observation are winning new secrets of chemistry, of electricity and magnetism, and of matter. Nature's unseen quarry is yielding to the researches of the laboratory that exact scientific knowledge which is among the telephone engineer's most priceless resources. The workshop of the telephone engineer is a scientific laboratory. Here he studies and experiments with principles and laws of our physical environment and sets them to aid us in our daily lives.

Forty-nine years ago the telephone was born in a scientific laboratory—a very small laboratory, to be sure, as it numbered in its personnel none but Bell and his assistant. As the Bell System has grown that laboratory has grown, and as the laboratory has grown the telephone has grown in efficiency, in distance covered, in numbers, in perfection. Countless are the milestones marking progress in the telephone art that have come from the laboratory.

Today the laboratory numbers among its personnel 3000 employees, more than half of whom are skilled scientists and engineers. Headed by a vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, it is known as the Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc., and forms an indispensable department of the Bell System.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Here's a Fine Stub

The Esterbrook Judge's Quill is a favorite among writers who like a fine-pointed stub pen, resilient in action.

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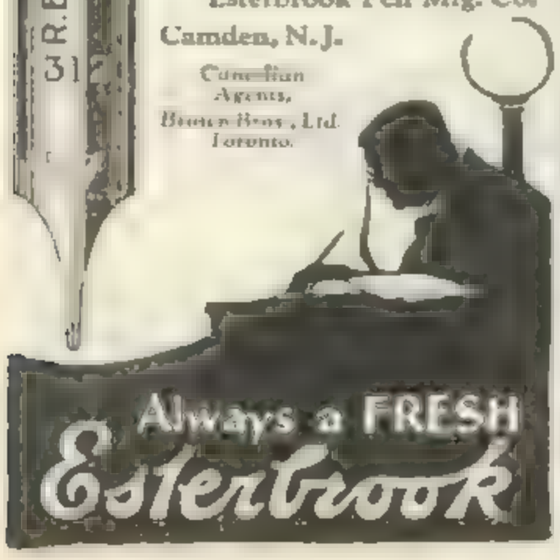

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(Continued from Page 206)

me more or less regularly, also postage, clerical help, and the like, altogether certainly amount to ten dollars a year. The greatest profit that they can make out of my maximum yearly purchases, therefore, amounts to ninety dollars per annum.

"I saved the selling literature from the other bond houses, as I told you, and obtained estimates as to the cost of preparing, printing and mailing the prospectuses. I also kept tabs on the visits of the scores of bond salesmen from whom I have never in my life bought any bonds whatever. From my data I am sure that those bond dealers on whose lists my name appears spend very close to $1500 a year in trying to get a business that at the most pays ninety dollars, and generally less. The bond houses ought to know that as a prospect I am simply hopeless. I have been telling their salesmen so for several years. But they persist. The duplication is appalling. I don't object to a house sending out the circulars of one of its own particular issues; but they send offerings of bonds that are brought out by large syndicates and there is much duplication. If the relatively few dealers who are after my trade throw away more than $1400 a year on me, what must all the dealers throw away on all the people they try to sell bonds to?"

The bond buyers of the United States are now counted by the millions. And the bond dealers have to do business or have to close up shop. They must sell bonds and they must have bonds to sell.

A certain dealer who has a specialty of his own in which he has relatively little competition, and therefore ought to be an optimist, told me the competition was appalling and the number of people engaged in the business was incredible. He said:

"I was in Philadelphia the other day and a dealer there with whom we do a lot of business told me that he and some of his colleagues had taken the trouble to make some inquiries. As a result of these, he said there were now more bond salesmen in Philadelphia than there were lawyers. I did not believe it could be true; but he had the statistical totals, and according to his figures the number of bond salesmen exceeded the number of lawyers by some hundreds."

The Small Buyer's Importance

"I began to think about conditions in New York and how almost every nice young man you met was apt to tell you he was a bond salesman and how women had gone into it and were making good. The moment I returned home I asked dozens of my fellow dealers for their opinions. The estimates of the number of bond salesmen employed by firms in New York City and operating in the metropolitan district ran from 8000 to as high as 30,000. Most of the guesses were between 10,000 and 20,000. Personally, I believe the number to be over rather than under 20,000.

"One day at the Luncheon Club I mentioned the subject to Harvey Hinton, head of the famous firm of Hinton & Hollingsworth.

"'Harvey,' said I, 'do you know that in Philadelphia there are more bond salesmen than lawyers?'

"'Why not?' said Harvey. 'That is as it should be. There ought to be more doctors than undertakers.'"

In the old days before the World War it was figured that the average bond transaction in this country was about $12,000. Today it is under $3000 and becoming smaller. That means a great increase in the number of investors. A decade ago there were practically no bonds of less than $1000. Today the advertisements tell you the bonds are issued in denominations of $1000, $500 and $100. Mr. Dwight W. Morrow, of J. P. Morgan & Co., in a speech before the Investment Bankers' Association at Cleveland, Ohio, last fall, said that as a result of inquiries among investment houses in parts of the country as widely separated as Boston and Seattle, and with fundamental interests as different as Minneapolis and Savannah, it developed that the average investment of their customers who bought Austrian bonds was $2980. It also was found that about 50 per cent of the number of sales were made to persons who invested $1000 or less, and about 90 per cent of the number of sales were to investors who took $5000 or less. Only 4 per cent of the number of transactions were in amounts of over $10,000.

It is only fair to add here that the Austrian bonds, by reason of the guaranties of the great powers of Europe, appealed to all sorts and conditions of investors. Nevertheless, the reason for the huge number of bond salesmen is plain. It is because the number of bondholders of the United States now runs into the millions.

Bonds Rented to Tax Dodgers

"Why are there so many more small investors than there used to be?" I asked a banker.

"The Liberty Loans taught everybody to buy bonds. The habit was acquired by the man who before that time was satisfied to put his surplus in the savings banks. He began to study bonds first as a patriot, in 1917 and 1918, and afterward as an investor. From that he graduated into a bond trader, a speculator who stood to make money by an appreciation of the principal. When that didn't happen he consoled himself by remaining an investor, content with cashing his coupons every six months. Another reason is that the rich customer today does not buy bonds as he used to, unless it is tax-exempts, and desirable issues in that class are becoming pretty scarce. In the old days before the surtaxes hit him so hard, the rich customer used to reinvest his excess income in good railroad bonds. Today he looks about for common stocks that do not pay dividends but have good prospects. He welcomes the temporary loss of interest on his money. It enables him to buy nondividend stocks cheap. He figures that in due time the dividends will come and with them an appreciation in the principal that will more than repay him for the lean nonpaying years. Also he is banking on the eventual reduction of the surtaxes. I know no end of wealthy men who sell out their holdings the moment a stock begins to pay dividends.

"Another reason for the enormous increase in the number of bond buyers may be found in the foolish practice of taxing everything indulged in by certain states. Ohio tax dodgers by the thousands buy bonds in New York and get their brokers to carry them. The recent failure of an old New York Stock Exchange house, when a trusted partner used customers' securities for his own needs, was made much worse than it need have been by reason of the fact that so many of the victimized customers had left their securities in the office from tax-dodging motives. An old trick was the hiring of United States Government bonds in the old days. The tax dodger would nominally buy on margin a block of governments a day or two before tax day in his state. They were tax-exempt bonds. Also, he would appear to be borrowing a large sum of money on which he paid interest. The banking house that rented these bonds to a man in Massachusetts one month, to another in New York the next, according to the various tax days of the different states, used to make 10 or 12 per cent a year on the bonds, instead of the 2 or 3 per cent the Government paid. That practice is no longer possible today under present laws.

"The need to oversell remains the worst feature of the bond business. That is one reason why the price of new bonds is so apt to decline from the original price of issue. A firm may be able to protect a $5,000,000 or $10,000,000 issue—that is, to support, or peg, it. But it can't do that with a $50,000,000 or with a series of five $10,000,000 issues brought out in a month or six weeks."

Whenever a lender is anxious to lend money there is apt to be trouble ahead; but I found surprisingly few bankers who

would admit this, perhaps because they were themselves anxious to lend or because they considered my reasons inadequate. When I insisted that a day of reckoning must come, they couldn't see it. I am convinced that it wasn't a convenient blindness or a willful closing of the eyes. It is what you might call a trade failing, a boosting mania. "It has not happened, therefore it never will." The parallel is to be found among the specialists in municipal and state bonds. We all know that during the past few years, by reason of the enormous demands for tax-exempts by the victims of the absurd surtaxes, no end of cities, towns and counties and even states have issued bonds for improvements that were not urgently needed. The bond dealers, thinking only of the ease of merchandising such issues at this time, not only encouraged but urged communities all over the United States to finance all sorts of improvements. A plague of bond dealers descended upon the treasurers and sold hundreds of millions of bonds, the proceeds of which were used to pay for roads and schoolhouses and bridges. All very nice, but interest days come around without fail, and to pay the coupons will necessitate higher taxes than need have been. It has not been good business for the borrowers and everybody knows it. But if you speak with bond dealers, you are challenged to cite one single instance of any city, county or state defaulting interest or principal. The most in the way of admissions of guilt that I have been able to obtain from bankers who belong to the originating groups was that they stopped bidding for the bonds of this or that state, or county or city, because there were too many issues.

"But you yourself brought out some," I objected.

"Yes; but since that time that state has increased its debt by $135,000,000. The security isn't as good as it was when it didn't owe so much."

The Voice of Caution

It reminded me of an experience some years ago with one of the ablest engineers in the world. We were speaking about investments for old people and I suggested some state highway 4 per cent bonds.

"I was unlucky enough to see those highways in the building," he said. "I have never seen more extravagant work. The amount of road the state gets for what it spends is simply appalling, it is so little. I won't buy a dollar mortgage on a fifty-cent property."

"But it is the credit of this great state that is back of the bond."

"I can't help it. I am an engineer. I had it all arranged to buy $50,000 of those bonds for my mother. And now I can't help feeling dubious about the solvency of a borrower who is as extravagant as I, as an engineer, know the state to be."

The parallelism between that and several foreign municipal-bond campaigns is strong. At this moment the Continent of Europe is overrun with the agents of American bankers and of bond houses looking for bonds to offer for sale in our market. Lenders crazy to lend; and, of course, where there is a strong demand the supply is duly forthcoming. In Germany, for example, there are little cities that are asking to borrow at one fell swoop as much as their aggregate borrowings during the twenty-five years preceding the Great War, and the only reason is the eagerness of the American lenders—the bond dealers—to lend. That this eagerness can conceivably lead to disaster is obvious. The heaviest banking losses of recent years were sustained not by the sucker public or ignorant women investors but by the supposedly best banking talent in New York.

"What do you think of the security back of a certain foreign issue?" I asked a disinterested banker.

"Too many bonds for the security," he answered.

"Whose fault—the public's, the government's or the bankers'?"

"The bankers'," he admitted.

"What's the moral?"

"Pick your banker."

"All bankers make mistakes," I pointed out.

"Then pick out those bankers whose mistakes do not arise from commission hunger or superficiality of investigation. No investment is 100 per cent safe, because nobody is infallible. But some bankers know their business better than others. I shall not give you a list, because you couldn't print it. But you know who those bankers are. In the foreign-bond business it is especially hard to get a line on your specialist, because we are all so new at it."

"Yes," I admitted. "Horrible examples are rare because it is too soon for many to have developed."

"Well, to be fair, you must admit that that is true of all kinds of bonds. There is always need to use your judgment. For instance, for years I have been a believer in public-utility bonds. Much money has been made by such corporations. But today the public is asked to buy hundreds of millions of bonds which are issued by holding companies to pay for stocks of other companies. Just read the advertisements. Some day there must be deflation. The price of coal will come down and the cost of power per unit will be lower. But the fixed charge will remain the same. 'Bonds' is a fine-sounding word and the public will continue to buy names and labels as usual. The same with some of your widely advertised building bonds. The public thinks of these as so many fractional mortages, but the equity is not always ample enough to justify you in lending so much on that particular property. Same thing with some of your tax-exempt bonds. And as for railroad bonds, think of St. Paul! And who could foresee what the jitneys and the busses would do to trolley bonds? So I should say that you ought not to pick on foreign bonds exclusively. An investor has to use judgment in buying any and all kinds of bonds. Pick your railroad or your municipal or your industrial bond. Government bonds are about the safest bonds there are. But pick your government; and if it is a foreign government, be sure to pick your investment bankers."

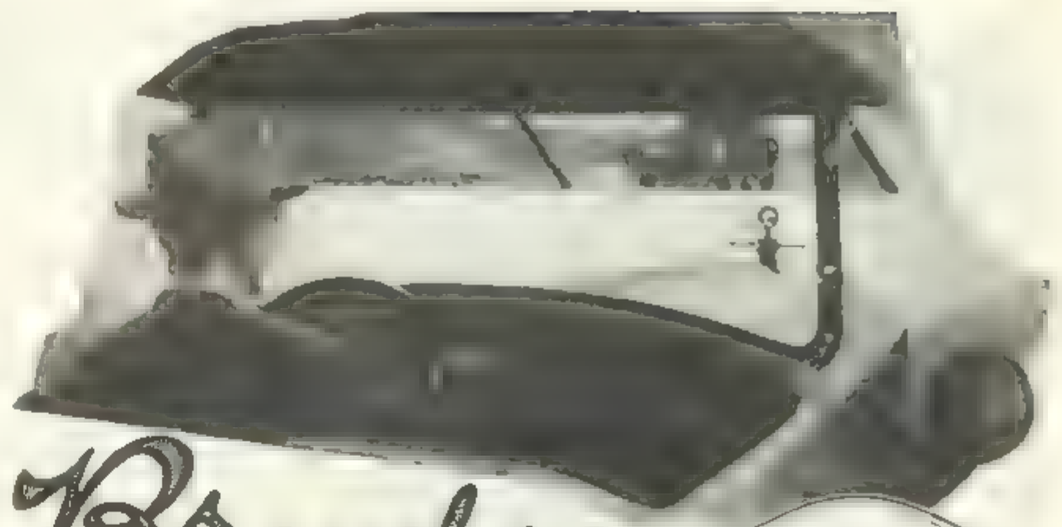
Good Issues and Bad

I was riding uptown with an international banker and I happened to ask him what he thought of the recent crop of foreign industrial bonds.

"Well, there have been some good ones. You know, as a matter of fact, that English, Swiss and Dutch lenders have made wonderful profits out of the German industrialists who needed capital so badly that they cheerfully paid usurious rates for help. Then after the British stopped because they were conserving their resources in order to expedite their getting back on a gold basis, and the other countries began to feel somewhat loaned up, as somebody called it, our lenders woke up. There are opportunities for safe investment abroad, of course, and some of the recent loans are as safe as they can be. But many also are gambles pure and simple, and you know when you speculate it doesn't hurt a man to know just what he is gambling in. All you can do is to tell your friends to stop, look and listen."

Another international banker told me:

"You ought to point out the difference between the American bond buyer and the French. Here the man who has money to put into bonds sits in his office and lets the bond salesman come in and sell him his goods. In Paris the man who wants to buy seeks the dealer. He has his banker just as he has his doctor or his lawyer, and calls on him when there is a need. There will come a time when we shall have our family banker, our investment adviser just as we have our legal and our medical advisers. But at present the bond houses exist more to sell bonds than to sell expert advice, though the number of expert advisers is increasing. Of course, all houses are willing



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to express opinions as to the merit of the various issues. Do you follow an engineer's advice or do you accept unhesitatingly the assertion of the manufacturer's salesman?

The most sensational success ever achieved by any bond firm in this generation, if we measure by rapidity of expansion, has been due to the genius of a young man. His life is a thrilling business romance, the complete refutation of the complaints about diminishing opportunities. His is a career possible only in a country like ours where opportunities abound. Of course, the hero, whose name in this narrative shall be McKallip, had the good luck to be born with a very fine bit of machinery within his cranium as well as with the courage that comes from the ability to see straight and from the consciousness that in the United States there need be no such thing as keeping a good man down. He also had the good sense to realize that all the brains and all the luck and all the vision and all the courage are futile unless there is also the will and the strength to work steadily. The efficiency follows as a matter of fact, given the right kind of mental machinery. I emphasize this point because today young Mr. McKallip is the legendary hero of all the hard-work stories current in Wall Street. It used to be E. H. Harriman who did remarkable things when he tried to capitalize time. His pet deals consisted of making money by saving minutes. You can't hoard seconds but if you clip a few per car mile per run and you run every day you can increase your dividends on your common stock.

Twenty years ago you used to hear that Harriman saved five minutes a day by shaving on the train on his way from Arden to New York or how his breakfast was eaten en route from his bathroom to the front door, being served by relays of waiters as he passed by, much as they finish automobile parts in the Ford factory, or kill, skin and dress steers in the abattoirs of Chicago. History's unfailing repetition today occupies itself with Percy McKallip's intense absorption in his work and his amazing devices for saving a quarter of a minute here and nine seconds there. Priceless particles of time are Mr. McKallip's savings. The great though anonymous fictionists of Wall Street have even figured by just how many dollars the latest Harriman increases his income in a year, and how he has trained his office stenographers to take down his dictation on the hoof, as the perambulating reporters of the Congressional debates do.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Lefèvre. The second will appear in an early issue

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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